

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1919

LE ROI S'AMUSE

THE DIARY OF KING FERDINAND'S SECRETARY

BY FRANCK L. SCHOELL

[*It will be remembered that Ferdinand, late of Bulgaria, is the son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (therefore a nephew of Albert, Queen Victoria's Prince Consort) and Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis-Philippe. His first wife, who died in 1899, was Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parma, a direct lineal descendant of Louis XIV. In 1908 he married Eleanor, a princess of the German house of Reuss. Chosen Prince of Bulgaria in 1887, in succession to Alexander of Battenberg, he took advantage of the confusion caused by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria in 1908, to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria, assuming the title of king or tsar. His present whereabouts are unknown.* — THE EDITORS.]

PARIS, Tuesday, July 5, 1910.—I was terribly alarmed this afternoon. M. Lavisse sent to me, at the École Supérieure, to come to his office. I at once searched my memory for a possible pécadillo. Could it be that my rather mediocre diligence at the Sorbonne had been brought to his attention? Nothing of the sort. M. Lavisse contented himself with asking me point-blank if I had any plans for my vacation, and if I felt like taking a trip through Europe in the suite of Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who needed a private secretary for the summer months. I hesitated a moment, for libraries rather than foreign courts are my natural stamping ground; but M. Lavisse advised me to say yes, assuring me that I would soon be equal to my task. So I accepted without more ado.

Wednesday, July 6.—At the Carlton Hotel, the Comte de Bourboulon, the chamberlain, with whom I first spent three quarters of an hour, received me in an extremely friendly manner. He sketched the character of the Tsar in a few strokes, laying stress, among other things, on his passion for natural history, his linguistic gifts, the capricious distribution of his working-hours, his unreasonable demands on his staff, his cult of the past, his devotion to the memory of his mother, Princess Clementine. He spoke of the seriousness which Ferdinand brought to the daily labors of his high office; also he told me that he expected and was accustomed to have his desires anticipated and his habits, however eccentric they might seem, accepted with docility, as if they were divine commands.

Thereupon, he took me into a small adjoining salon and went in quest of the Tsar, who made his appearance a few minutes later, walking with a heavy step. When one is a king and half a Bourbon, one is entitled to have the gout betimes!

Simply, with a very charming smile, he gave me his hand, which is slender and heavily beringed, asking me abruptly, 'So you, a Frenchman, and, I presume, a republican, are willing to enter the service of a king who, by definition and profession, can be nothing of the sort. Are you not ashamed to associate with me?'

I replied that I did not feel ashamed; that my conscience would, without apprehension, adapt itself to my temporary employment, and that I was not an anarchist. A few minutes' conversation, which was chiefly a profession of friendship and high esteem for M. Lavisson, and our interview came to an end with a 'Till we meet at Brussels' from Ferdinand. In fact, I am to enter upon my duties at Brussels next Sunday. Between now and then I have plenty of time to pack my trunks.

BRUSSELS, Monday, July 11. — Well, I am actually 'Monsieur le Secrétaire.' Bah! how horrid that sounds!

I have seen the Tsar again this morning. The chief part of my work, besides my purely representative rôle, will be, he told me, to go through the newspapers and pick out what I think will be of interest to him. But there is no time to do that this morning: we are in Brussels to see the Exposition. Very well, then, let us start for it.

I am hurriedly introduced to His Excellency, Monsieur Stancioff, Bulgarian minister to Paris and Brussels, and to Madame Stancioff, who is a Frenchwoman; after which, away we spin in a motor-car to lunch at the Exposition.

We spent the whole afternoon at

the Exposition, patiently following the Tsar and his sons, Princes Boris and Cyril, whom I saw for the first time. Boris is a handsome young man — or, rather, a handsome youth, for he has still the slender figure of a child. He has magnificent eyes, dark skin — a decidedly southern type. Looking at him, one might guess that his mother was an Italian princess.

Our group made a long stop at the Canadian pavilion, a still longer one at the Brazilian pavilion. At the latter, the interest centres in a miniature model of the bay of Rio de Janeiro, done in painted wood and pasteboard, but of considerable size, which pleased the Tsar extremely. You see, he once visited Rio. He is never weary of recalling the peerless location of that 'jewel of the world'; he remembers the names of all the quarters of the city, of all the peaks which dominate it; and he amazed the director of the pavilion by the accuracy of his topographical recollections. It gives him obvious pleasure, like Napoleon's when he surprised his veterans by calling them by their familiar names.

The truth is, Ferdinand seems gifted with an extraordinary memory. He furnished new and striking proofs of this in the pavilion of the jewelers of rue de la Paix. Precious stones seem to have no secrets for him. He knows all the methods of cutting, every variety of pearl, all the details of the process of setting, as if he were a professional jeweler; and the surprise shown by all the experts, who vied with each other in laying before him their most beautiful pieces, reached its climax when he exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah, were I not a king, I should be a jeweler!'

His endurance is extraordinary. Despite the difficulty which walking, or even standing, causes him, he stopped long before each show-case and gave to each exhibitor the impression that,

were his time his own, he would stop even longer. How many times a day he flatters somebody's self-esteem! And how cleverly he puts in practice the maxims of La Rochefoucauld!

Tuesday, July 12.—I accompanied the Tsar to Antwerp. We traveled in the beautiful car which brought Ferdinand from Sofia to Paris. During the journey, His Majesty had me read to him, in the salon, articles from Belgian and German newspapers, interrupting me from time to time to point out, now the cathedral of Malines, rising from the heart of the old city, and again, the first fortresses of the entrenched camp at Antwerp, with which he seems to be very well acquainted.

We had hardly arrived, when we made a spurt for the zoölogical garden—literally a spurt, for Ferdinand recovers the agility of youth when it comes to visiting a zoo. We spent at least two hours with the animals. His Majesty is a terror for exact ethnological knowledge; he knows the Latin names of every species without looking at the signs, and never makes a mistake as to their habitat.

Before lunch we also cast a glance at the aquarium. After lunch (oh, the copious Belgian meals!) the monkeys entertained the Tsar and the princes for a long while; after which we started for the harbor, where we were to visit the Finland, a large ship of the Red Star Line. After the ship's officers had been presented, we went down into the hold. The Tsar entered the stoke-hole, and had the whole working mechanism explained, from the boilers to the shaft, along which we followed, bent double. Meanwhile, the boat had been tacking about in the Scheldt, so that Ferdinand might see all the machinery in motion.

Champagne was ready for the royal guests as they emerged from the depths; but they declined, for the afternoon

programme was hardly begun. In a downpour of warm rain we stepped quickly into the car. Opposite me was the director of maritime operations—an excellent Belgian, if ever there was one, but rather corpulent, dripping like a gutter in spring. He fumed about the damp heat in the steaming carriage, and asked me under his breath how his collar stood it. I encouraged him: it was wrinkled with a few dark furrows, but nothing much.

We drove along endless docks, then paid a hasty visit to the Hôtel de Ville and the Cathedral, where the beadle unveils for tourists Rubens's Descent from the Cross. There, too, Ferdinand appeared as a connoisseur, at least to a layman: he actually remembered the date of the famous canvas—1612!

After Ferdinand had given a moment to his devotions,—for he is a very good Catholic,—we turned our steps toward the Bulgarian consulate, where a dozen Bulgarian students awaited their monarch. One of them made a fiery and very long speech in his own language, evidently liking to hear himself talk. The Tsar answered in the same language, with perfect ease, but without too much rhetoric. His voice is unquestionably of very fine quality. Then he raised his glass to the prosperity of Belgium,—as he could hardly help doing, for the consul, M. Strauss, and his wife are Belgians,—expressing the hope that every day more and more Bulgarian grain might be loaded on more and more Belgian ships at Varna, destined for Antwerp, for the greater prosperity of free Belgium and free Bulgaria.

After half-past eight I was told that I was to dine with the two young princes a quarter of an hour later. Here was a chance to observe them at close quarters and at leisure. They both seem diabolically intelligent, especially the elder. He was in great form this evening and poked fun pleasantly at the

Belgian notables whom we had met during the day. Their jovial rotundity, their slightly frayed good-humor, and their placid satisfaction with themselves and their works, had annoyed him. He called the poor stout lady who did the honors of the Bulgarian consulate at Antwerp, 'a stupid shrew.' I corrected him jokingly: 'Stupid, perhaps, monsieur, but isn't she a bit more motherly than a Megara?'

This bantering is not malicious, but it is too systematic, and ends by becoming rather provoking.

Toward the end of the meal the Tsar appeared. He was 'dead,' he said; had had no dinner as yet, for lack of time. He took from his pocket three hyper-technical pamphlets on dynamometer cars, and handed them to me to digest, that I might give their substance to the crown prince, who is as infatuated with mechanics as his father. Returning to my room, I ran through the seventy big pages of machines and figures in half an hour. One would have had to be very dull not to get out of the scrape and remember a few points. At any rate, I believe I caught on to the principle. The Tsar seems ready to admit that the École Normale has given me some light on every subject: he actually took it into his head to ask me, in a moment of hesitation, at the pavilion of mines, 'When was the Carboniferous Era?'

Taken unawares, I answered innocently, 'In the Secondary Era.' And he was polite enough to appear to bow to my learning — the chivalrous king!

Wednesday, July 13. — Ouf! We have been at the Exposition the whole day, spending at least two hours in the section of locomotives and railroads. Does this Ferdinand never tire? His legs look as if they could not carry him any longer; he leans on his walking-stick with both hands, while scrutinizing the connecting-rods and tubes, and yet he

shows no sign of giving out; he stood as if nailed to the floor in front of the Mercedes chassis, or the new third-class carriage of the Nord Belge line, which attracted his attention in passing. It was very amusing to watch the French and Belgian manufacturers of locomotive engines, who, although neighbors, were evidently jealous of each other. Each strove to keep the Tsar longest in his aisle. The Belgians, to whom he came first, warned him, in a friendly way, not to visit their French colleagues; because they were exhibiting 'nothing of interest.' Ferdinand was far too diplomatic not to disregard the warning. But what was sure to happen did happen: the Frenchman at once drew him aside, and told him in confidence that the Belgians were very poor engine-builders. Cail alone knows how to build locomotives worthy of the name. The most amusing part of the controversy is that Ferdinand makes no secret among his *entourage* of his preference for the Munich Maffeis, and that all the Bulgarian railroads have for years been supplied exclusively by Maffei!

When we got back to our hotel, I was done up. Yet after dinner Ferdinand asked me to read some more articles.

Thursday, July 14. — This morning, early, we started out again. To-day's stunt is a visit to the Cockerill factories at Seraing. We get into a special train, duly furnished with a dynamometer car of the latest model. In this high-powered car the Tsar, his suite, the Belgian Minister of Railroads, and some of the railroad engineers make the whole trip, while Prince Boris travels on the engine itself. Everybody watches the speedometer with the closest attention. The engineer makes it a point of honor to carry his royal host at high speed; for one minute we attain 131 kilometres an hour, and the average is 120.

It was good to see the joy of these worthy Belgian engineers — they fairly bubbled over while explaining to the Tsar their inventions, which, by the way, are very fine. The Tsar, not content to listen religiously to the innumerable technical details which M. Doyen — how he perspires, poor man! — complacently gives him, brings out others, which prove the accuracy and extent of his knowledge of physics and dynamics.

No sooner had we reached Seraing than we were passed into the hands of the administrative council of the Cockierill company. The inspection of the workshops was strangely captivating. All morning long and all the afternoon we watched the manifold operations of casting the steel, manufacturing cannon and armor-plates, the passage of the white-hot metallic blocks to the rolling-mill, and their drawing-out into rails, etc. Then we were taken to the neighboring firing-field, — a miniature one, — where a number of cannon-shots were fired in the presence of the Tsar. The pieces used for these experiments were two field-guns — not of ordinary size, but reduced to the proportions of large toys. They were, in fact, toys, for the administrative council offered them to the princes Boris and Cyril, whose names were engraved on the breech. Did Ferdinand come here with the idea of ordering cannon in the back of his mind? Or did the administrative council invite him, in order to suggest such an order?

However this may be, we were the guests at lunch and dinner of Baron and Baroness Greiner. Shortly after dinner we left by special train for Hasselt, where we are to spend the night in our respective sleeping-cars.

Friday, July 15. — We were called very early, and started in motor-cars for the aviation field, where we watched a series of very successful flights by the

Chevalier de Lamine, who was piloting a Farman biplane. The two princes and the Tsar went up in his plane, one after the other, and came back delighted with their first flight. Having sent a telegram to King Albert, the rough draft of which I wrote, to inform him of the 'never-to-be-forgotten sensation' experienced while flying over the woods of one of his fairest provinces, and after a few sly, sarcastic remarks about my illegible writing, Ferdinand got into the car, and we followed him. We alighted at the church of Hasselt and went in. To tell the truth, it was interesting more because of the faithful kneeling there than because of its architecture. The market was being held in the church square, and the good marketwomen were taking advantage of it to pay their brief devotions to the Virgin — with their poultry-baskets.

The Tsar made a tremendous *succès de curiosité* on leaving the church. The curiosity changed to a child-like sympathy when they saw him buy a kilogramme of cherries from a fat tradeswoman, who thought Ferdinand had made a mistake when he gave her a louis instead of the fifty centimes which she had asked for her wares. Like the perfect tourist, behold him going into the shop of the dealer in illustrated post-cards, on the corner, to scribble two cards to his daughters in Bulgaria, princesses Eudoxie and Nadejda.

Distances do not exist in Belgium: at three o'clock we were back at our hotel in Brussels, and at half-past five we were already on our way to dine at the Exposition. We were to meet the Tsar at a German restaurant, the Kaiserhof, a branch of the Berlin homonym. The dinner was exceedingly well appointed, and I must admit that it was appetizing as well. Indeed, a certain soufflé extorted from the Tsar, who is terribly fastidious in culinary matters, such praise that he even sent for the

manager, to compliment him. The latter, who was big and stout, — a true type, — concealed his joy beneath servile gestures and much stammering. I am still laughing at him.

The Tsar was in a charming humor and kept up his end of the conversation. He spoke of the history of Flanders, of the future of aviation, and especially of the little old networks of Rhenish railroads. One learns a great deal by listening to Ferdinand, but he is obviously conscious of his knowledge. After all it is a naïve and harmless form of vanity. At all events, it is most agreeable for a listener who is anxious to learn.

Saturday, July 16. — There was a lot of work to be done to-day: reading newspapers, taking down letters and telegrams during the morning. Summoned to the Tsar's cabinet to draft a Latin telegram to some prelate or other, I seated myself to write, as a matter of course, without having first been invited to do so. The Tsar amiably called me to order, assuring me that M. Fallières,¹ plebeian though he was, would not overlook such a thing. However, His Majesty was apparently not angry with me for my failure in etiquette, as he shortly afterwards presented me with a scarf-pin. Between times I had carried a small souvenir in a jewel-box to the manager of the Kaiserhof, who almost prostrated himself when he thanked me, breaking his back with reverences, and informing me, in the purest Berlinese, of his purpose always to keep up-to-date on the progress of the science to which he had devoted himself.

Dined to-night with the princes. Their idea of politeness differs from mine: being probably well aware that I know absolutely no Bulgarian, they talked nothing but Bulgarian during the

whole meal, to Weich, an Austrian of the suite, when they might easily have spoken French or German. Their father would have acted differently.

I understand there's going to be a big job this evening, because of the great number of decorations granted by His Majesty. It seems that a much greater number had been applied for, judging from a remark of the Tsar's, which I overheard from the next room: 'What the devil do they expect? I'm not a dealer in decorations.' Even the manager of the Kaiserhof was one of the aspirants, considering, probably, that a good soufflé is well worth a patry ribbon; but Ferdinand was unyielding: instead of the decoration, he made him a present of the bauble which I had taken to him in the morning. The poor German! What a tragedy it must have been to him!

Sunday, July 17. — I spent a very hectic Sunday morning. At five minutes of ten I happened to knock at the door of Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, the Tsar's aide-de-camp, and found him finishing packing a trunk, which was to be taken downstairs at that moment. Now nobody had said a word to me of our actual departure; I had simply been told to be 'ready' about ten o'clock. I made a dash for my room, and threw everything into my trunk and suitcases helter-skelter. But I was ready in time.

We lunched in the train, and arrived about one at Bruges, where a delegation from the municipality and the consular corps was waiting for the Tsar, silk hats in hand. We inspected the town in a devil of a hurry, half the time on foot and half in motor-cars. We omitted nothing of the classic round, neither the Museum with its marvelous laces, nor the Lac d'Amour, nor the Memlings of the Saint-Jean Hospital, nor the tomb of Charles the Bold. All this did not prevent our being at the station at six

¹ Then President of the French Republic. — THE EDITORS.

o'clock, where the train which was to take us to Lille and Paris that same evening was awaiting us. I was to have a few days' leave of absence, while Ferdinand and his sons were the guests of M. Schneider at the Château de la Verrerie.

VIENNA, Wednesday, July 27. — I traveled alone from Paris to Vienna. Ferdinand had excused me from turning aside with him to Coburg, where he went with his sons to celebrate some anniversary or other. M. de Bourboulon had warned me of Ferdinand's cult for anniversaries. Every day he turns over the records of his own life and of those of his parents and kindred. There is not a day in the year when something sad or merry has not happened — birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, accession to the throne, a fine shot, extreme unction — to some one of his kin. And he remembers the said event on the said day; he arranges his trips carefully, so as to be in a given place at a given hour. In short, Ferdinand is both superstitious and sentimental, and to such a degree that he doesn't like to part with flowers which he has picked or which have been given him. He likes to take his bouquets with him on his journeys, until they are reduced to dust; and even then I am not sure that he doesn't preserve their ashes in a priceless urn. All honor to this noble hobby! The people do not suffer by it.

Thursday, July 28. — The Tsar, who arrived this morning, alighted at the Coburg Palace, on the Seilerstätte, only a few steps from our hotel, Zur Ungarischen Krone. Good-bye to liberty! I went through my newspapers conscientiously, in case the 'master' should send for me.

Friday, July 29. — Of course! There is an exposition here, too, and we have

naturally spent most of the day there. Ferdinand must have made a wager to live and die in expositions, universal or special! Or can it be that there is politics in it, and that Ferdinand intends this show of interest in the ornithology of the provinces lately annexed to Austria, as a courteous recognition of the *fait accompli* and as a bid for the good graces of the Ballplatz? I have no idea. At all events, Ferdinand had that same morning paid a visit to the Hofburg. The interview between the two monarchs lasted about a quarter of an hour. We may be sure that it was 'very cordial'!

Saturday, July 30. — I have discovered a new quality in Ferdinand: he is the best of teachers for his sons. He knows how to interest without over-tiring them. He instructs them almost without their knowing it. It surely will not be his fault if they grow up dunces, for he takes infinite pains to explain everything he shows them. Moreover, the princes are just as good pupils as their father is a teacher.

We leave this evening for the Château of Alcsuth, not far from Budapest, where the Tsar is to pay a visit to his sister, the Archduchess Clotilde.

Sunday, July 31. — I woke in my sleeping-car, I don't know where, opposite a pretty railway station. It was surrounded by acacias and flowers, near a road covered with a foot of brown dust, which is raised in soft clouds by the picturesque ox-carts.

We had a most agreeable drive to the château of Alcsuth, for it was very early, and the sun was not yet too high to annoy us. I gazed in admiration upon the beautiful heads and magnificent calves (inherited from generations of footmen) of the old Hungarian servants, all bespangled with medals, who took us to our rooms. The suite was

introduced to the three archduchesses — Archduchess Clotilde, her daughter, the Duchess of Orléans, and Archduchess Elisabeth. All three have very much the air of 'ladies of quality,' especially the first two, who, though rather stout, charm one by their distinguished carriage and their aristocratic manners. Then the whole château went in procession to the chapel, where we occupied the gallery, while the village people and the servants sat in the nave. There was something patriarchal about the simple and touching service.

We were a small party at table: the 'Coburg' family (three ladies and three gentlemen), Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, Privy Councilor Fleischmann, His Majesty's former governor, and myself. The conversation was unconstrained and constant. Ferdinand expressed his joy at 'finally having a holiday, far from that horrible Sofia,' and related some of his impressions of Paris. And then, if they did not take into their heads to talk literature and — *Chantecler!* The archduchess asked me what I thought of that so-called masterpiece, evidently expecting to receive from me a reply reverentially flattering to Rostand. The qualifications which I ventured timidly to offer, and which she probably regarded as nothing more than a schoolboy's foolish whim, seemed to displease her, and she passed to another subject.

Ferdinand spent part of the afternoon catching butterflies out in the park and instructing the princes as to the most scientific way of swinging the net and grasping the prisoner between the forefinger and the thumb, without crushing it and without letting it escape from its gauze prison. He seems to be as incorrigible an entomologist as he proved himself to be a wild ornithologist at the hunting exposition, and an indefatigable mechanician at Brussels. Are there many monarchs in Europe

who have so many strings to their encyclopædic bow?

PLESZO, Tuesday, August 2. — The Tsar left Monday morning for his estates in Northern Hungary. He is to make the whole trip in a motor-car, Weich at the wheel. Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff and I left very prosaically by train.

Wednesday, August 3. — The Tsar, hearing that Tatra is *terra ignota* to me, gave me leave of absence for to-day, and advised me strongly to visit Tatra-Füred and vicinity. He offered to have me taken in a motor-car to Poprad; from there I am to take the electric trams to Tatra-Füred, then the funicular as far as Taraj-Karol. He even told me what path I must take, and advised me to examine carefully the flora of the valleys through which I pass going up the mountain, because of its striking analogy to the flora of the Urals and the Altais.

I did as I was told. I had no reason to repent following the Tsar's itinerary in every respect, as it was all very beautiful.

Thursday, August 4. — Now comes the rain. Nevertheless we started for mountain-hunting about one o'clock and were not to be back until seven this evening. Once more I admired Ferdinand's endurance; he has the most mountaineerish pace I ever imagined. He climbs like a young man, tramps for hours, on the alert for game in grass and underbrush, and all in a pouring rain. Two battues had been arranged, the only result of which was the passing from life to death of a single kid, killed by the *Forstmeister*.

Life here is decidedly charming. The meals for us four (Ferdinand, Stoyanoff, Weich, and I) are, among other things, a genuine pleasure. The Tsar is

always simple and fatherly, always talkative, always instructive, even when he criticizes the menu or praises the vegetables served.

Talking of menus, the duty falls to me of writing them in French on white cards *ad hoc*, which is not always an easy matter, for the cook is a Hungarian, who jabbers only a little German, and my translations are at times inaccurate. Ferdinand never fails to notice it, and lectures me amicably. He must think me an ignoramus!

Friday, August 5. — The Tsar did not return from his morning motor-drive till past three o'clock, and scolded the colonel because we waited lunch for him. As we sat down, he told us that he had watched and followed a certain butterfly more than an hour without catching it. On the other hand, he was particularly pleased with his grass and flower harvest, which he examined more closely after coffee.

Saturday, August 6. — Rain again, after a terrible storm in the night. His Majesty goes nevertheless by automobile to Murany! It is from this estate, which he inherited from his father's mother, and of which he is very fond, that Ferdinand borrows the name of Comte de Murany, which he assumes when traveling incognito.

SOFIA, Monday, August 8. — This morning I awoke in Serbia. There are different inscriptions on the freight cars standing at the stations. Cornfields seem to be everywhere. The costumes of the peasantwomen whom we see from the windows are no longer the same.

The journey from Nisch to Sofia — particularly the defiles of the Nischawa immediately after leaving Nisch — is continuously interesting. No more trees on the mountains — or, rather, in the guise of trees, stakes of different sizes,

surrounded by a thin sheath of leaves; and underneath, the bare and rutted ground. The Tsar gave me the explanation of this phenomenon: for lack of sufficient pasture, the cattle are fed to a great extent with young green foliage. Does not that remind one of Virgil? The Tsar also showed me through the window some of the black Serbian pigs which are the periodical cause of a tariff-war between Serbia and Hungary.

We arrived on Bulgarian soil and changed the hour. What wretched things these frontier stations are — Serbian and Bulgarian alike!

My first impression of Sofia was of a large village with low buildings, overlooked in the background by the Vitosch, with its one patch of snow. Only the streets around the palace are paved, but they are very well paved, or, rather, tiled, for hard, yellowish tiles have been used, welded together with asbestos. The palace, the old Turkish *konak*, which has been renovated and enlarged, is surrounded by shady, well-kept gardens. The Tsar and his aide-de-camp soon left to join their respective wives at Tsarsko-Bistrizza, a favorite summer resort of the people of Sofia, sheltered behind a spur of the Rhodopes.

Tuesday, August 9. — This morning I had an opportunity to see more of the capital. I was delighted with the old city, particularly with the market quarter, which has decidedly a 'local color.' It was not the principal market-day — that does not come till Friday; nevertheless, there was no lack of animation. Little girls with coarse bags in their hands were seriously making their purchases, haggling about the prices, receiving a few onions into the bargain from the gallant vegetable-dealer who sits with great dignity behind a whole mountain of paprikas and other vegetables which to a Frenchman are quite exotic. Bulgarian peasants passed, with

queer pipes in their mouths, and simple sandals fastened around the foot with a thong, more frequently with pieces of string which are wound around the calf in spiral twists, encircling the lower part of the unbleached woolen trousers. Boys passed, carrying in each hand dirty sheep's-heads, boiled or not; in any case covered with flies; butchers' stalls in keeping with the rest; Jewish names on the shop-fronts, which look very Jewish; a few drinkers of Turkish coffee on the steps of the cafés; small shops where tobacco and stamps are sold; the guttural cry of a little news-boy; on all sides wretched chromos of the royal head; such were the most striking things which caught my attention on my morning walk through the dirtiest streets which I could find. I must say that there are not many of them.

This afternoon I made the acquaintance of the French minister at Sofia, M. Paleologue. The hour I spent with him was instructive from every point of view, for I had no trouble in starting him on the subject of Renan and the Tsar. He is said to be a probable candidate for the Academy.

Friday, August 12. — Even at Sofia I acquire new habits. In the morning, between eight and ten o'clock, there is a walk in the city and suburbs, a walk in which I am always rewarded, either by a stealthy glance at the barracks-rooms of the first regiment of the guard; or by the peculiar charm of a well with worm-eaten timbers, mortised together in something the shape of a gallows, worked by an old woman; or by the sight of two buffalos yoked together, dragging a ground-roller of the size of a child's toy, to smoothe down the convexity, more frequently concave, of the Bulgarian roads; or by passing Macedonian refugees in their picturesque, neatly colored costumes, who have fled from Turkish oppression, and,

seated side by side on the edge of the sunny sidewalk, wait, with a fatalism truly oriental, for the authorities to find a shelter for them in a schoolhouse or barracks.

I lunch generally with the aide-de-camp on duty, sometimes with Dragnoff, the marshal of the court, whom the Tsar calls 'monsieur le marquis' when he and I are alone, and the Tsar recalls his plump, undignified legs encased in silk stockings, with his fat calves bursting the seams, and makes fun of his plebeian wrists and hands so prodigally decked with lace.

In the afternoon, I glance through the different papers and periodicals for which His Majesty subscribes — the *Figaro* and the *Temps*, the *Opinion*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Zeit*, the *Pesther Lloyd*, the *Bukarester Tageblatt*, the *Turquie*, *Stamboul*, and still others. Sometimes His Majesty sends for me. Then I read the long pink telegrams addressed to him by his Macedonian agents, which at least give concrete cases of Turkish atrocities and do not stop at vague generalities, as is the habit of the European press. They are genuine gardens of martyrs. Ferdinand listens solemnly, with an almost tragic expression. He makes no comments, but one is conscious of an earnest determination on his part to put an end to this state of affairs, cost what it may; to redeem his Macedonian 'brothers' as soon as he can — or dares. He sits behind his large work-table, surrounded by photographs of all those of whom he has been fond: the Duc d'Alençon, whose earthly remains he recently followed to the crypt in the Chapelle d'Orléans at Dreux, the Duc d'Aumale — and first of all, the Princess Clementine, his mother. 'How near all that seems and yet how far away it is!' he says in a moment of unconstraint, gazing at his 'dear departed.'

I mentioned the rumors in the Viennese press, notably in the *Neue Freie Presse*, in regard to his supposed deafness, and to an operation which he will soon have to undergo. It seems, indeed, that his intimates advise him to consult foreign surgeons, that is to say, of course, some Viennese. Is it not strange that fables should spring up thus, without the slightest basis of truth? For I vouch for it that Ferdinand's hearing is very acute — sometimes, indeed, too much so.

Now and again I dine with His Majesty. At such times he generally asks me to talk English with him. He seems delighted to reaccustom his ear to the Anglo-Saxon tones which were familiar to him when, as a child, he visited his grandmother, Queen Amélie, on the banks of the Thames. After dinner I read the French papers to him, full of the exploits of our aviators at the Circuit de l'Est. The Tsar overflows with admiration. He would like to hear me read French more frequently, but where find the time for it? He sends me away about midnight, while he himself sits up still later to sign a lot of documents.

SYTNIAKOWO, Saturday, August 13. — Last evening, about ten o'clock, we left Sofia in a motor-car for the royal estate of Sytniakowo in the Rhodopes, whither the Tsar transports his household gods for a few days. We arrived at half-past twelve, having admired in the obscurity the gorges of the Iskr, and having stopped half an hour on the road because of a break-down. The royal villa is very prettily situated, and still more prettily arranged. There is no view — the Tsar does not insist upon it as indispensable; but there are fir trees all around a central open space, on the shoulder of a mountain. This shoulder slopes gently up behind the villa and its dependencies. In the be-

ginning there was only the tree-trunk on which the Tsar, then a prince, used to sit while hunting the heath-cock; then a modest shelter was built; then a small pavilion; then one wing; then another; then the offices; the châlet, post-office and telegraph station, stables, garages, and an excellent road leading to them. Such are the different stages which have made Sytniakowo a really princely residence.

We take our meals with the Tsar and the two princes, in the charming dining-room of one of the lateral pavilions. It is exquisitely simple; the wainscoting and ceiling sheathed throughout with Macedonian pine, of the rich light-yellow hue which makes it so cheerful and attractive to the eye, and with round dark knots scattered irregularly through it. The clock of hammered copper, set deep in the beautiful panels, has a supremely artistic effect.

Sunday, August 14. — I lunched with the Tsar and his four children (I had not yet seen the princesses, two pretty little girls), and their two governesses. One of them, a stout Bavarian baroness, speaks English well.

On an excursion Ferdinand is a model father. It is he who chooses an appropriate spot for unpacking and eating the 'provender,' brought on the back of two mules; it is he, again, who shows the little princesses the most interesting points of view, and the places where they can find the loveliest digitalis.

I had a free evening, for Ferdinand invited his ministers to dine, and fortunately he does not need me when he is in the midst of 'his' Bulgarians.

Monday, August 15. — A grand excursion on horseback to the summit of Musalla, the highest peak of the Balkans. All the ministers joined the party. It was very cold, but the weather was fine and the view splendid. The Rilo

is not far away, and one divines the presence of its historic monastery behind a peak; farther on, the Perim Dagh ravined with snow; all the Macedonian mountains; the sources of the Maritza, the Iskr, and the Bistrizta; the more distant valley of the Vardar; a part of the Bulgarian plateau; the Vitosch, half covered with mist, as always; at our feet, chasms into which the princes amuse themselves by throwing chunks of stone — all this forms a striking panorama, unknown to tourists.

I had the impression — was it only my imagination? — that Ferdinand and his ministers kept their eyes and attention almost always on Macedonia and the Aegean Sea. Must we conclude that Ferdinand wanted to show his sons and his ministers the regions which were destined some day to fall to the Bulgarian crown?

At four o'clock we returned to the cabin which, on going up, we left in the bottom of the wild valley, near three gloomy black lakes. We did not start again till two hours later, not without having luncheon, and being present at a very curious scene: the ministers had in fact chosen this spot to offer to the Tsar — inclosed in a magnificent case of hammered silver, which was itself contained in a box of beautiful rosewood, and it again in a leather case — the late Tirnovo declaration of independence, beautifully engrossed on parchment, signed by all the ministers, and adorned by all their seals. A short formal address by Premier Malinoff, to which the Tsar replied with equal brevity and simplicity, was followed by hurrahs from the ministers, taken up by the few soldiers of the suite, and repeated most impressively by a grave and powerful echo, in which my wide-awake imagination discerned I know not what mythological, Orphean sonorousness. The scene was really stirring, not because it took place on

the border of ancient Hellas, but because it seemed so natural, so spontaneous. Imagine, too, the framework, which helped to magnify it, to imbue it with majesty — a circle of high rocky mountains, immersed in shadow, while one side is still aglow with sunshine; a green carpet of turf studded with strange rocks; at one side, a poor hut; twenty paces farther on, a fire of dead branches where meat is being roasted, and around which Bulgarian mountainers are crouching; and finally, above us, a greenish sky across which great white ghosts are galloping.

This unexpected episode ended in a no less striking manner: the Tsar chose for himself a large flat rock, amid the pasture-land, called for pen and ink, and on his knees, facing the Musalla, facing Macedonia, in a solemn, quasi-hieratic attitude, slowly appended his signature to the parchment.

The democratic and simple, yet intensely patriotic character of this ceremony was altogether noteworthy. The ministers seem to be worthy fellows, slightly rustic, whose tact and refinement are surprising. They were very good-humored all the way, and I lost many a good and bad joke because of not knowing Bulgarian. I talked at length with Malinoff, Minister of Public Works, who speaks French very well, and with Madame Petroff Tchomakoff, lady-in-waiting. The latter at once attracted by her amiable, intelligent face. She has a facility of conversation and literary knowledge of which I had no suspicion. Learning that I am Anglophile, she passed in review, one after another, not without a touch of pedantry, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and was not afraid to tackle Oscar Wilde.

We were still drinking champagne in the heart of our rock-bound circle, henceforth historic, when the sun set. We made haste to start for home, first

on foot, then on horseback, but it was quite dark.

How this long valley of the Bistriza, through which we are passing, has changed since this morning! There are, first, the twilight effects; then the moon rises and casts a silvery light on the bare slopes towering above us. At last, just before we reached the dense forest surrounding the royal châlet, we plunge, still on horseback, into inconceivably black darkness.

It is impossible to imagine a more picturesque and romantic close of a day. It was nine o'clock: we had spent twelve hours in the open air.

After dinner a long session writing telegrams was in store for me. The Tsar, himself tired out, courteously apologized for making me work so hard at such an unseasonable moment. Yesterday was the anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the throne, which explains the large number of telegrams of thanks which I had to write.

At midnight we learned of the burning of the Brussels Exposition, which seemed to make a great impression on the Tsar.

Tuesday, August 16. — I had very little work to do. But the royal hearing kept me busy again for a few moments. The *Temps* took upon itself to repeat

the information given by the *Neue Freie Presse* about the Tsar's operation, and about the surgeons of the good city of Vienna who were to perform it in preference to all others. Naturally I hastened to submit this number of the *Temps* to Ferdinand, who was much alarmed. He fears that his French friends will believe this news, and at once asked me to contradict it. I immediately wrote and despatched three telegrams, one to the Comte de Bourboulon, the second to Hebrard, and the third to my comrade Comert, the correspondent of the *Temps* at Vienna. It seems that the lie was started by some chuckle-headed republican of the extreme Bulgarian Left. The Tsar says that this is typical of the performances to which certain low journalists of Sofia resort, in order to bring him into discredit with his people. He assures me that his enemies actually go so far as to hire spies among the servants of the palace, in order to know the color of his shirts!

At four o'clock I am informed that our luggage will start for Sofia at half-past four, and that we shall soon follow. That means quick packing. As a matter of fact we follow it at some distance, for our departure from Sytniakowo is postponed till eleven o'clock in the evening. We shall hardly arrive at Sofia before half-past one in the morning.

(To be concluded)

THE RETURN OF THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

[*Readers of the Atlantic will recall the two series of Mrs. Stewart's letters: 'Letters of a Woman Homesteader,' published in 1913 (October, November, and December) and 1914 (January, February, and April), and 'Letters on an Elk-Hunt' (February to June, 1915). Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have been developing their homestead and raising an abundant family. The present letters were written to a friend in the South, and since the characters who figure in them are familiar and intimate acquaintances of the Atlantic, there is no need to introduce them individually. The chance reader can readily guess their identity.*—THE EDITORS.]

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, October 26

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I have neglected you for so long that I do not expect either of you to recognize me again. Still, when I sent you the note, I promised to tell you of my adventures in bond-selling. I thought I had done pretty well, and was planning to send in my final report a whole week before the drive was over. I was filling in the blanks when a heavy tread and a well-known voice announced Mrs. Louderer.

To you I can confess that my feelings were a little mixed, because I have not been quite certain how she felt about the war. Somehow, our old careless ways have slipped from us, and every day is so full of pressing work that we no longer have those good house-to-house visits that once were such joys.

But my dear Mrs. Louderer came in with her great knitting-bag, from which she took some candy for the little boys. 'You have not been to see me, so I have came,' she calmly announced as she seated herself and began to 'toe off' a khaki sock!

I never supposed a sock could produce thrills of relief, but that one did.

But I was ashamed to tell the truth, or may be I feared to hurt her. Anyway, I plunged into telling about my efforts to sell bonds.

Mrs. Louderer is never very talkative, and so I rattled on, immensely pleased with myself, until she remarked, 'If all made so poor do as you, then Wyoming will not go over the top. For why does the government ask for money? Because it is needed. For who is it needed? For those who leave their homes, give their time, their money, their very life; and yet you think you do well when you have hardly begun. Have you seen Lund? Have you spoken to Herman? No! that would mean some work; that would take your time from monkeying with your own little jobs. Yah!' She finished so scornfully that I was perfectly dumfounded. Before I could say a word, she began to tell me how to make rye-bread, 'so as you can eat.' Indignation flared up, but her words had struck my self-conceit such a blow, that I could think of nothing to say.

Then Clyde came in, and they began a discussion about cattle, and I was glad to slip away to prepare supper and try to collect my scattered thoughts and

a little self-respect. But what she said was true, and it was a humbled woman who presently called them to supper. 'The gude mon' and Mrs. Louderer did indeed 'talk of many things,' but beef and the Kaiser had a greater place in their discussion than 'cabbages and kings.'

Mrs. Louderer left me to do up the kitchen work, while she and Clyde went out to look at some mule colts that are a new addition to our ranch. I was glad she did so, for never before was the giftie gie me to see myself as others see me. I did n't like the picture at all, and I am afraid that conversation would have been a little difficult.

While I was busy putting the little Highlanders to bed, she came in and told them a story. When the boys were asleep, she said, —

'To-morrow we will go after Lund and some more, and make them dig up the price required to teach some of their brothers and odder kin the folly of being *anything* but Americans.'

'I can't go so far from home,' I told her. 'I've set sponge to try out your rye-bread recipe, and the children are so troublesome on a long trip as that will be.'

'Now you see?' she interrupted me; 'you can't let go your own affairs. But you are going. Already have I said so to Clyde, and to-morrow we will hitch Chub and Kronprinz to the little wagon. We will be gone some days, maybe, so you can get ready for that.'

That night Clyde told me that he would take care of my work, and that he really thought I should go. 'And,' he added, 'have the very pleasantest time you can, for I know what she said to you.'

So it was with a perfectly clear conscience that I seated myself beside Mrs. Louderer next morning, and left undone many waiting tasks. Many times I wished for you. The blue-and-

gold charm of October Wyoming would have charmed you. It did me the first time I saw it, and I have remained under its spell ever since. I wish I had words to paint it for you, but you will have to picture the lonely buttes, with the shifting lights of blue, gold, and rose; the suggestive reach of the desert; and perhaps the next turn of the road would present the crags and cliffs of the hog-back. Back of that, the forest reserve, and back of that again, the shining snow-peaks.

The air seemed golden, and everywhere the quaking aspens had been touched by Midas.

I could not talk while such beauty lay spread before me. Mrs. Louderer thought I was sulking. 'You should not pout because I said to you as I did. You do not know, as I do, what will happen if we should lose.'

'I am just enjoying the beauty,' I told her.

'That is well,' she replied. 'Folks in Belgium will not see much beauty in the ruins that are left. If heaven itself had been in Belgium, it would have been bombed and gassed. St. Peter was not German, and he would have been gassed or worst. I have no time to look at yellow trees and blue mountains. I have in me only a wish to see green bills.'

She gave Kronprinz such a spiteful cut with her switch, that he sprang forward and almost spilled us both.

'Why do you call your horse the name you do?' I asked.

'Because he should be killed almost, he is so hateful; only I would be glad if only I had by me the Kronprinz, so as I could beat his back as it should.'

So she urged the horses on, our wagon jolting and creaking protestingly. She seemed unable to win me away from my pleasant contemplations, and I was just as unable to keep her from her unpleasant ones.

We were miles from home when we

saw a figure some distance ahead of us in the road. It was Herman. He was trudging along on his way to a sheep-camp where he was to work. After a pleasant exchange of greetings, he produced his pipe.

'Herman,' began Mrs. Louderer, 'you have no one dependent upon you and you have wasted all your life—'

Herman interrupted her with something in German.

'I will not so speak. I will say my words only in United States, if you please,' she informed him with severe dignity.

I could n't keep up with them for the next few minutes. They both talked at once, and talked in German and United States, though each denied the German.

Mrs. Louderer won out, for when Herman stopped for breath, she kept on. 'We have come that you should buy bonds. We were going to Lund's to see you there, and here you meet us on the road and insult us, so,' she finished indignantly.

Herman calmly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, lighted it, took a few puffs, then very deliberately said, 'I will buy no bonds. I have no money.'

Then war *did* prevail.

'Loafer, Schweinehund, for why do you live? What haft you done with the seven hundred dollar which I paid you six year ago? Why shall young men go fight, die, to protect you and your old pipe, while you wander the road by insulting me?'

Herman contemplated the distant skyline. Presently he took his pipe from his mouth, and gravely remarked, 'Louderer, you make too much noise wit' your mouth. The money what you paid me I put with four hundred more. With it I bought the Symes sheep when he enlisted. It's few they is, yet a living they will be for Callie Archer while her two boys, Joe and Eddie, herds them. Besides the money what you ask so

much about, I had yet twenty-three hundred dollars; with that I bought bonds by all the drives. I have yet by me the receipts. See?' He took a small book from his pocket and showed us the receipts.

Mrs. Louderer again belabored Kronprinz, and we drove on. I looked back. Herman was trudging on. I wanted to giggle, but did n't dare. Soon we came in sight of Lund's. The small valley in which they live seemed a blaze of gold. The road here is a dug-way and hugs the red crags of the hog-back. Along the top gray-green cedars cling, distorted by years of buffeting wind. Far below us was the low cabin of logs, the sheep-pens and outbuildings of the ranch.

The dug-way was a perilous road, and we crept down slowly; but at last we drew up at the cabin. Mrs. Lund was washing, but she came out and welcomed us cordially, her bright blue eyes beaming and her tanned, weatherbeaten face all smiles.

'For twenty years I have lived by this ranch, Frau Louderer, and now is it the first time you have come by me. Lund is gone with sheep to market. If only he was here! Before this war always Carl went off with the sheep; but he has gone. In training he is, at Camp Lewis, so Lund goes by the sheep.'

All the while she was busy spreading the table, and her little daughters were hanging up the clothes on the line outside. For dinner we had mutton and 'war-bread,' which Mrs. Lund declared was enough to make anyone want to fight if they ate it. We had delicious cheese, and pickles made of young squash. Mrs. Lund told us about her boy in training. 'I am calling him Charlie now, Carl is too German,' she told us. 'Why do you suppose Germans in the Fatherland is so bad? Why so butchers do you think, Louderer?'

'It is because they have been lied to and deceived.'

'Then they are fools. Why do they not come to Wyoming once and see how is?'

So the talk went on. Mrs. Louderer told of the Red Cross needs, the Y.M.C.A., and the Liberty loans.

'We have come to let you buy some bonds once. For the kinder it will be good. By them they can prove they are not Germans. Five children you have. We will sell you a bond for each.'

'Oh, oh! how can I?' wailed Mrs. Lund. 'Lund always does the business; he it is that pays all the bills; I never did it. He is gone by the sheep to Omaha. Yesterday he started, and if he was here I could not ask him for so much, because I made him promise to put two whole sheep on my head, four are to go on my back, and some on each of the children.'

'But,' Mrs. Louderer interrupted, 'these are war-times. Why choose now to spend sheep-money?'

'Twenty-five years it is since Lund and I get married. I had a new hat then; since then I have had none. All these years I have worked and saved. We both thought it foolish to spend money, but now Ca— Charlie is a man and Bertha a woman, and I want that they shall not be ashamed of me, so I told Lund to buy me a fine hat and some other things to go with it.'

'I suppose you will wear it to the funeral of the boys who are sent home in their wooden overcoats,' remarked Mrs. Louderer.

I remembered my own recent lashing and escaped with Bertha. She is to be married when Gideon Prescott comes home. She showed me her 'trousseau.' It consists of six big puffy pillows, a lot of wool-filled quilts, some bright, home-made rugs, and a box of dishes.

In a lull in our conversation, we heard Mrs. Louderer ask, 'Who signs Lund's checks? He cannot write, I know.'

'Me, I do,' Mrs. Lund replied, promptly and proudly.

Presently I went back to the kitchen. Mrs. Lund was writing a check. 'This a wedding present will be for Bertha. She is to marry an American soon yet.'

'That is as is right. An American girl *should* marry an American,' Mrs. Louderer agreed. She was *very* pleasant and exerted herself to show it. She held four checks in her hand.

'Now,' she smiled at Mrs. Lund, 'you see how it is to be an American wife. You can help your country when you *want* to. You are free to write a check when the time is.'

'That is not new,' Mrs. Lund protested; 'already we are naturalized, long since, and I always wrote Lund's checks.'

'As he said, yes,' Mrs. Louderer said, as she gathered her belongings; 'but to-day you have wrote them as is best for all, and Lund will put the sheep on your head yet. I am glad. I hope your hat has the finest plume and the largest roses that can be had in Omaha.'

After the most pleasant of farewells, we again set forth. This time we did n't try the dug-way: we kept down the valley. We had many gates to open, but Mrs. Louderer said that was my job. I did n't mind. No one could mind opening gates when each gate led from one enchanted spot into another.

'Now you see what an injustice would be done the Lunds if so we had not gone there. Fife hundred dollars it is, and for the first time in her life she is free. Never before did she spend a dollar without Lund says so.'

'Mr. Lund may have bought bonds in town,' I reminded her.

'Well, and if he has! What then? She has bought bonds on the ranch, and they have money enough yet, even with sheep on the head and back and on the children. There is few, very few Germans on any poor farm. Germans

hate failure same as we do the Kaiser.'

Again she pounded the Kronprinz, and again we slowly mounted to the ridge-road.

I must stop this letter but I cannot send it until I write you of our last stopping-place in this drive. I will do that to-morrow.

E. R. S.

It was quite late, almost dark, when we got to the Bird ranch that night. Our horses were very tired, and I was glad enough to stop. The Birds are French and Indian. Their large, comfortable log-house is beautifully situated up against a granite bluff, in a bend of Green River. Great pines form a splendid wind-break on the north, and add greatly to the beauty of the place. The river flows southward here, and through its granite cañons glimpses of forests and snow-peaks can be had.

It is a very beautiful spot, yet to me it seemed a tragic one. I don't know why, unless it was the constant low murmur of the river or the sighing of the pines. We were warmly welcomed. Mr. Bird is one of the most courteous of men, and Mrs. Bird made us feel that our welcome was genuine. They have a large family of grown children, most of them married and gone, and two sons in France. Some of the children were visiting their parents, and all was a pleasant bustle in the kitchen, where we were seated by the fire, for the gathering shadows had been chill.

In the large room adjoining, Mr. Bird and the 'baby-boy,' a handsome, dark-eyed youth, were taking the ashes from a huge fireplace and preparing a fire for our enjoyment after supper. There are not many fireplaces in Wyoming, and the prospect of an open fire made me very happy.

Supper was served on a long table, and every face around was glad.

While we were still at the table, the

dogs outside set up a terrible barking and a horseman rode up to the door. Mr. Bird went out, and there followed a subdued conversation.

'I will stay with you to-night, if you want, Jacques. Others are coming to-morrow,' we heard the newcomer say.

'Oui, oui — I want you, yes. Put up your horse and come in. I'm — all undone, friend.'

The face that had left the table with a happy smile was haggard and drawn. Mrs. Bird asked something in French. Mr. Bird leaned heavily on his chair. Never was a face more eloquent of sorrow.

'It is Lonnie, Marda. Our Lonnie is dead in France — killed in action.'

I can never forget that scene. There was no outcry. I could hear the pines grieving, the river murmuring its sorrow. One by one the family slipped away. The man who brought the news came in. I laid him a plate. Mrs. Louderer brought a cup of coffee. The lamp sputtered a little, and I could hear the newly made fire crackling, but there was no talking, no weeping.

Presently someone crept into the sitting-room, and in passing the door I saw it was Mrs. Bird, sitting, bowed and stricken, before the fire. Two of the girls came in and assisted us with the dishes. They moved about quietly, and only their big black eyes told of sorrow. After a while another daughter told us that we were to sleep in the little bedroom off the sitting-room.

Mr. Bird and the man who brought the news were outside, talking in low tones. Sometimes we caught a word.

'Yes, the postmistress at Burnt Fork saw the name in to-night's casualty list. She 'phoned to me at Manila, and I came at once, only stopping at Linwood for your mail, and the telegram from the War Department was there for you. There is no mistake, Jacques. I wish there was. Lonnie is gone.'

'It is hard, hard,' the father said; 'more bitter because both his mother and me opposed his going. He enlisted against our wishes, and we did n't get to say good-bye. We had only one letter, and have not answered it, so he will never know how proud we were of him. And — we'll never see the reckless boy again. He could find no horse too wild to ride. He would ride into Green River when it was out of its bank in flood-time. Oh!—'

I heard no more of their talk, and soon Mrs. Louderer and I retired to our bed. There was no door to close between the sitting-room and ourselves. There had been a curtain; the rod was still up, but it had been taken down in house-cleaning and not put back. We heard the others going to bed. The neighbor and Baby-boy were to share the same bed, but the boy rode away in the velvety night, and we heard the man when he turned in.

I could not sleep. Mr. Bird came in with some wood for the fire. From where I lay I could see the two sitting silently by the fire. A clock struck twelve. Mrs. Bird went outside. We heard her step off the porch. Soon Mr. Bird went out and brought her in. They spoke a few words in French, and Mr. Bird said, 'Stay away from the river, Marda. You *might* fall in. That would not help. It is hard, I know, but we got to bear it.'

But Mrs. Bird seemed not to hear. She moved over to the window and stood staring out into the night. I could see her hands clench and unclench themselves, and at times a shudder passed over her. Again she went out. This time Mrs. Louderer rose and went out for her. She brought Mrs. Bird in, and going into another room, brought a rocking-chair.

'Sit in this chair, Marda — the chair that Lonnie brought you for a birthday present. You did n't think when he

took such pains to bring this back that in it you should sit to think of him being dead. I remember him when he was a baby, Marda. Such fat legs he had, and such a mop of black hair. You remember the little red socks I knit for him? And the little moccasins you beaded? And he loved you so, Marda. Always was he a mamma-boy.'

On and on she talked, and for once I was thoroughly angry with my friend. It seemed brutal to keep adding sorrow to sorrow; but she would not heed the signs I tried to make.

At last, I could stand it no longer. I rose and went into the kitchen to make some coffee. I hoped that Mrs. Louderer would come out and help me. When the coffee was made, I took a cup to Mrs. Bird. She took a swallow of the scalding liquid. Her eyes were hard and dry; she sat holding the cup and staring into the fire.

'And you remember the time when you ran the sewing-machine needle into your finger, how he cried and cried for you; his heart was melted for you, and now he lies dead, may be mangled, in France, with not a tear for his going.'

Mr. Bird was sobbing, but Mrs. Bird only looked at him curiously. It was a long night. How Mrs. Louderer ever held up, I do not know. Once Mr. Bird asked her out to the kitchen, where I had laid him a lunch which he would not taste.

'I can stand no more,' he said. 'Will you not stop talking of Lonnie? See, my heart is broken, I am crushed; you have brought back the little boy of years ago.'

'Jacques, you are safe; but Marda, she should weep. It is to save you a greater trouble, a darker sorrow, that I talk so.'

And nothing we could do could prevent her raking up every little incident of the past.

At last, the east lightened reluctantly,

a little breeze came whispering along. Mrs. Bird went out on the porch, and we followed. A new note had crept into the river's crooning.

'Even the river and the trees miss him. Listen, how they mourn,' said Mrs. Louderer.

Mrs. Bird's lips quivered and she turned her face away.

Just then a horse came up to the gate, hung his head over, and whinnied. Mrs. Bird left us. She went up to the horse and patted him, parted his mane and stroked his neck. Next she was sobbing and clinging to the horse, who seemed human in his intelligence. Great tears rolled down her face, and there seemed no depth too deep for her sorrow. I wanted to go to her, but Mrs. Louderer restrained me.

'That is Lonnie's horse, and it will do her more good to weep it out with him. We will start breakfast and see what we can do.'

Mr. Bird took a shawl and went out to his wife. The girls came out, and together we prepared the meal. After a while Mr. Bird and Marda came back. There were signs of tears, but both were relaxed. We expected to stay until more neighbors came. After breakfast Mr. Bird said,—

'I have bought no bonds; to tell the truth I didn't think I would, for I felt hard about Lonnie going. But he's gone. Marda and I have talked it over out under the pine where he played. If he cared enough to give his life for what he was fighting for, it should for us be a gracious gift. We will not grudge the price. Both life and the cause he died for are priceless. We are not so poor, and if Lonnie had lived, there would have been a share for him. That share we will use to buy bonds. We will decide afterwards what we shall do with the bonds, but it will be something in memory of our boy.'

So I filled out the blanks. Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Louderer were rocking and talking quietly.

'Sorrow is so hard to bear,' said Mrs. Bird. 'Last night, when I stood by the river, it seemed to say, "Come on, come on, join your boy. Plunge in, forget, forget..."'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Louderer, 'sorrow is hard. I know. My Bennie is gone, and he could n't die for his country like Lonnie. We are like Mary at the Cross. Let us be glad that our own dear boys brought us there.'

Soon other friends came, and as our drive home was a long one, we started at once. We did n't say much. I felt a new love for my kind, gruff, precious old neighbor.

'Dear, dear Mrs. Louderer,' I said, 'how do you do it? How can you know just what to do every time?'

'Maybe I don't,' she said; 'but I should. I have lived a long time. Many sorrows have lain on my heart, and this war — We must all do all we can. You see what Mrs. Lund has got by the war — freedom once. You see what Mrs. Bird gave. But she has gained too. You must gain and give. I must, too.'

Only the creaking of our protesting wagon broke the silence. I was glad when the roof of my dear cabin home came in sight; happier still, when shrill childish voices shouted, 'Mamma, mamma, we have been good boys and papa made funny biscuits. The cat scratched Robert, and Calvin rode on the red pig.'

And now, my dear friend, you see a little of why I have not written oftener, and why I have to write at such great length. I really don't get any more work done than anyone else, but it takes more work to accomplish results. I must stop now.

Most truly your friend,
ELINORE R. STEWART.

'SINCE WE WELCOMED LAFAYETTE'

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THE words are not mine. Long ago, Miss Frances E. Willard wrote a poem, which was published; and a stanza thereof read as follows,—

Lady Henry Somerset,
Since we welcomed Lafayette
Never foot our shore hath pressed
Of a more beloved guest.

Miss Willard was interested only incidentally in Lafayette, as the rest of the poem shows. One other thing, however, may be worth noting for our purposes: her natural distrust of England crops out even in her fulsome and pathetic address to a British gentlewoman. 'England's hated House of Peers' is one of her lines, and we get the stanza, —

Yankee lion, Salisbury lamb,
Lie in peace; for Uncle Sam
Needs no British treaty new,
Save a dozen folks like you.

Optimism, you see, is there: implying the need for optimism.

Miss Willard's particular partisanships are now ancient history; and no one really cares about the personal part she played. Both 'suffrage' and 'prohibition' have gathered to themselves armies that Miss Willard never could have raised. She has her statue in the Capitol, and doubtless elsewhere. Even the bad physiology that she and her kind managed to get into the textbooks of our primary and grammar schools has been forgiven. What is peculiarly interesting at the moment is, not her ignorance of physiology or her personal bent in politics, but her rough-and-

ready historical ideas. For these persist. 'Whether we are dry or wet' (to quote one last time from the same poem), 'we' — the bulk of the American public — feel thus about Lafayette and thus about the House of Lords. In these matters, the American schoolboy, up to 1914, had not progressed one inch beyond Miss Willard.

No single phenomenon of America's participation in the Great War has been more striking than the instant response, in the average American heart, to the name of Lafayette. It is one of the most curious, the most absurd, the most fortunate, of moral accidents. We did not go into the war because of Lafayette; but who can say what help that name has rendered in sustaining the enthusiasm of the draft army? It has been one illuminating ray in the ordinary American boy's well-nigh complete ignorance of France. He had to be taught 'the issues of the war'; but he did not have to be taught about Lafayette and Rochambeau. General Pershing's first words on arrival — 'Lafayette, we are here' — were precisely those which American youth would have had him utter. That was a reason they understood, for crossing the seas to fight on French soil.

The late Professor Münsterberg, before his timely decease, did his best to play up Baron von Steuben. Historically speaking, he was quite right; but no historical accuracy had a chance against the public-school textbooks out of which three generations had learned their American history. Those three

generations may have developed misgivings, by this time, about the hatchet and the cherry tree; but be sure that the higher criticism has not yet reached the textbook account of the young Frenchman. Allied propaganda had an instrument to its hand which perhaps it did not, itself, suspect. Like a sword from its sheath, like Lazarus from the tomb, the figure of Lafayette leaped forth from the collective memory. People who knew nothing else; people who found it difficult to credit German turpitude or to feel a vital interest in any European war whatsoever, knew all about him. 'Why, yes,' they said, rubbing their eyes; 'of course we owe a debt to France; we don't know much about France, but France is a good scout, you bet: she sent Lafayette to help us fight the English.' For millions, France meant Lafayette, as England meant George III. The propagandists did not need to hold their tongues about Baron von Steuben: nobody cared about him. He has his statue, too; but where is it? Why, in Lafayette Square.

In the East, houses where the distinguished young adventurer slept are as numerous and as notorious as 'Washington's headquarters.' It is a poor town, on our Atlantic seaboard, that does not boast one or the other within an easy radius. In our own village, we never managed anything more historic in the way of a dwelling than the house which was Tory headquarters at the time of the Revolution. But, up the street, the Continental Congress sat, and a Signer lived, and Washington took his farewell of the army, and—in all probability—Lafayette slept. I know of open-air schools where the children are given prizes for sleeping. No one ever got so big a prize for sleeping, here, there, and everywhere, as the Marquis de Lafayette has had. He went to bed like any other man, when he had the chance; and the French Re-

public, nearly a hundred and fifty years later, has reaped a reward, on the subject of which one would like to hear M. Anatole France.

Let me not seem to decry, or even to minimize, the act of the young marquis. Undoubtedly he heartened our ancestors at a time when things did not look very bright. Washington took to him—they were apparently two aristocrats together. His tact in not continuing to insist (he started to), at the age of nineteen, on being given the highest military rank after the commander-in-chief, seems to have endeared him to a distraught Congress. But he was never a great fighter, and his military career in America, though respectable, was not distinguished. Except by loving the insurgent Americans when most people did not, it is hard to know what peculiar and signal service he rendered. Even at that time of counting noses and husbanding pitifully small talent, he was not indispensable.

So far, history (not out of the schoolbooks). The most amusing aspect of Lafayette's rôle, in our present connection, is the fact that he never at any moment represented France. His friends advised strongly against his coming; the King positively forbade it; even the American envoys refused to encourage him. He was arrested when he tried to sail. He came as completely 'on his own' as a stowaway—enjoying, undoubtedly (aged nineteen), the flight and disguises and adventures quite as much as the vision of Liberty. Later, of course, he concerned himself with the French Revolution; but he never could 'go the whole hog,' and was eventually declared a traitor by the Republican Assembly. The more credit to him, very likely; but the fact remains that neither monarch nor Republic nor Directory officially countenanced him. The King had him arrested; the Assembly voted him a traitor; the Directory

kept him in exile. He played a lone hand; and never at any moment can he have been said to represent France — even with that kaleidoscopic sequence of governments to choose from. No matter: he was a delightful person; and if you cannot hitch your wagon to a star, the next most inspiring thing is probably to hitch it to a comet. How much good Lafayette accomplished in 1777 is problematical; the good he accomplished in 1917 is, frankly, incalculable. We really needed no French propaganda: you said, 'Lafayette,' and you had all the young throats cheering.

It was he who cast that bread upon the waters; and after many days it returned — in staggering proportions. You did not have to defend or explain France to the products of the little red schoolhouse — 'no, sir-ee.' The fact that they knew nothing about France, politically or socially, for the last hundred years, was a help rather than a hindrance. Time was not wasted in expounding. American youths did not stop to read what the Committee on Public Information printed. They had learned what was necessary in their ridiculous, unscientific schoolbooks. Didn't France help us out? And didn't France, on top of it, have a revolution of her own and turn into a republic? 'France,' during the greater part of our struggle, never did help us out; and the French Revolution would shock them, if they knew anything about it, almost as much as the invasion of Belgium. But Lafayette was there to make all clear. And the joke of it is that no one had suspected the power of that name. When politicians and public speakers first used it, because there was no argument they dared omit, they did not dream that it would, for so many millions, make any other argument unnecessary. It was sheer, stupendous luck.

No one, I hope, will mistake me to mean that a large section of the Amer-

ican public was not, even before 1917, fully aware of the moral and political issues of the war; or that the Lafayette slogan meant anything to the vast number of aliens who came into the selective draft. Still more, I hope no one will mistake me to mean that the average youth of American stock would not have done his duty as promptly if there had been no Lafayette. But that Lafayette saved time; that he obviated the necessity for a deal of education and propaganda; above all, that the sheer magic of his name injected an invaluable element of personal feeling and sentimental gratitude into the doing of the American job, no one can reasonably deny. In 1917 you would never have got the doughboy to fight as gladly — though that he would have fought as loyally, no one may doubt — on British soil as on the soil of France. Probably he did not know half so much about France as he did about England; but — France? Why, 'sure' — Lafayette was a Frenchman.

I had the privilege of talking, not long ago, with a typical young Middle-Westerner — in khaki, aged twenty-one. He had encountered, and been influenced by, all the original Western arguments against our entering the war. He had no doubt that we had to go in when we did, and he had enlisted of his own free will, but he did not rage against the Hun. He still had misgivings about British international behavior; he remarked quite seriously that Germany had given us due warning to keep off British ships; and he repeated objections to the British blockade. In other words, he was completely uneducated in recent international politics. His Western indifference, one saw, had been very real, and quite unillumined by historic perception. With him, being one-hundred-per-cent American meant being literally that: it meant that, up to April 6, 1917, he was not

even a fraction of one per cent anything else — Entente Ally, or German. He was not particularly militant, — who is, since the armistice? — but had he got over during the fighting, he would have been one of the best. His original neutrality, his anti-British prejudice, and, incidentally, his announcement that William J. Bryan was almost, if not quite, our greatest 'mind,' show his type and his provenience. Yet even so, sensible, clean, upstanding young private, he had a *cri du cœur*. I doubt if he had ever spoken a French sentence, read a French book — perhaps, even, ever met a French person. But the *cri du cœur* was spontaneous: 'I adore France!' Though he admitted a passion for Napoleon, — and in the same breath declared it illogical, since he was a great believer in democracy, and had no jejune taste for kings and such, — it came back to Lafayette. He did not know it himself; but when I asked him (for the case was beginning to be clear) if it were not the schoolbooks, he said slowly, thinking it out, that he supposed it was. Lafayette — and George III — and Barnes's (or another's) *History of the United States*, in one volume. Great Britain being cocky and piggish, and wrong-mindedly preventing neutral ships from approaching German ports — and 'I adore France!'

II

There you have it. For what the schoolbooks have given with the right hand, they have taken away with the left. If they have made the schoolboy adore France, they have made him detest England; and there the propagandists have had hard sledding. George III and the War of 1812 have given them as much trouble as Lafayette has saved them. It is not all the Irish in America, or the bad manners of traveling Englishmen, that have wrought this. The

antipathy has been strongest (among genuine Americans) in places where the Irish have not penetrated, and whither Englishmen seldom travel. Broadly speaking, there have not been half so many things, in the last hundred years, for England to explain away as for France to explain away. Even if England and we had no common heritage of history, speech, and custom, the dispassionate hundred-per-cent American would, if fairly instructed in nineteenth-century history, perforce choose England of the two. The fact is that a large number of hundred-per-cent Americans are ill-instructed, and are brought up to be passionate on this point. It is such a commonplace to many of us that the British monarchy is freer than the French, or even our own, republic, that we do not realize just how even Frances E. Willard could write of 'England's hated House of Peers' with a good conscience and without a smile. But there are millions to agree with her — if they ever thought about the peers at all. Many of them would have been, in spirit, if not in actual performance, capable of writing the report that the little schoolgirl turned in at her current-events class on the morrow of the fateful day when the Lords did for themselves: 'The House of Budgets has rejected the bill.' Who cares about the House of Lords, anyhow? It might as well be a House of Budgets, for all it mattered to a progressive American. Young America has not cared what happened in England, or known. It has known little of England since the War of 1812 — apart from suspicions that England did not behave very well during our Civil War. But that does not rattle much: it is only what you would have expected, and it never cut much ice. Young America was pretty much pro-Boer in 1900, I remember — for all the wrong reasons.

So much for our ignorance of nine-

teenth-century England, and our prejudice against it. But young America has been, to put it cautiously, equally ignorant of nineteenth-century France. In point of fact, our schools have carried the Monroe Doctrine into the world of study. Foreign countries have not been welcomed in the textbooks — not since we set up for ourselves. School-children have not been permitted to make any entangling foreign alliances of the mind. The history of the last century, as taught them, has been hundred-per-cent American, too. In spite of the war of 1898, Spain has not existed for them since the days of Columbus. Young America has known nothing of Europe, and no more of France than of England or another country. If it knew about the Third Empire, if it knew about Maximilian's venture in Mexico, if it knew about French colonial policy in Asia, or about French religious intolerance at home, it would probably be profoundly shocked — more shocked than by anything it could have discovered about England during the same period. For many Americans, — those, for example, who knew French literature and politics, and did not know French people in the flesh and French life in the French home, — the French exhibition of stoic qualities in 1914 was a revelation. To others it was no revelation, because they really knew France. For the vast majority it was, again, no revelation, because they were as ignorant of France as of Siam. England, being all over the place, occasionally obtruded on the American consciousness; and when it did, the American consciousness usually growled a little — in its sleep, as if England were a recurrent bad dream. It did not rouse itself to investigate the merits of the case. But when the great trumpet sounded, waking all sleepers, the American consciousness of which I speak ignored England entirely, — or as far as it of-

ficially could, — and went back, as Rip Van Winkle went back, to the day before the long sleep. ‘Why, of course — Lafayette!’ And, a moment later, ‘I adore France!’

Pathetic, absurd, deeply interesting, have been the enforced ways of propagandists since 1914 — and especially since 1917. If the widely educated think I am talking nonsense about the schoolbooks and how they have had their way with young America, watch the popular appeals that have been made. Admit that folk have had an easy time working for France; and count how often Lafayette’s name has been used in public addresses, spoken and written, from President Wilson’s down. (Congress, too, was brought up on the schoolbooks.) With all the atrocities that Germany has committed since 1914, familiar to all and sundry through newspapers, through ‘movies,’ through speeches by Allied veterans and returned American relief-workers — in spite of the multitudinous testimony to German barbarism, people found it necessary to drag the Hessians out of their eighteenth-century graves. And — luckily, perhaps — the Hessians were there. They were in the schoolbooks, even.

English propaganda has been the most difficult, as French has been the easiest. If Burke had only been a gentleman-adventurer, instead of a British statesman, and had been moved to disguise himself and flee to America, to fight for us in the field instead of in Parliament, the rough places might have been made plain. Burke would have been quite as representative of England as the nineteen-year-old Lafayette was of France. But Burke wore his own clothes and stayed at home. Pathetically and truly Englishmen remind us that the greatest statesmen in England were openly opposed to the oppressive policy of George III — ‘a German

King,' they say, with 'German mercenaries' to fight for him. (The Hessians again.) But 'Paul Revere's Ride' has not been, for years, the favorite 'piece' in seventh-grade 'declamations' for nothing.

The propagandists here used Lafayette in the beginning; and General Pershing made him, as it were, official. The French themselves lagged a little behind, but they did not lag for long. They were too well-informed to suspect Lafayette's importance in the first place; but they were far too intelligent not to use him as soon as they saw what, to uninformed young America, he stood for. I have before me a French Christmas card sent us by an officer in the A.E.F. — a tiny illustrated booklet which celebrates Franco-American comradeship in arms. It begins with our Revolution and French aid; and the first picture shows the handclasp of a Frenchman and an American officer — presumably Lafayette and Washington, though the spirited sketches are hardly portraits. Lafayette aroused a tremendous sentiment in America during his lifetime, and that sentiment was laid away in preservatives which now show themselves to have been of the best quality. It was quite fresh and lifelike when it was exhumed. But could anyone — least of all, Lafayette himself — know that it would positively have bloomed and expanded in its grave? Certainly the French did not suspect; and they must have been intellectually as amused as sentimentally they were touched, by the miracle.

Will the schoolbooks turn scientific, or will they continue to reiterate, misleadingly, that 'France' stood by us? Will they fortify their position by playing up d'Estaing and de Grasse — who did indeed 'stand by' us, France being then, on her own account, at war with England? They stood by us chiefly by making a naval war on England in the

West Indies; but they did incidentally help. I do not say that a case cannot be made out, historically, for French assistance; but that case will have nothing to do with the case we all learned by heart in infancy. And if you bring in d'Estaing and de Grasse, you will also have to bring in Citizen Genet. Better leave it where the American heart has left it, at Lafayette.

No: the history books had probably better not be entirely rewritten until a few more years have elapsed. The Peace Conference is still before us; and at the moment I write, no one can say definitely what hidden emotions shall there transpire. We may still need Lafayette; and it is better that we should spontaneously adore France. In point of fact, we shall doubtless continue to adore her: some of us because we know her, and some of us because we do not. For Great Britain's sake, one might want the textbooks revised immediately. Perhaps the jackies from Admiral Rodman's squadron would like to take a hand at it, between parades. I suspect that they know more about Great Britain now than Mr. Barnes ever did.

Yet it may be that even Great Britain can wait — 'hated House of Peers' and all. One of the revelations that the curious expect most eagerly is the official statement of the number of Americans who have enlisted, since August, 1914, with the Canadian forces. There has been hardly a day, for four years, when American names have not been published in the Canadian casualty lists. One has lived to hear American schoolchildren sing 'God save the King' in public places — 'Long to reign over us,' and all. Frankly, in my own childhood, you could not have got them to do it. I fancy (if one can reach the real sources of so complex a thing) the British colonies did the job for the mother-country. A few Americans went over and enlisted in the British and the

French armies — ‘effete Easterners,’ mostly; but it is only in the Canadian forces that Americans enlisted in great numbers. We are told that the Australians, who never salute anyone, and fight so well that the wise British authorities (who have a knack, the world over, of making allowances for little differences of temperament) ignore the informality — we are told, I say, that the Australians go out of their way to salute American officers, and that the doughboy and the ‘gumsucker’ are blood-brothers at sight. If it is true, why not? We were British ‘colonials’ for two hundred and fifty years, and have been independent ‘Americans’ for less than a hundred and fifty.

Discussion of Anglo-American relations would have been beside the point, were it not that you cannot laugh at the textbooks for misrepresenting the French rôle without mentioning their misrepresentation of the British rôle.

The two errors are indissolubly joined — in the schoolbooks and in the heart of young America. Yet American misunderstanding of Great Britain is quite another story from that which could easily be entitled the ‘Luck of Lafayette.’ Real historians might be tempted to annotate the ‘Luck of Lafayette’ in the temper of Ecclesiastes. For the layman, it is merely that rare thing, a psychological story with a happy ending; a tale of misunderstandings that turns out fortunately for all concerned. The near-historian might point to the Lafayette legend as one of Bismarck’s ‘imponderables.’ But we, if you please, will let it go at what it most obviously is: an Arabian-Night-ish tale of irrelevant magic and incommensurate rewards; a proof that Haroun-al-Raschid and Abraham Lincoln were both right; that not only to the gayety, but to the positive benefit, of nations, you can fool all the people some of the time.

‘GO TO THE ANT’

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

I HAVE been reading lately some of Dr. August Forel’s studies on ants, and am amazed at the richness of his experiments, carried on through an entire lifetime. As he patiently follows and faithfully notes the daily and hourly life of these little insects for years together, his glance goes deep to the heart of nature and at times lifts a corner of the veil of mystery that shrouds our own instincts.

Dr. Forel discovers in his ants, here and there, a spark of the reflecting con-

sciousness, of the individual will. It is only a tiny luminous point, piercing the darkness at remote intervals. The analogy between certain social phenomena observable among these little creatures and what happens among us, may help us to understand ourselves.

I shall confine myself to noting here those of Forel’s experiments which have to do with certain psycho-pathological conditions in the terrible problem which so lately held us all in its grip, now happily relaxed — War.

The ants are to other insects, says Dr. Forel, what man is to other mammals. Their brain surpasses in relative volume and in complication of structure that of all other insects. If they do not attain the great individual intelligence of the superior mammals, they are ahead of *all* animals in social instinct. It is not surprising, therefore, that their social life resembles in many points that of human beings. Like the most advanced human societies, theirs are democracies — and warring democracies. Let us watch them at work.

The Ant-State is not confined to the ant-hill: it has its territory, its domain, its colonies, and like the colonial powers, its stations of repose and revictualing. The territory: a meadow, several trees, a hedge. The domain of exploitation: the ground and under the ground, and the louse-plants — these cattle that they milk, care for, and protect. The colonies: other nests more or less close to the metropolis and more or less numerous (sometimes more than two hundred), communicating with each other by open roads or by subterranean channels. The warehouses: little nests or earth-houses for the ants who travel far and are tired, or are surprised by bad weather.

Of course, these states try to enlarge themselves. So they start fighting. The disputes over the land at the frontier of two big ant-hills are the usual causes of the most obstinate wars. The louse-plants are another great bone of contention. With certain species the subterranean domains — the roots of plants — are equally important. Other species live exclusively by war and spoil. The *Polyergus rufescens* (Huber's 'Amazon') despairs to work and is no longer able to do so; it practises slavery, and is served, cared for, and nourished by its herds of slaves, which expeditionary armies abduct from the neighboring ant-hills in the form of nymphs and cocoons.

War is thus endemic; and all the citizens, the worker-ants, of these democracies are called upon to take part in it. With certain species (*Pheidole pallidula*), the military class is distinct from the worker class; the soldier is exempt from all domestic labors, lives a garrison life, idle, with nothing to do except during the hours when he must defend the doors with his head. (He is used also in the office of butcher: he cuts up the prey into small pieces.) Nowhere does one see chiefs (at least, not permanent ones); neither kings nor generals.

The expeditionary armies of *Polyergus rufescens*, which vary in their number from one hundred to two thousand ants, obey currents that seem to come from little groups scattered here and there, now at the head, now at the tail. In the midst of a march one sees the main body of the army stop abruptly, undecided, immobile, as if paralyzed; then, suddenly, the initiative springs from a small nucleus of ants who throw themselves upon the others, strike them with their foreheads, start off in a certain direction, and carry the rest along.

The *Formica sanguinea* practises clever military tactics. It is not the compact mass à la Hindenburg, but separate platoons kept constantly in touch with each other by couriers. They make no frontal attack, but try to surprise on the flank, to spy on the movements of the enemy, like Napoleon aiming through rapid concentration to be the stronger at a given point and moment. They know, too, as he did, how to work upon the morale of the enemy, to seize the psychological instant when his faith or courage fails, and at that moment precipitate themselves upon him with no regard for his number; for they know that at present one of themselves is worth a hundred of the others in a panic. Like good soldiers, however, they do not seek to kill, but to

conquer and reap the fruits of victory. When the battle is won, they install a custom-house at each door of the conquered ant-hill, whose officers allow the enemy to flee, but on condition that they carry off nothing. They pillage as much, and kill as little as possible.

Among species of equal strength which are fighting for their frontiers, war does not continue indefinitely. After days of battle and glorious hecatombs, it seems as if the two states recognize the impossibility of attaining the aim of their ambitions. The armies then retire, by common accord, from the two sides of a frontier-limit accepted by both camps with or without treaty, and in any case observed with more rigor than with us, where it is a matter of mere 'scraps of paper.' For the ants of both states halt strictly at the limit defined, and do not pass beyond it.

But what may be of even greater interest to us is to observe in what manner the instinct of war makes its appearance in our brothers the insects; how it develops, and whether or not it is irrevocable or subject to change. Here Forel's experiments lead to most remarkable observations.

J. H. Fabre, in a celebrated passage of his *Vie des Insectes*, writes that 'brigandage is the law in the mêlée of the living. . . . In nature, murder is everywhere; everything encounters a fang, a dagger, a dart, a tooth, pincers, claws, a saw, atrocious snapping machines, etc.' But he exaggerates. He sees wonderfully the facts of inter-killing and inter-eating; he fails to see those of mutual aid and association. In a fine book by Kropotkin these are pointed out, in nature viewed as a whole. And Forel's very precise observations show that, with the ants, the instinct of war and rapine encounters contrary instincts on its way, which can successfully arrest or modify it.

Forel establishes, in the first place, that the instinct of war is not fundamental: it is not found at the dawn of the ant's existence. Placing together freshly hatched ants of three different species, and giving them cocoons of six different species to take care of, Forel obtains a mixed ant-family living together in perfect harmony. The only primordial instinct of the newly hatched is domestic labor and the care of larvae. It is only later that the ants learn to distinguish a friend from an enemy, to realize, that is, that they are members of an ant-hill and must fight for it.

The second remark, still more surprising, is that the intensity of the fighting instinct is in direct proportion to the collectivity. Two ants of enemy species, meeting alone on a road at a great distance from their nest and from their people, avoid each other and pass on, each by a different way. Even should you take them from the midst of a general battle, in the very act of fighting, and place them together in a small box, they would not do each other the slightest harm. If, instead of only two, you should shut up a larger number of enemy ants in a small space together, they will make a beginning of a fight, without vigor or continuity, and very often end by becoming allies. Moreover, adds Forel, the alliance once made cannot be unmade.

But replace the same ants in the midst of their people, separate carefully the two tribes, place between them a reasonable distance, permitting them to live in peace, apart: they will hurl themselves upon each other, and the individuals who avoided each other with repugnance or fear a moment before, now kill each other with fury.

This epidemic sometimes takes on a strictly pathological character, as with the *Polyergus rufescens*. In proportion as it spreads and the conflict continues, the combative fury becomes a frenzy.

The same ant that might show itself timid at the beginning is possessed by a sort of frantic madness. It recognizes nothing, throws itself upon its companions, kills its slaves who strive to calm it, bites everything it touches, including bits of wood, and seems unable to recover its senses. The others, generally the slaves, are obliged to gather about it in groups of twos and threes, to take hold of its feet and caress it with their antennæ, until it has regained — shall I say its reason? Why not? Had it not lost it?

Up to this point we have dealt only with general phenomena, obeying more or less fixed laws. But here we are confronted with the appearance of individual phenomena whose initiative will curiously run counter to the instinct of the species, and, more curiously still, make it deviate from its route, or destroy it.

Forel places a number of ants of enemy species, *sanguinea* and *pratensis*, in a glass bowl together. After several days of war, followed by a sullen and suspicious armistice, he introduces among them a tiny, extremely hungry new-born *pratensis*. It runs to those of its own species, asking for food. The *pratenses* repulse it. The innocent one then turns toward the enemies of its race, the *sanguineæ*, and, according to the custom of the ants, licks the mouth of two of them. The two *sanguineæ* are so seized by this gesture, which upsets their instinct, that they disgorge the honey to the little enemy. From then on all is said, and forever. An offensive and defensive alliance is concluded between the little *pratensis* and the *sanguineæ*, against those of its race. And this alliance is irrevocable.

Another example: a common danger. Forel places in a sack together a swarm of *sanguinea* and a swarm of *pratensis*, shakes them up, and leaves them for an hour; after which he opens the sack,

placing it in direct communication with an artificial nest. For the first few seconds there is general bewilderment, frenzied terror; the ants no longer recognize each other, threaten with their mandibles, and flee from each other in distracted side-rushes. Then, gradually, calm is re-established. The *sanguineæ* are the first to move the cocoons, all the cocoons, of both species. Certain *pratenses* imitate them. A few fights still occur here and there, but they are isolated, and more and more rare. From the following day on, all work together. Four days later, the alliance is complete — the *pratenses* disgorge nourishment to the *sanguineæ*. At the end of the week, Forel carries them near an abandoned ant-hill. They take possession, helping each other in the moving, carrying each other. Only a few isolated individuals of both species, irreducible old nationalists, doubtless, keep their sacred hate, and end by destroying each other. A fortnight later, the mixed ant-hill is flourishing, the communion perfect; the dome, usually covered with *pratenses*, is now red with martial *sanguinea*, the moment danger threatens the common state.

Continuing the experiment, Forel goes the following month to the old *pratensis* hill, takes another handful of *pratenses* and places them in front of the mixed ant-hill. The newcomers throw themselves upon the *sanguinea*. But these respond without violence; they are content to roll the others on the ground and let them go again. The *pratenses* do not understand it. As for the other *pratenses*, those of the mixed hill, they avoid their former sisters, do not fight them, but transport their cocoons to the new home. It is the newcomers who are violent. The following day, however, part of them have been admitted into the mixed hill; and peace soon comes to stay. In no case does one see the *pratenses* of the mixed ant-

hill ally themselves with their newly arrived sisters against the *sanguineæ*. The friendly alliance is stronger than fraternity of race; between the two enemy species, hate is henceforth vanquished.

Such examples suffice to indicate the fatal error of those who believe in the quasi-sacred immutability of instinct, and who, having placed in this category the instinct of war, see there an enforced fatality, from the bottom to the top of the chain of beings. In the first place, instinct admits of all degrees of command, inflexible or flexible, absolute or relative, durable or transient, not only from one genus to another, but in the same genus from one species to another,¹ and in the same species from one group to another. Instinct is not a starting-point, but already a product, of evolution; and with the latter, is always progressing. The most fixed instinct is merely the oldest one.

One must admit, then, after the preceding examples, that the warring instinct is not so profoundly rooted, so primitive, as it is said to be, since it may be combatted, modified, curbed, in certain species of ants which are nevertheless warring species.

And if these poor insects are capable of reacting against it, of transforming their nature, of following up a war of

conquest by peaceful coöperation, a period of state enmity by that of state alliance, nay more, of mixed and united states — if this is possible, will man admit himself to be more bound by his worst instincts, and less able to master them? ‘War abases us to the level of the beast,’ wrote Madame L. Kufferath (in the *Revue mensuelle* for July, 1918). War abases us still further if we show ourselves less capable of disengaging ourselves from it than certain animal societies. It would be somewhat humiliating to admit their superiority. But who knows?

For my part, I am not so sure at bottom that man is, as he says, the king of nature: he is far more its devastating tyrant. I believe he has many things to learn from these animal societies, older than his own, and of infinite variety. But it is not a matter of prophesying here whether mankind will ever succeed (any more than the ant-world) in completely dominating its blind instincts. What strikes me in reading Dr. Forel, however, is that there would seem to be for the ants, as well as for men, no radical, absolute, definite impossibility of such a conquest. And that progress is not impossible, — even if it should not be realized, — is to me a less distressing thought than to know that, no matter what one does, one knocks against a stone wall. It is the closed window, well choked up with dirt, behind which is the luminous air. It will perhaps never be opened. But there is only a pane to shatter. One free action would suffice.

¹ One of the chief causes of error when pretending to judge insects is that one generalizes from the observation of one or several species to the entire genus; whereas the species are excessively numerous. Among the ants alone, according to Dr. Forel, there are 7500 known species. And these offer all shades, all degrees of instinct. — THE AUTHOR.

HIGHLAND ANNALS

I. ABOUT GRANPAP AND TREES

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

GRANPAP accrued to me along with a farm in the Unakas. When I learned that my inheritance lay, or rather rose, in the Unakas, it at once passed from prose to poetry. My hundred hills became tipped with song, bloom calling to bloom from Three-Pine Point to Sunrise Spur, and Blackcap answering from his hemlock shroud with a melodious shake that did no harm to his hidden acres of anemone and trillium. The laurel, polished as by the glance of a god, drew a richer green from its storehouse a trillion of miles away in the sun. The great chestnuts leafily defied the blight that was creeping to their hearts. And where the gray rocks pushed through the quivering emerald of the mountain walls, they seemed listeningly alive, as if in wait for the key-word that would swing them open on Persia magnificent; though they needed to borrow no glamour of age from any part of the world. Unakas! Spenser, under English beeches, rustled his threefold coverlet of centuries, and began another dream—dream of a region that was old to God before Helvellyn rose or the Himalayas shone as the planet's crest.

In the wake of a Muse so airily light of foot, I entered my forest a little stumblingly. The first cabin was Granpap Merlin's. His welcoming 'Howdy' only slightly interrupted his dinner of corn-pone and pickled beans. But

Poesy kept on tip-toe, swiftly picturing me fields like blowing seas; gallant stalks with waving green arms, and tassels flowing, silver, gold, and rose, in the breath of July dawns. With a thrust into memory, she brought up a rock maize-mill of my childhood, left by the Indians in a Kentucky cave; and chanted the one magic line of Lanier's poem. As for beans, I had seen them in blossom, hiding their pinkness under round, hugging leaves, and not even their passage through a brine barrel could convert them into mere pabulum. It was a fitting meal for a mountain seer.

'Did you grow the corn that made the meal that made that pone?' I asked, building Jack's house in the excitement of getting back to the land.

'It growed itself. I planted it.'

'And you ploughed the field that grew the corn, and so forth?'

'My mule, Tim, ploughed it. I ploughed Tim.'

His face, like the broken corner of a boulder, did not tell me whether he was simply, or contemptuously, laconical.

'This seems rather high for corn-land,' I said, in the tone of ownership. He must at least know that I had read the Farmers' Bulletins.

'Wait till you see it growin'. The corn gets so onhandy big and shady in Hawk Wing Cove, you can see the lightnin' bugs in thar by daylight. But 't ain't easy ploughin'. Twenty-five acres of straight up and down.'

'Oh, I've heard of that cove. From the head of it one can see seven curves of the river.'

'If you look from the door thar, you can see the top of the ridge 'tween them two peaks.'

I looked.

'It must be glorious to make one's bread up there.'

'I never made bread up thar but once. I baked hoe-cakes on a rock one day when Syn sent me meal and water for my dinner. I had n't left her any stove-wood, an' she had proper spirit, Syn had,' he added, as if his wife's memory must be kept clear of blemish. 'But thar wa'n't no glory in it, as I see.'

'I must go there the first thing. I don't suppose there are any snakes.'

'No, I don't see more 'n two or three rattlers a year now. Not much killin'.'

His voice, like a retired general's, was bored but tolerant.

'Rattlesnakes! In those pastures of heaven! Did you ever kill one there?'

'One? If they'd been fence-rails I could 'a' put a mule-proof fence around that field with all I've killed in it.'

I looked again at the line of pallid gold just showing between two pointed barriers. It ebbed away, more like a bridge to faith, or some such unsubstantiality, than the trampled ground where man had battled for his overlordship. I would go there, come tomorrow. And I did. But what happens in aerial gardens must have its own chapter and aureole.

II

Granpap's toleration of me passed into liking very slowly. His stolidity often brought my imagination down as if it had struck a wall; and while I gathered up the pieces, the wall would become human and wonder why I had given such an invidious thrust. Naturally the essence of comradeship eluded

us for some time. But finally he understood that my assaults were harmless; that he merely happened to be on the horizon when my enthusiasm was spraying the skies; and I began to see that he was too much a part of Nature to become consciously her notebook. He wore externality as a tree wears its bark, receiving all winds with passionless impartiality; but those winds of change were his breath of life.

One day I asked him if he did not sometimes feel that he would like to live in a city.

'No,' he said, 'I have to stay whar thar's somethin' happenin'.'

Not an eyelash of me betrayed my glee. The least sign of emotion, and the gates of confidence would be snapped and sealed.

'In a city,' he said, 'you don't have seasons — jest weather.'

In the cabin with him, lived his son Sam, Sam's wife, Coretta, and their children. Once he returned home after a night away, and was much puzzled on learning of their 'goin's-on' in his absence. Cecil having the ear-ache, the father and mother had risen in the dead of night, built a fire, and administered the usual remedy — warm rabbit's oil poured into the ear. So far granpap understood.

'But how,' said he, 'could they think the roosters were crowin' for daylight when it was only midnight — an' git breakfast too?'

'But, granpap,' explained Coretta, 'we had been asleep for hours, and how could you 'a' knowed the time, with the night cloudy-gray, an' no stars, an' the clock stopped?'

'Kain't you *feel* the time?' he asked, in concerned surprise, as if she were pathetically deformed. And later he said to me, 'K'retic kain't feel the time at all.' (She might have been a deaf mute.) 'I hope the little feller ain't goin' to take arter her.'

'Cecil? Oh, no! He's a Merlin. You can count on that. Don't you like the boy's name, granpap?'

He slowly cut a twig from the nearest dogwood and peeled it carefully.

'You noticed I never handle his name?'

'I've noticed.'

'K'rettie ain't high-stocked with brains, but she's got enough fer a woman; an' she's not great on housekeepin', but 't ain't every man can git hold of a woman like Syn was. I ain't got nothin' agin K'rettie but her namin' the boy like that. He might as well be a furriner. I counted on his bein' named Dick,—Richard Merlin,—like my father an' grandfather, an' my oldest brother who was killed in the war. But this sissy name, it's bitterer 'n this dogwood. I jest ain't-a-goin' to say it.'

He cut the twig into inch-long pieces and dropped them into his pocket to be used as a substitute for tobacco.

That afternoon I remembered that I wanted to see Coretta about making me a mattress of new splintered shucks. I did not often seek Coretta. Married at fifteen, at twenty-two she was the mother of four. If she had taken her maternal honors lightly, as a child should, I could have gone happily to and from her presence. But she was determined 'to do right by the Lord's gifts,' and her soft scramble for any crumbs of wisdom that I inadvertently dropped usually hurried my departure to a spot more suitable for meditation, where I could wonder what I had said anyhow. I should have liked to carry off Coretta's children and free her petunia-blue eyes from clouds; but I remembered that I had once impulsively taken a broom from a child who was struggling to use it, and then found that I could not stay to do the child's work. I really had to be going. And four children might prove more embarrassing than a broom. Four futures billowing to seas, and my life

already pinched for room! No; better the hurried step and remote gaze as I passed.

In the least matter of business, the Unakasian expects to be approached by polite indirection. The more you curve and circle, softly as an Indian in the enemy's woods, casually as a sparrow hops, the surer you may be of attaining your object. A straight march to the point, and you will find yourself gesturing to empty air, so swiftly will he withdraw from negotiations; so surely your breach of manners will be punished.

In half an hour's talk with Coretta, I came somewhat hastily to the mattress, and she sat troubled. I could safely begin on my home curve.

'His name is Richard Cecil, is n't it? Richard is a fine old name. I suppose you'll call him that when he is older.'

Her surprised eyes swam in the gauzelight of pathos that I had learned to ignore.

'Cecil is good enough for a little boy. But so many famous men have been named Richard.'

'What men?'

'There was Richard Lovelace.'

'What did he do?'

'He wrote poetry.'

'Like you write?'

'Yes — no — not exactly,' I hastened. 'And there was Richard Burbage, a great actor.'

'One o' them movie men?'

'No, he played in great plays—not like you see nowadays. And Richard Lion-Heart, a mighty king. They buried him in that place I showed you the picture of — Westminster Abbey,' I ventured, though I had visions of his death in the arms of Saladin somewhere beyond the Balkans.

She was impressed, and I thrust on.

'And Dick Turpin, — Richard Turpin, — who was afraid of nothing.'

'Did they bury him in the Abbey, too?'

'No, but he died famously. Half of London went to his — er — funeral.'

She was silent a moment, and then said, 'I'll shore fix that bed for you as soon as Sam can shuck out the corn.'

With this grateful stab in my heart I left her; and Katy went with me to relate a story her papa had brought home. She pronounced 'papa,' as did all the mountain children, like the flower, poppy, with a soft trail at the end, making a dear word more dear. Katy was eleven, the daughter of Sam's first wife.

When war stretched a hand into the Unakas, and one by one, then dozen by dozen, the young men began to disappear, the people wondered more and more what it was about. As a rule, they were not reached by the daily papers which feed us truth and bathe us in illumination; and Katy's story showed how they had adapted the chief argument that had sifted to them.

'There was a cripple, and he was a German. He was going over to Briartown, and stopped at a man's house. The man and woman were gone to the store. The children were cookin' some beans for dinner. The cripple ast to stir the beans. An' he put something into the pot. Some powder or somethin'. The woman come home and the children told her. The man come home and the woman told him. They took up the dinner and ast the German to set to the table. He took a chair and passed the beans. Nobody took any. Then the man said, "Have some beans yourself." But the German said he would n't choose any. Then the man got his gun, and said, "You will eat them beans or die." The German took some of the beans. And in an hour his tongue was swelled out of his head.'

She paused, lifting anxious eyes, to know if I thought the story was true.

'Yes, Katy,' I answered unflinchingly. Could such a climax be chance invention? A mere accident of art?

'Papa says it is true, for he found a cripple on the Briartown road one day an' let him ride his horse for a mile. He couldn't speak plain like papa, an' he knows it was that German, but he don't see how Abraham Ludd and Jim Dow let him git by.'

She was speaking of two neighbor boys in the service. One had risen to a captaincy, the other had been decorated.

'Jim Dow — '

'Captain Dow, Katy,' said I.

'He don't write to Nellie Ludd any more.'

'Did Nellie tell you?'

'No, but she's quit goin' to the post office. She's ashamed to ast an' git nothin' every time.'

I wondered if that was why Nellie flitted so ghost-like about the hills, as difficult to capture as a bird fearing human hurt.

About supper-time I again called at the cabin, and as I sat by the superfluous fire, I heard Coretta say, 'Granpap, please pass the sorghum to little Dick.'

And granpap, like a stone image with a movable arm, passed the sorghum.

The full Southern moon was savagely vivid that evening, devouring dreams as easily as it did the clouds that saluted too familiarly; so I left the house by what Sam called the stovewood trail, a rear way softened by a lane of shadows. What trips the eye will hang the foot; and mine was halted in mid-air for a second or less by the sight of a hemlock bough like laced jet against the moon; as if Night, in defense, had thrown a torn bit of her garment over the face of the usurper. When I touched earth again, I was on new, mysterious ground, so quickly are worlds created for us, the ramblers of the universe, tenants insatiable. The mountains sat about me, cloaked sages waiting my indiscretions. Like the roll of a gentle, hidden sea,

the valleys whispered upward with the life that stirs by night, the smaller wings, that dart fearlessly when the birds are asleep; and the lithé, fury dwellers in secret that come out of the earth to thread, more graceful than swimmers, the channels of shadow. But that purring wave was only the foam-flower of a vastly bedded silence; silence in which Nature dreamed of a way to reconquer man and rule alone, laughter enthroned; while, against that dream, Beauty everywhere uncovered her soul. In behalf of man, the first to divine her, the first to adore, she arrayed her magic, invincible if so was his love. Everywhere she shone; on the laurel shedding a vapor of light, on the laps of the orange fungi with their creamy apron cascades; on the roots of trees, and the rocks that fed them endurance. Blue mosses, pale lichens, grasses with heads of mauve and pearl, gleamed in the unsubdued strips of golden light. The world of minute things pressed as hugely significant as the solar system. And as the sea, never hushed, the valley whispered appealed — an ecstatic ache. High above me there was escape by way of a blue eternity, where two walls of cloud parted to show a chasm of sky. Lower down a mist wound reverently about a star, then crept elfishly to the most portentous peak, hanging there like a comic beard. While I waited its whim, a voice, too fervently human, came through the clump of bushes at my side. A second later, a tall figure bearing an armful of fagots was checkered disappearingly along the path toward the cabin.

The next morning when I recalled the sounds I had heard, and put them together understandingly, I had this: 'K'rettie can make 'most as good head-cheese as ever Syn could.' And I knew that in Merlin language granpap had said, 'My son's wife, please God, is my daughter.'

III

If tree-worship was ever the religion of any tribe, I know that I am ancestrally bound to that folk. Once an artist told me of his happy method of protecting his wife, children, and friends from the outbursts incidental to genius. He would go to the woods and beat a tree until his symptomatic rage was exhausted. As if a tree-beater and a wife-beater were not cousins-german in crime! And now I was going to steep my soul more heinously. The oak boards of my cabin roof had to be reinforced. I could not spend another winter with the snows driving in on me. A 'board-tree' had to be felled before the sap was up; and on one of those days which are claimed by both spring and winter, but belong to neither, I set out with granpap, the most skilful board-maker in the Unakas, to select a victim.

'Now this white oak,' said granpap, pausing by a giant that gazed reflectively over the valley, 'will make as good boards as you'd want to sleep under.'

'But, granpap, don't you see — we are interrupting him.'

His eyes narrowed in the suspicious way of our first acquaintance.

'I mean he is sort of on duty here, as if the spirit of the woods needed a sentry just at this place.'

His glance became a cold squint, and I plunged for a practical argument.

'White oaks make good mast. We must think of the hogs. There'll be three new litters to feed next winter.'

'I reckon you're right,' he said, instantly at home. 'And yander at the head of Flume Cove is a black oak that will make tollable boards if it don't do better.'

'A black oak! With all that green moss on it? And look at the first branch. It has an elbow crooked round a bell-wood. Would you divorce such a pair? What God hath joined, granpap.'

'Well, it would n't make prize boards anyhow,' he said, moving on unregretfully.

Suddenly a fear gripped me. We were nearing a glen at whose door stood a tree which for me symbolized the perfect life. I had often wondered why no human being could achieve maturity so unblemished, and I never passed it without a wave of happy solemnity rolling over me. I began to talk about bee-trees, the only subject on which granpap was excitable. Thickly, hurriedly, I developed a rapacious interest in the wild bee and its hidden ways. And at the precise moment when we passed the pride of my woods, granpap was sing-songing the lines which an old, old man had taught his grandfather when a boy:

'A swarm in May,
Count a dollar a day;
A swarm in June,
A silver spoon;
A swarm in July,
Not worth a house-fly.'

I had lured him safely by, and we neared the road again. His eye was on a tree with a long, perfect trunk, but which slanted from the root up, leaning over the road.

'I might do with that,' said he. 'It's dangerous than anyway.'

'Dangerous! Don't you see how strong it is, and how gently it leans over the road, like a great arm of blessing? I'm so used to that tree I should feel sure of accident overtaking me before I reached the village if I did n't pass under it.'

Granpap halted. 'I ain't got time to waste corksusin' around like this. I'll go to the new ground and do some grubbin'. Then to-morr I'll git up early and find a tree.'

I was dismissed, conscience-free.

Two warm days followed. On the second, I left my desk, feeling sure that I could find a sourwood in bloom on the south side of High Point. My path lay

through the glen. Nearing it, I heard alarming sounds of activity, and running past the last obscuring half-acre of rhododendrons, I looked ahead. The pride of my woods measured two full rods on the ground, half of his broken arms digging helplessly into the earth, the other half appealing to the winds, birds, and skies that had loved him for some mitigation of his doom. Granpap's beaming face shone above the bleeding stump.

'You oughter seen him fall! Just ate up those little chestnuts and poplars as he went down.'

And I had thought I heard thunder! Had even speculated on the peculiar crackling quality of the vibrations.

'I don't know how I happened to miss it when we were lookin' around. Now we'll get some *boards*.'

A tightness of the throat kept me silent. Moreover, I could not rebuke him. He was too happy. Here was material worthy of his skill.

'Sam is going to help me saw the cuts and make the bolts,' he said. 'Here he comes now.'

I turned away. I was the primary cause of the murder, but I could not stay to see the victim drawn and quartered.

A day or two later I had to carry a message to the board-maker. I found him a little sad.

'I'm gittin' old,' he said. 'These here boards are the sorriest I ever made.'

'But you've got a good pile of them, granpap.'

'Them's my splinters,' he said, with high contempt, both for me and the boards. 'That was the desaptivest tree I ever cut. I bumbed on it as fur as I could reach and it was plumb sound. But in choosin' a board-tree you've got to 'low so much for what you don't see.'

He sat down. Speech was coming on the tide of injury.

'A shore desaptive tree. Look at

them cuts me and Sam made. Half a day's work wasted in 'em.'

I looked at the great blocks and wondered how they had cunningly escaped further mutilation. And though I saw myself roofless for the next winter, I could not repress an inward bubble over the tree's revenge.

'It had lost so many limbs when it was young and pushin' up, that it was jest the snirliest tree I ever saw.'

'Snirly, granpap?'

'Ay, it must 'a' been an awful thrifthy tree. Every time a limb broke off it plumb healed up, an' thar's eight and ten rings over some of the scars. Here I've cut it down an' split into it jest to find a lot of knot-holes spilin' my best boards. And it looked so party and straight.'

Alas, I knew!

He got up, adjusted his brake, which was the strong fork of a limb chained to a log, fixed his bolt upright, set his adze carefully, and with precise restraint evenly separated a smooth, shining three-foot board from the rest of the bolt. From the splitting wood came an odor that must have been the essence of the forest condensed for generations into its living vase.

But granpap was not pleased with his work.

'Did you see how tough that was? When I do git a good board I have to tear it out. But it's nateral for the south side of a tree to be tough.'

'Don't you mean the north side, granpap?'

'No,' he said patiently. 'It's the sun that toughens wood. You'll see them bolts from the north side are brickle.'

He balanced the board disapprovingly.

'Look how narr' it is. By the time I've sapped this there won't be enough of it left to turn a rain-drop.'

He began to chip off the inch of white sap-wood along the edge of the board.

'I could 'a' cast out the snirly blocks, but it was the wind-shake that finally ruined me. I never counted on a wind-shake in a tree as proud as that.'

'Show me the wind-shake, granpap.'

'Look at this block, here in the cross-cut, an' you'll see it. A wind-shake starts at the heart an' twists round and round, gettin' bigger and bigger an' breakin' the wood as it goes, till thar's only enough left for a little narr' board 'tween the shake-rings and the bark. Then sometimes, when the tree weaves in the wind, you can hear it cry. If I'd 'a' listened at this tree in a high wind it could n't 'a' fooled me. But they never make no sign on the outside.'

'Granpap,' I began slowly.

He looked up, met my eyes, and laid down his axe.

'Don't you think some people are like that?'

I could feel myself trembling. If he failed me now, the line of Merlin would be extinct. There would be no more seers in the Unakas, or anywhere.

'Ay,' he said. He still used the 'ay' of Westmoreland and the hills of Mavern. 'Ay, Syn was like that after Ben got killed.'

He thought my silence was the silence of sympathy, and in alarm took up his axe.

'T ain't no use to — '

The axe finished the sentence, slicing a curl of white sap-bark. But his face was a shade grayer. The tree was avenged.

I started on, thinking of all the Syns and Bens I had known; and of a gay friend, now fallen, who liked to assure me that 'A heart is known by the autopsy.' My foot turned up a boss of sweet turf. A broken heart makes as good loam as a sound one, I thought. And I would have gone down the slope singing in the face of a looming tomorrow, if only granpap had not been standing so still.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE. II

BY GEORGE W. PURYEAR

I

It was in the afternoon of September 15 that we arrived at Villingen. The camp was n't at all attractive from the outside, but it proved much better and more comfortable than it looked. It covered an area of about 1000 metres by 250. Barracks were built around the outer edges, with an open court in the centre, in which were a tennis-court, volley-ball court, library, reading-room, and assembly hall. Around these, inside the line of barracks, was room for us to walk or run for exercise. This had been a Russian officers' camp, but it was being vacated for American officers. There were still two hundred Russians there, and at that time seventy Americans.

The American Red Cross had bulk supplies, both of food and clothing, at Villingen. Food was issued every Monday. The German food here was nothing but the old vegetable compound. Once a week we got a little slice of very poor meat. The Russians, who had to live largely on this food, looked awfully pale and underfed. We were not bothered with any formal breakfast at all. Instead, they issued us twenty lumps of sugar a week, which pleased us much better. I never ate any of my sugar, but saved every piece of it for rations on my escape.

The Germans took a picture of each of us, after which we could, if we chose, go out of camp for walks, on our word of honor.

We could not walk about at our pleas-

ure, of course, but were allowed to go out at a certain time every other day (the weather and convenience of the Germans permitting), in a group of not less than ten, or more than fifty. A German non-commissioned officer went with us as a guide, and we were subject to his orders. We would be out an hour or two. As we went out we would give our written word of honor not to try to escape, accompanied with our picture; and when we returned, we would take it up again.

The defenses of the camps were as follows. The outer windows of the barracks were barred. Where the barracks did not join, a blind fence with wire on top connected them. A few feet outside the line of barracks and fence came the main barrier, which went all around. This was, first, a low barbed-wire fence; just outside that, a ditch about four feet wide, filled with barbed-wire entanglement; and at the outer edge of this came the main fence, of woven barbed wire, about nine feet high, with steel arms on top of the posts, curving toward the interior about two feet, thus making the top of the fence lean toward the inside, so that it was impossible to climb from that direction, even with nothing else to bother you. Just outside this was the outer guard patrol. This patrol was doubled before dark every night. There was also a line of electric lights a few feet outside, which burned all night.

The Germans boasted of this as one of the safest camps, and so far as having but one weak point went, I suppose they

were justified. To maintain the camp, counting all guard-shifts, officials, and so forth, they used over a hundred men, — to hold the 270 of us. Practically all of these men, however, were old and unfit for service on the front.

After I had been at Villingen for a few days, the interpreter came round while distributing mail one day, and said that he had good news for me. I asked him what it was, hoping that I had at last got a letter; and he told me that I had to go to jail again. He reminded me that I had been sentenced to fourteen days' confinement at Rastatt, and having served only five days, I would have to serve the remaining nine days here. That night, which was the twenty-first of September, I was locked up again. The same night Rhodes was brought in and locked up for twenty days in a neighboring cell. The following day, though I was the only one aware of it, it happened to be my twenty-fourth birthday. I shall never forget that birthday party, locked up in my cell. The boys with whom I messed were to send my meals in to me. They sent them all right, but the guards somehow got mixed up, and all my meals were taken in to Rhodes. Thus I fasted on my twenty-fourth birthday, while 'Dusty' feasted on my meals in addition to his own. He had just been caught, however, and I suppose he needed filling up.

I was released from solitary confinement on the night of September 30. Seven more fliers had come in from Landshut, making a total of 77 Americans in camp. From them we learned that, a few nights after we left Landshut, four of the fellows had escaped. They had all been caught, however, four or five days later. They made fifteen American officers, who, to my personal knowledge, had escaped, and all had been recaptured. This was a bad average, but none had made the attempt

when as near the border as Villingen is.

The weather was already growing cold, and I realized that the time for making the attempt, without hazarding the winter weather, was getting short. In spite of my effort to keep myself in condition, I found that my confinement had softened as well as delayed me. I walked miles and miles inside the camp in order to harden myself. After a few rainy days it cleared, and I went out on the first honor walk. I learned from the Russians that a few weeks of good weather might be expected. The moon was dark. It would be much more dangerous to go in moonlight, and it would be winter before the next dark of the moon. All these things indicated that now was the time.

I talked to Lieutenant H. C. Tichenor, better known among us as 'Tich,' and found him of my mind, willing to go any length to try it. We shook hands on it and went to work. It was then Thursday, October 3. Monday we would get a new food-issue, and we determined to be ready to break Monday night. We proposed to go right out of our window and over that barrier some way; get as good a start on the guard as possible, and chance the rest.

The bottoms of our beds were made of planks running lengthwise. These were strong boards one inch thick, eight inches wide, and seven feet long. From these I thought that we should be able to construct some means of scaling the barrier. Tich was a good engineer. We could not drive nails, of course, nor could we make any large show of work — for the interpreter dropped in on us every hour or two, and his eye was keen; therefore we worked out and drew our design on paper. We took the boards out one at a time, while some one stood watch for us; bored the necessary holes and did the necessary cutting on each; and replaced them under the beds, where they remained until the

last moment, when we took them out and quietly put them together with wire, like putting up ready-made wooden barracks. Albertson, who was good at map-drawing, drew the map I used. From a Russian officer I bought a Russian overcoat and cap. I considered this a fair disguise, as well as necessary cover, because the silhouette at night would be the same as that of the German uniform. Also, if I should accidentally be seen in the daytime, a Russian prisoner at liberty is common enough in Germany not to attract suspicion if he does not act suspiciously. Again, in the guise of a Russian prisoner I would not be expected to speak German.

There was in camp a Russian who, by ways and means known only to himself, could produce anything you wanted if you had the price. I went to him for a compass. Tich had a good one, but I thought that we should both be fully equipped. I also bought a big spring-back knife and a twenty-mark bill. For the twenty marks in German money I gave thirty marks canteen money.

There were several other men who were planning to escape, and knowing that, when one escaped, there would be an inspection which would catch those preparing, we determined to make our break all together. Willis and Isaacs had discovered a means to short-circuit all the lights of the camp. We planned to put them all out, and as this was done, to break at once at our different points. They certainly could not stop all of us. Isaacs, Battle, and Tucker were to break out of one window, Tichenor and I another, and a third bunch still another. All three of the windows were along the southern side of the camp. Willis, Wardle, Chalmers, and some others, disguised as Germans, were to slip into the quarters of the guard and await the alarm raised by our escape, and then, as these guards were turned out to chase us, they

would rush out the open gate with the Huns.

Almost all the Americans had a hand in it in some way. The men who were to put out the lights were not going to try to escape themselves. As a means of short-circuiting the lights, chains of wire were made, with a weight on both ends. These were to be thrown over the uninsulated wires where they came into camp. It was rather a long throw, but several chains were made in case of a miss. Some other fellows were to raise false alarms at other parts of the camp, to distract the guards.

Sunday morning we learned that all the Russians would be sent away Monday. We knew that this would cause an inspection of quarters and our plans would be discovered. We therefore determined to make the break Sunday night. Having expected to leave Monday night after the food-issue, several of us were short of food-supplies. I had traded off so much of mine for my compass and other equipment, that I had practically none. We could not wait, however, and as it turned out, it was probably a good thing that I was no more heavily loaded, even with food. I had my sugar, however, and from the other boys I got four boxes of hard-tack and one opened can of hash. The lights inside our barracks were turned out every night at ten-thirty. Our plan was to short-circuit the others a few moments after that; and the putting out of the outside lights would be the signal to go.

Sunday night, before ten-thirty, Tich and I had cut loose the bars in our window, had taken the prepared slats from our beds and put them together, making a strong and solid run-board fourteen feet long, and were ready.

At ten-thirty the lights in our quarters went out. I put on my Russian cap and overcoat, pinning up the tail to prevent its catching on the wire, and

slung on my haversack with my small food-supply and so forth. Tich and I took our run-board to the window. A messenger came to ask if we were ready. We told him we were. I was to go out of the window first, with the head of the run-board. Tich was to feed it out the window to me, coming out himself as the back end came out. I was to put the end on the fence and go over, Tich coming over behind me. We had selected a rendezvous outside in case we became separated.

About ten minutes elapsed before anything happened. This time we spent, quite nervously, of course, right at the window. Then the outer lights began to sputter and went out. We pulled the curtain down from the window, bent back the bars, which, though remaining in place, had been cut loose during the night, and the window was cleared for the go. The guard, who appeared to have noticed something suspicious about our window during the evening, was standing directly in front. When he saw the lights go out, he knew, of course, that something was up, and uttering a little exclamation plainly audible to us, who were so near him, pulled his rifle down from his back and got it ready for action. With the lights out, things were not clearly visible, but the outline of a man was easily distinguishable within fifty yards or less.

Seeing that the guard stood right in front, I thought it advisable to wait and see what he would do on hearing the noise of the other parties, who I knew would then start out, hoping that he would move from his position of such advantage. In a few seconds I heard the wire screech, and the guard below shoot off his gun and blow his whistle. This guard, however, did not move. I knew then that the time had come to go, or we would soon be caught. I shoved the ladder partially out of the window and jumped out myself. The ground

was about seven feet below the window. Tichenor fed the ladder out to me, and came out with the rear end. I threw it against the fence, and immediately started over.

The guard standing directly in front saw me, of course, and the instant that I started over the fence challenged me. I paid no attention to him, and he challenged me a second time just as I reached the top of the fence. I jumped down on the outside. I thus stood just outside the fence, the guard about fifteen feet in front of me and facing me. At an angle to my left, and about half-way between us, stood a large tree. I jumped behind this tree. The guard saw me go behind it and waited. I looked back and saw Tichenor then outside the barracks and inside the fence. I saw the other guard on this beat coming from about thirty yards to the left of me. I knew that I could not keep one tree between me and two guards very long, and that the only chance that Tichenor possibly had of getting out was to come over while I had the guard occupied.

I did not intend to give myself up, so after a few seconds I jumped out from behind the tree and dashed past the guard. I passed within about three steps of the nearest and about twenty of the other. The nearest guard challenged me just as I dashed by him. I did not heed him, but tried to run in as much of a zig-zag course as I could without losing forward speed. He challenged a second time. By that time I had got probably six or seven steps farther, and he fired. The other guard, who had said nothing, also fired at me at the same time. The bullets passed quite near me, but neither touched me. Just as quickly as they could breech their guns, they fired again. Of course, I was not standing round waiting for them to breech those guns. Just as the second shots were fired, both at the same time again, I stumbled into a

ditch and fell. I was familiar with the whereabouts of this ditch, but under the circumstances naturally forgot it. I fell just at the time of the shots. Probably one or both of them might have hit me, had I not fallen. Also the guard nearest, seeing me fall, evidently thought he had shot me and turned his attention back to the ladder. When I scrambled up, he apparently did not see me. The other guard shot at me twice more; by that time I was out of sight.

I ran only a short distance before I was out of breath, being loaded down with the heavy Russian overcoat, two woolen suits of underwear and two woolen shirts, and my food-parcel. I sat down just out of sight, in order to catch my breath. At this time, all kinds of disturbances and shots were heard, for a dozen men were trying to escape at once. I then got up, but being too tired to run, began walking in the direction of the place where Tichenor and I had arranged to meet. After I had walked about a thousand yards away, my silhouette evidently rose above the sky-line, and one of the guards took a pot-shot at me at this long range. Finding that I was seen, I stooped down, so as not to silhouette myself, and ran on to the place where I was to meet Tichenor. I waited for him fifteen or twenty minutes, according to our agreement. While there, I heard some seventy-five or a hundred shots fired down at the camp. At the end of that time I heard the bugle blown for assembly, and knew that he was not coming. I prayed to the Lord and started for the Swiss border alone.

II

The trip to the Swiss border was accomplished in five nights' walking. As soon as I was out of the neighborhood of Villingen, I took to the roads. Before the tramp was done, I had acquired the

ability to walk at reasonably good speed over a gravel-road with my hob-nail shoes, making no more noise than one ordinarily would with rubber heels on a plush carpet.

At first I traveled almost directly west. My compass, being made by hand, was not as convenient and easy to use as an ordinary compass, but it was a good one and never failed me. The compass-needle itself was made of a small flat piece of steel about an inch long, tapered at each end. It was pivoted on a sharpened brass peg screwed into the bottom of a little wooden box. Though large when assembled, it was ideal to pass inspection in prison, because, when disassembled, it bore no resemblance to a compass. To make it visible at night, I had taken some of the phosphorus from the face of my wrist-watch and stuck it to the north end of the compass, balancing the other end with a little mucilage.

Morning found me about fifteen kilometres on my way, west by a little south from Villingen. Toward morning, having walked a little late, though it was not yet light in the forest, I met two wood-cutters on their way to work. My tactics of noiselessness, however, saved me, and I observed their approach before they saw me and easily avoided them. After a little I came out to seek a better hiding-place for the day. Just as I rose, I saw, and was seen by, the only human who ever saw me by daylight during my whole trip. He was a civilian, about three hundred yards away, and was looking straight at me. I feigned indifference to him, adjusted my clothes leisurely, and strode away as if he meant nothing to me. Thanks to my Russian costume, he was not suspicious and did not follow.

As soon as the trees hid me, I went faster, but still maintained an indifferent manner in case another eye should see me. In a few minutes I found a good

place, and taking off my shoes and putting on a pair of heavy wool socks, which I had brought for that purpose, settled down for the day. The weather was kind to me, and after a few hours the sun brought to me the possibility of food and sleep. During this first day I ate all my hash, because, being opened, it would not keep. It made a reasonably good day's rations. Realizing the swim which was before me, and not having swum in two years, I began the exercises which I used several hours each day from then on.

As evening came on, I was restless to be on my way, and started as soon as it was dark enough to venture it. Soon after starting, while circling a little village, where there was a crowd of people in the street, I came upon what seemed to be a narrow strip of water. When I attempted to jump across it, what appeared to be the other bank proved to be only long grass, and I went into water up to my waist. I was more afraid that the splash I had made would attract attention than I was worried by my wetting. I clambered to the other side and resumed my journey with the water sloshing in my shoes.

I raided my first garden about midnight, filling my little bag. I ate some during the night, and kept a supply to eat during the day, when it would be impossible to search for anything. For the remainder of my journey I lived more upon these raw foods than upon my scanty rations. Each morning, a little before time to hide for the day, I would collect my day's supply. My dry food I ate mostly when I rested during the night. When I was exhausted, I could feel the immediate stimulating effect of a lump of sugar, just like a hot cup of coffee to the tired man.

A few hours after I started, the sky became covered with clouds, and a little after midnight it began to drizzle on me. About four in the morning,

while it was still raining, I found the only barn that I ever saw in Germany which was not either partially inhabited by the people themselves, or so near their house as to be useless as a hiding-place. It stood in a pasture, by itself, and looked inviting.

The finding of this barn was but one of the many instances where Providence helped me on my journey. It rained continually until about four of the following afternoon. By this time, as I had walked all the way with wet feet, they were beginning to trouble me, and to have a dry place for the day was a great advantage. Inside the barn I had hopes of finding some hay, but in this I was disappointed. I had, however, a dry floor, and lying down in my wet clothes, immediately fell asleep from exhaustion, but soon woke and found it too cold to sleep any more. When I woke it was getting light. I kept myself warm during the day, taking my swimming exercises, and my clothes soon dried on me, except my shoes, which I had taken off immediately upon stopping. No one came near the barn during the rain, but in the evening the farmers came, and I could hear them talking outside. Once they opened the door of the shed below and came in. For a while I thought it was all up with me; but they never came into the loft where I was hiding, and all was well. As darkness came on, I put on my shoes and started out again.

I was feeling fine, and after a few hours on the road which was winding down into a mountain valley, I saw before me a town of considerable size. It was the town of Neustadt, the largest through which I passed during my journey. All roads led through the town. I therefore decided to trust to the similarity of my costume to the German uniform and bluff my way through. It was about 10.30 P.M., and though the streets were already mostly deserted, it

was not late enough for a wayfarer to be looked upon with particular suspicion. The town was electrically lighted and the factories were running.

I buttoned my Russian military coat, which, by the way, was far from shoddy, being of a material that would have cost well over one hundred dollars, even in that dear land of plenty across the seas. I set my military cap in a very severe position on the forward part of my head, and assuming a very dignified and forbidding manner, I walked through this town a rival to the most military Prussian officer ever seen. As I entered, I met a group of four soldiers. I gauged my steps so as to pass them when the light shone in their faces and at my back, thus giving them a view of my outline only. When I came up to them, they stood at attention, giving me fully half the sidewalk. I saluted them as a German officer would, and passed by.

I next met a lone woman, who spoke to me; but my bearing was so haughty as not to encourage familiarity. I next passed a hotel, through the windows of which I could see many soldiers in uniform. No one was outside as I passed in front of the brightly lighted door; but after I had gone beyond about twenty-five steps, the door opened and a German officer, or someone who appeared to me to be one, stepped out and started down the street behind me. In all my experience I have never seen a German walk so fast as he did. I almost had to drop my dignity, in order to prevent him shortening the distance between us. I tried to make speed and hold an external appearance of indifference, while internally all was in a tumult. Thus pressed, I marched across an overhead bridge spanning both river and railroad, and though it was nip and tuck, I think we came over with the distance between us lengthened a little. I don't think anyone could have out-

walked me under those circumstances. Once over, the German soon relieved me from the ever-increasing fear that he was following me by turning into another street. Then I met five women coming from their work. These, I fear, had a pretty good look at me, but I passed the inspection. I then heard a noisy party of five or six, but by turning down a dark street, allowed them to pass and returned to my route behind them.

Just at the edge of the town, the road began to climb again into the mountain forest. Here I came up behind an old man carrying a heavy burden on his back. His progress was very slow and appearance quite harmless, so I determined to pass him. As I approached within about five steps, he lowered his burden to the ground, to rest, which caused him to turn and face me. I was by this time beyond the lights, and I passed him without difficulty, grunting, 'Guten Nacht.'

The road soon began to wind, and after about an hour's walk, climbing all the while, I came out in a clearing on the side of the mountain, overlooking the town, within a stone's throw below. I stopped and rested, realizing that I had used a lot of my strength and gained very little distance on my journey. The lights and hum of the mills coming up through the fog from the town in the valley below held a weird attraction, and I seated myself on a fallen tree and watched.

While I was sitting here, it began to drizzle again. A clock in the town below chimed the hour of midnight. I turned again into the forest. Though I never had any very definite belief in anything on the subject, my experience during this journey almost made me a believer in guardian angels. Never did I feel lonesome, or even alone, during all that trip. Several times I waked to hear someone speaking. During the

next hour or so, I had much need for the assistance of my Guardian Angel. My road, still climbing the mountain, led south. After a little it began to grow narrower and narrower, until it vanished in the forest. I could not, however, force myself to turn and retrace my steps. With my compass I labored my way on through the forest in a constant rain, hoping soon to hit another road leading down on the other side. I realized the danger of my blind groping; often an unseen hand seemed to halt me just on the verge of danger, and I would be more and more cautious without knowing what I had really avoided. Once I stepped into space and down I went. My fall was short, and with only a few scratches I came to a stop on a ledge covered with low under-brush. I could only feel my way along. When looking straight up, I could sometimes see the dim glow of the cloud-covered sky above the tree-tops.

I realize now that it would have been better to retrace my steps and try to avoid the mountain, which still towered above and before me. But the road, even to return, was lost now, and I had no alternative. I pressed on as best as I could. Soon I felt that the rain had turned into snow. Finally, I came out on the flat top of the mountain. Here the forest ended, and I found myself cold and exhausted, and faced by ground grown up with thick under-brush, absolutely impassable. At each step I was deluged with melting snow.

Though I did not know it at that time, my hand-made map not being absolutely accurate, I was then on the top of Hohfurst Mountain, an altitude about as high as I could have found on my route. It was not a snow-capped mountain, by any means, but was so high (1150 metres) that it was snowing up there on that particular night of October when it was raining down below.

I stepped back into the uncut forest, where, because of the absence of under-brush, I could make my way, and repeatedly tried to skirt this barrier. At every turn it faced me. I would stumble and fall, often lying where I fell, almost dropping off to sleep. Always I would wake with a start, thinking that I had just heard a companion calling to me not to weaken. Finally, I just stumbled into another road which, though not going in my direction, I unhesitatingly took and started down the mountain. This road conducted me to a highway going in the proper direction, and with what strength I had left I struck out to make as much progress as possible for the rest of the night. After this experience I tried to stick to roads which appeared to be big highways, and a telephone line along them gave me great assurance.

I walked very late that morning, trying to make up for some of my lost time; and finally, after exposing myself to great danger, had to drop in a little wet wood, where I spent a very uncomfortable day. That night (the night of the 9th and 10th), I made my longest stage. I passed through Hausern about 11 o'clock, where, from the road-crossing signboard, I found the main highway to Waldshut. This I followed for the remainder of the night, stopping for the day within a few kilometres of Waldshut. After waking from my first sleep of exhaustion, I found that, where I was lying, I was exposed to the cold mountain wind, and though it was getting light, I walked on for a little distance, in order to find a more protected place to spend the day.

Realizing that, if nothing happened, I would come to the passage of the last ditch — the Rhine — that night, I ate heavily of my reserve dry strength-producing food. In fact, I had left, when I started that night, only one box of hard-tack biscuits and three lumps of

my precious sugar. Sugar I found to be the very best ration for such a journey. Its stimulating effect was quickly felt and heated me better than any food.

Before starting that night, I took off all my clothes and put on first those in which I intended to make the swim, adjusting them very snugly and tightly, taking up all slack with strings. Over these I put my other clothing, to keep me warm till the time came.

III

About eleven o'clock that night of the tenth of October I came to the Rhine at Waldshut. In order to make sure that I was not mistaken in my location, or misled by the signboards along the road, I climbed up on a hill overlooking the city and carefully compared the country below with my map.

Having satisfied myself that the country which I saw before me, across the river, was Switzerland, I began to plan to make the swim. In the drawing of our many and various maps, some of the boys would use different means of designating Switzerland. I had labelled the Swiss territory on my map 'The Promised Land,' and I wondered, while standing on this mountain looking over into Switzerland, if I, like Moses, would only be allowed thus to look into it. Though I do not think it an admirable trait in a man to expect the Lord to help him out of all tight places, and then not live up to his teachings after he has safely come through, I guess there are not many who have not at some time called upon the assistance of the Lord. Here I thanked Him for having taken care of me thus far, and prayed for his further assistance.

From the hill I could get a favorable view of the river for some distance. I risked a place where, because of the bend in the river, I knew that the current after hitting this bank would bound

back toward the other bank. I determined to undertake the crossing here, just below the bend, because I knew that at this place near the bank I would find an eddy of comparatively still water, and that as soon as I hit the current it would have a tendency at first to carry me toward the other bank. About a mile downstream, the river took a reverse curve, and here I knew the current would be hard against the opposite bank. I hoped to make the other shore before, or at least by the time, I reached this curve, thus taking the benefit of every possible advantage.

When I approached this place, I found that the descent to the water would be comparatively easy, also. It was well after midnight by now. I ate the last lumps of my sugar and part of the box of crackers. I was nervous to be off, but wanted to make sure. I lay there and watched for about three hours, and during that time no guard appeared near the spot where I intended to start my swim. The only sound that came up to me was the constant voice of the river. The swift current kept up a ceaseless little roar, punctuated by the noise of the whirlpools which came and went here and yonder. It was not such a comfortable sound when one of them would form in front of and near me. As it reached its climax, and the surrounding water filled up the hole made in the centre by the whirlpool, it would send up quite a loud gurgling noise.

I did not underestimate the crossing of this last ditch, in the impassability of which the Germans had so much confidence that they considered no other barrier necessary to protect the frontier. I knew that its swift and treacherous current was made up from the melting snow of the mountains above, and that its temperature was so low that no ordinary constitution was strong enough to withstand it more than a few minutes. I had heard in camp of a little

cemetery near Basel, filled with the dead bodies of Russian prisoners who had attempted to swim the river. I had known and considered these things from the beginning, however, and they did not disturb me now.

Once, during the time that I lay there, from up the river a big searchlight shot its rays over the water for an instant and was gone again. It was by now about four o'clock in the morning. I took off all my clothes, except those in which I intended to try to make the swim, and one O.D. shirt, which I kept on, to hide the whiteness of my undershirt, but all unbuttoned and ready to throw off very quickly. I put my compass, map, and German pictures, which I wished to carry over with me, in my pocket. I opened in my hand my big knife and started to creep down to the water's edge. I had not bought this knife with the intention of using it as a means of violence, because violence generally would not pay, and would get one in great difficulty if captured afterwards. I felt, however, that if anyone attempted to stop me just on the border of the Promised Land, I would stop at nothing rather than be taken.

So slow and careful was my progress that it took me about an hour to cover the few yards down to the water's edge. I had to cross a railroad and a road which ran parallel to the river. As I lay just at the edge of the water, like a lizard, with eyes and ears alert ready to slip in, I heard a clock strike five. It was thus that I knew the exact time of crossing the river; I knew also that I did not have much time to spare, for soon the day would begin to break. After that, all was quiet but the river before me, whose voice was never silent as it tumbled on, with a current in the centre of seven kilometres an hour. I got to my feet and, still crouching low, stepped into the water. As I had expected, near the bank it was practically still.

The bank went down steeply, and I saw that I could make no distance wading. I stripped off my O.D. shirt, dropping it, with my knife, in the water, set my eyes on the opposite bank, and uttering a short, silent prayer, shoved out into the stream. I knew then that I had my liberty. The chance of recapture was past. Either I would soon be on neutral soil and a free citizen, or I would have a place in the little cemetery at Basel.

After a few strokes, I saw that my shoes about my neck would be too great a hindrance, and I cast them off into the river. For a while I swam quietly but swiftly, expecting any moment to hear an alarm given and to become the target, under the rays of a searchlight, for the German sentries who were sure to be not far away. But nothing of the kind happened, and after a little I felt myself pass from the eddying waters into the swift current, which picked me up and hurled me on at a tremendous rate. I knew then that the time for my utmost effort was at hand. I knew that the treacherous current, which was now kindly assisting me out toward the centre, would, after I reached that point, have a similar tendency to hold me in the centre. I laid aside my caution, and raising my arms out of the water, put forth my best effort.

By this time I began to be affected by the temperature of the water, my head became dizzy, and for a while I thought I was about to lose my grip on myself. All was confusion about me. I feared that I might mistake the bank I had left for the bank I was going toward. I struggled hard to right things in my head and eyes and maintain control of my body. In the background of my mind, I remember, I began to wonder whether, if I were drowned, I would be put in the little cemetery with the Russians, or whether they would start an American one.

After a few moments, however, I

felt better and my head cleared. I threw every ounce of my strength into the effort. Though I had won one attack, I felt the temperature taking a firmer hold on me. Also, I knew that at any moment I might strike a whirlpool. So I swam as fast as I could. When within about twenty-five feet of the other bank, which was shooting by like scenery out of any express-train window, my hand touched the bottom. I immediately attempted to land, but, though the water was not waist-deep, I could not stand against it, and my feet not taking firm hold on the bottom, I was thrown full length down the stream. There I got my first ducking. I soon recovered myself, however, and allowing myself to go down freely with the current, kicked toward the bank with one foot on the bottom. With every step I went downstream fifteen or twenty feet. After a few steps, and when very close, the bottom again disappeared, and I had to swim. I was in the bend of the river which I had seen from the mountain on the other side, and the bank, being steep and well washed, was passing me like an express train. At first my grasp at the bank was futile; but I scratched and clawed along for a good many feet, and finally succeeded in stopping the bank.

When I pulled myself out, I was not able to stand up. I was very much afraid of falling back in the river in my dizziness. My physical distress was too great, and my danger still too apparent, to enjoy at first the fact that I had reached the neutral shore. I kept on all fours, working my muscles as hard as I could, to stimulate circulation. After a little I was able to crawl up the bank, where I ran around on all fours like a dog, until I was able to stand up. I then took off my wet clothes, wrung them out, and put them on again.

On both the Swiss and German sides, the course of the river is here followed

by a national highway and a railroad. About 500 yards from where I came out I saw a small railroad house, in which lived the man whose duty it is to raise and lower the gates for the regulation of the traffic at the crossing. I made haste to this house and threw myself on the hospitality of the old man, who met me at his gate.

I can never forget the hospitality of this old peasant. He certainly 'came through' with all that could have been expected of him. In fact, the same is true of every Swiss with whom I came in contact.

He took one look at me and knew my story. Paying not the slightest attention to my chattering mixture of French and English, he led me into his house. As he entered, he took off his overcoat and put it around me. He drew a chair before his fire and brought a big pair of wooden-bottom shoes. While doing these things for my comfort, he said nothing and, as he did not stop to try to understand, I too fell silent. Turning to his stove, he poured out a bowl of hot goat's milk and brought it to me.

I took a few big swallows, and as the warm milk went down, I looked up at him standing there with the pitcher ready to refill my bowl. Then it was that thankfulness and happiness flowed over me. I will not attempt to say how I felt. From my expression he again saw my feeling. Then it was that he spoke. It was the first time that he had said a word, and although he still looked on me with his kindly expression, his words were German. I had thought that the Swiss all spoke French. Instantly a cold dread seized me. My mind flew back to the time, two and a half months ago, when I had first heard that accent. I had been mistaken then as to where I was, and like a ghost the idea seized me that perhaps I was again in the same error. I almost dropped the bowl of milk as that idea

stung me. With an effort, I asked him if he were Swiss. Reading my consternation, he assured me that he was Swiss, this was Switzerland, and I was all right.

Life again flowed back into me. I drank the hot milk, and while he refilled my bowl I told him that I was a Kriegsgefangener American escaped from Germany. This he already knew, except that I was an American. That knowledge increased his interest in me. I asked him for a telephone, that I might telephone Berne. He said that he did not have one, but after breakfast he would take me to the military post nearby, where I could find one. He told me that his wife was away and he was doing the cooking for himself and his two little boys, who, appearing to be about seven and nine years of age, were displaying great interest in me. Of course, I could not speak his Swiss German, but, with a few words and my experience, I can converse on simple and apparent subjects with almost anyone.

I warmed myself before his fire while he busied himself with his household duties. In a few minutes breakfast was prepared. He placed a large bowl in the centre of the table, and he and his two boys and I sat about it. Each had a large spoon, and all ate out of the common bowl. That I consider true hospitality, if I ever saw it, and I assure you that I ate my full share. The bowl contained a kind of fried pastry or dumplings, fixed in gravy. To complete the meal, we had bread, a big pitcher of hot goat's milk, and a pitcher of hot coffee. I filled and refilled my cup, mostly of milk, with a little coffee. The old man urged me to drink all that I wanted. The hot food was to me like water to a man perishing in a desert. It helped to drive out the chill of the river, and I only hope that I was not greedy.

Breakfast over, we started out for the military post — rather a long walk. There a Swiss soldier who spoke Eng-

lish took charge of me. He brought me a complete outfit of dry clothes. The old peasant was given back his overcoat and shoes, and I was soon dry-clad in a Swiss uniform from shoes to hat. I was again fed. Though I had just had one big breakfast, I felt equal to two, or even more.

This post was just across the river from Waldshut. From the windows I could look right over into the German town, and could see the guard at both ends of the railroad bridge.

I was informed that, there being only a non-commissioned officer in charge of this post, I would have to be taken to Zurich. While waiting, we went into a café, where the soldier bought me a drink of cognac, as I still felt chilled. .

We got to Zurich about eleven o'clock, after quite an interesting trip. My guard, guide, or companion, whatever you might call him, would explain my identity to people at the different places where we stopped. Once our road ran along the Rhine, and I could look over and see the German guards along the other bank. At Zurich I went before the commandant. I had to pass a physical examination, and after I had proved myself to have excellent health, he gave a little note to my guard, and sent me out to buy an outfit of clothes.

I had dinner here, and at two o'clock was sent by train to Reinfelden, to the commanding general of the frontier. For this trip I was given a new guard. Before parting from the soldier who had been so nice to me, however, seeing that the Swiss government was paying my bills and that I needed no money, I gave him the twenty-mark bill, which was all the real money I had, and asked him to give half of it to the old peasant who had taken me in, and keep the other half for the use of his clothes.

I was then sent out to —, where I again found my credit unlimited. I ate a fine dinner, had a bath, and hopped

into a good feather-bed. I had said to the landlord during dinner that I had been unable to get entirely warm since coming out of the river. My chill had been so great that I had never got my blood to circulating right. Every now and then a cold shiver would run over me, though there was no reason for my being cold. When I got into this bed, I found the biggest hot-water bottle in there that I ever saw. The landlord meant to see that I got 'thawed out.' It had been two and a half months since I had been in a comfortable bed, and five nights since I had been in any. You may imagine from that how I felt when I crawled into this one. I sank down in it, and if ever a man was happy, I was. With this perfect physical comfort was combined the knowledge that I had won my freedom. I thanked the Lord for my deliverance, and went to sleep. The warm bed, with the big hot-water bottle, did the work.

I got so warm that night that I have n't felt cold since.

The next morning a Swiss officer called for me and we went to Berne. The American military attaché had been notified, and Captain Davis, assistant military attaché, met us at the train. He did not recognize me, however, in my rustic civilian clothing, as the man he came to meet, and we missed him. The Swiss officer and I went on to the Swiss headquarters. We were just going in when Captain Davis caught us.

I was in hopes that others of the bunch had come through, and, having taken an unnecessarily long time myself to avoid danger of recapture, I expected to find them there ahead of me. None, however, had arrived. Captain Davis told me that I was the first American army officer to escape, and almost the first soldier. One doughboy, Frank Soviki, had come into Switzerland two days before, and was then in Berne.

(*The End*)

BOOKS AND THOSE WHO MAKE THEM

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I

THE books published in America which casually reached the Russian bookshops always seemed to me a rare kind of treasure. They were printed on such a fine paper, with wonderful multicolored illustrations! I looked at them with deep respect and was very happy to buy one; this happened not often, as the prices of the American books were too high for us. The Russian book is

the cheapest in the world. Even the French editions are more expensive.

Many of our book-lovers would buy American books, even if they could not read them; I knew a Russian who kept in his library all the works of Edgar Allan Poe, side by side with the French translation of them. 'I love to look at these books,' he would say; 'I enjoy turning the pages.'

It is true that only the best of American editions reached us; we had a very

one-sided idea about your publishing conditions: we used to think that every American printed page was an article of luxury.

When I came here, I found that it is not always so; but still, many of your books look as rich as the dresses of your women. Sometimes the luxurious covers show bad taste, sometimes the inside is not so good as the appearance. But very often one can find among them real beauty in an exquisite gown — I mean books as well as women.

They were so tempting to me (now I mean only books), especially these little 'cosey,' intimate editions of poems. I would stop before the windows of the fashionable book-shops on Fifth Avenue and look at the beautiful leather covers as if I were a hungry bookworm, in the direct sense of the word.

I remember how I got frozen fingers in the extreme cold days of last winter: I bought the nicest little copy of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, instead of buying warm gloves. And I am not a collector of books. I can imagine how the American publishing houses influence a real bibliophile! They may ruin him, drive him to crime!

Yes, they know how to publish books. But they don't always know what to publish. The amount of novels written on the theme 'How they married each other' is simply distressing! It gives me an impression that all the American girls and young men live only on love. And the eternal happy endings! And the dozens and dozens of girls — secretaries — who reform their wealthy chiefs! And the fortunes made in a fortnight!

Who first told the black lie, that books of this kind are cheerful? Suppose an unfortunate old maid read about all those happy marriages, would it not drive her to despair? And a young man who has struggled for a few years, trying to make a tiny flower-shop pay —

he would commit suicide, seeing all the prosperous millionaires in fiction!

The pictures of success are as tormenting for the unhappy as the mirages in the desert for the lost travelers. I am talking from my own experience.

When I came here, I had no friends, save books. And I read day and night, in order to acquire good English and — to save myself from loneliness.

I started with easy novels, because this was the only thing I could easily understand. But very soon I found out that my feeling of loneliness grew rapidly. No wonder, they all were so happy inside, behind the fence of the colored cover! They had dear old mothers and brave sweethearts who shelter them from danger! And they would never perish, never! Once I read a really good story about a girl who caught tuberculosis, working in a dark, unhealthy basement of a big department store. She was on the verge of despair and her sweetheart had deserted her, fearing infection, but — you can easily guess, there was another generous boy, and a good charity institution which cured poor working-people.

Oh, how bitterly I wept after I read that cheerful story! Even she was saved, that humble, helpless girl on the verge of despair and death! And I, a well-trained journalist, with all my courage and readiness to fight for life and happiness, sit here, in New York, in such a rich city with so many opportunities, and my life is so hard, only because I don't know English! Why does nobody teach me? Why does nobody save me, when it is so easy? Oh, how unhappy I felt, how envious I was of that shop-girl with tuberculosis!

Finally, I persuaded myself that it was only fiction, and that many people of New York are probably as unhappy as I am — I am not a tragical exception. And then I stopped crying. But if I were really naïve enough to believe

that all these silly, optimistic stories are true, I would have gone to the Battery and thrown myself into the ocean long ago.

Don't you think that it is dangerous to show too many good meals to the hungry? No doubt all the happy novels were created to keep people contented, to give them hope. But the last war took away the best hopes from many and many. You can preach in your novels: 'Send him away with a smile'; but what can your optimistic novelists say to a mother who has learned that her boy is dead? I foresee that your after-the-war novels will be full of the boys who returned happily home, and the faithful brides who lead a virtuous life awaiting them. But those who wear the black clothes of mourning will not read them. And it is safer for the present system of society that those people do not read them.

Your 'optimistic' literature, which is intended to make people hopeful, may fill their hearts with bitterness, if they believe it, or with indignation, if they do not. And the masses are ceasing to believe it! It is dangerous to play on the credulity of people.

Certainly, only a part (although the largest part) of your books consists of such sentimentally optimistic mush. You have your great literature, which we used to admire from abroad. Don't believe in your best critics, who talk with the best intentions about the decadence of the American magazines. When my internationalized American friends say with bitterness, 'We have no real literature in America!' it reminds me of our clever but gloomy Russian critics, who would always complain, 'Nobody writes a decent thing nowadays.'

I would like to bring all these Russian literary undertakers to America and show them all the translations, poor as they are, of Gorky, Andreev, Korolenko

(they are all living Russian writers), and make the critics read all the articles praising Russian literature. Perhaps they would feel a bit ashamed of their growling.

The same pessimistic voices I hear in your country: 'We have no literature! We have no literature!' Why, have you not Mark Twain, Jack London, O. Henry? What do you expect from your country — to bear you a genius every month? Of course, great writers are rare! We have only one Tolstoi. And we, exactly like you, complained that we did not have a dozen of them.

You praise our literature because you see only the best samples of it. The works of our daily literary failures do not reach you. It is a case of 'natural selection.' Nobody translates the mediocre, and, fortunately, only a very few of you know Russian! In Russia we praise your literature for the same reason: we see only the best part of it.

Nevertheless, those of your critics who blame your literature do it little or no harm: they love art and want to see more of it in their own country; this is the reason of their severe judgment. It was our radicals who blamed our country under the old régime. They did it because they wanted things to be improved.

The worst enemies of American literature are those critics who unrestrainedly praise it. They are like the extreme patriots of Mr. Roosevelt's kind who say, 'Everything American is good.' They create false geniuses by advertising mediocrities. The pseudo-great books are sometimes translated into other languages by the credulous and unintelligent foreigners, and thus lower your literary reputation abroad.

I have never seen so many manufactured geniuses as in America! Your natural gift of advertising shows itself in all its splendor, when you advertise a writer. A second Dante, second

Shakespeare, second Milton — you let us believe that there are hundreds of them here! Very often these highly praised people are just second-rate writers; and I am afraid that your honey-tongued critics are in danger that nobody would believe them if they should happen to discover a real new great writer.

II

Of course, you have in America the good old respectable magazines and publishing houses which shrink from the counterfeited geniuses and the monstrous advertising.

When I started to write in English, I wanted to see my things printed in these fine magazines; I always believed that one must begin everything from the top; that idea of mine worked well in Russia, so I tried to apply it in America, too. I wrote an article and sent it to a well-known monthly. The editors did not accept it, but asked me to come and talk with them about my future plans; they were seemingly interested in my work and wanted me to write for them.

With a beating heart I approached the huge old building, which was visited by Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot; the building where Edgar Allan Poe recited his poems and Mark Twain smoked his pipe. (I am not quite sure whether all of these famous people actually visited the building, but I liked to imagine they did, because I read that they all contributed to the hundred-years-old magazine, which was born there.)

The first impression of it was as bad as could be. It was simply hopeless! The building stands on the dirtiest and gloomiest street of New York, and the street is darkened by the Elevated and is full of noise. I learned, later on, that there was no Elevated when this house was built, and the street looked

decent then. The editor informed me with pride that it was the first fireproof building erected in this city. But I didn't see any reason why they don't move from this place now, when it is no longer comfortable. Its famous past does not make it any more attractive to live in.

Well, perhaps I am too democratic, but I must confess that I prefer good air and cleanliness and quietude to beautiful traditions.

This house, filled with traditions, has no good air and quietude at all; it looks like a dusty and noisy factory; dozens of people work together in the two large halls; the editors have no privacy at all, their writing-tables are so near to each other. I, a poor foreigner, would never consent to work under such primitive conditions.

And it was such a contrast to meet in this huge, dusty, cold-looking factory the friendly, kind, attentive people, who greeted me as if they knew me long ago.

There were two ladies with whom I talked first. On almost every one of your big magazines there are elderly, white-haired, well-preserved, kindly, sweet-voiced ladies who talk with you as if you were their daughter.

I don't understand how the publishing companies can obtain so many distinguished, good-natured elderly women to work in their 'book factories' under the present conditions.

Those two lady editors, whom I met first, gave me an exceptionally good impression; I learned, later on, that the younger of them was the so-called 'talking editor'; her mission was to talk with writers. Not an easy job, I must admit! I personally would rather be a missionary in Hawaii than deal with conceited young poets or capricious novelists, or — green foreign journalists who cannot accustom themselves to the habits of a new country.

I believe my talking editor would be a capable missionary: she created an atmosphere of perfect confidence around a newcomer. My heart was warm when I talked with her, and I left the office in a rosy, hopeful mood.

I wrote a short story, which they accepted, and showered many compliments upon me. Another woman editor, a well-known poet, praised me and my country so much that I blushed — I, a sophisticated newspaper woman! I felt a great joy.

I need praise like the auto needs gasoline; I must get a big dose of compliments from time to time, otherwise I cannot work.

A few more of my articles were accepted a little later in other first-rate magazines. It was a glorious day for me when I saw one of them printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It all looked like success, but it was not so wonderful as it seemed to me the first time. Life did not become easy yet.

I love English and, remembering that I am a foreigner, I always fear that I may spoil your beautiful language. I think that, in order to write decently, I ought to work very hard over every little sentence. The result is, that I write one article while an average American journalist writes five or ten. As I work so slowly and live only on my writings, I must sell everything that I write: one large unsold manuscript means bankruptcy to me.

Well, even a good American novelist cannot sell everything he creates. So it was natural that very soon I fell into trouble.

I wrote a story and sent it to the first magazine. It was refused. I felt depressed, because I spent on this thing two months of work, and thought it very good; and I waited for the answer three weeks. When I got it, I was out of money; only thirty cents laid lonely in my old Russian purse.

The letter which accompanied the refusal was very sweet. It assured me that I have an unusual talent for writing fiction, and so on. Among a few reasons for rejection was: 'Don't think us hopeless optimists, but really we cannot print more stories with an unhappy ending, especially in these sad war times.'

The letter invited me to write something more cheerful.

I would gladly write something cheerful. I have a soft heart and don't like to make people sad, even on the pages of books. I do it only when the natural developing of the theme does not permit me to end the story happily. And I see plenty of sunshine in life, not only its dark corners. But it was pretty hard to think about a new happy story with thirty cents in my pocket and the unpaid rent.

I braced myself up and went to the editor. I had a little cheerful theme in my head; I had nursed it for a long time; I told it to her and she liked it very much.

'Yes, that sounds very interesting! Write it! I think we will accept it.'

I gathered all my courage and explained to her that I could not write anything because of 'circumstances.' I asked a little money in advance.

She looked shocked and surprised.

'No, I don't think our business manager would do it for you. It is not our custom — to give money in advance to new writers. If you were well known —'

I smiled. 'If I were well known and successful, I would not ask money! I ask it because I need it!'

'I am sorry, Miss Moravsky, but it is not a business proposition. We hope your next story may suit us, but we are not sure of it.'

'But you assured me that I can write well! You proved your good opinion of my writing by accepting my first story; you said I have a bright future

before me. I have reasons to believe it, because I was a successful writer in my own country. Then why cannot your publishers help me? It is a question of death or life to me. To-day I broke my last dollar.'

I picked up a silver paper-knife and started to examine it, in order to hide the expression on my face. I felt that I was on the verge of tears, and it would be so degrading to cry before the foreigner! But my hands trembled and the paper-knife vibrated like a tuning fork. She glanced at this trembling knife and understood. She rose quickly and went to the next office-cage.

A moment later she returned, saying, 'I am very sorry, but, as I expected, our business manager does n't find it possible. Then she added sympathetically, 'Why don't you undertake any other occupation besides writing?'

'Because it is the only one thing which I know. I have no other profession.'

'You may learn something. It is almost impossible for a young writer in this country to live entirely on writing! And you are here for such a short time! Wait until you become better known, and in the meantime undertake some office work. I would gladly assist you to get it. I may give you some letters of introduction.'

'Thank you very much, but I hate regular work! It is a prison! I would never write anything good if I consent to it.'

The friendly manners and voice of the editor changed abruptly.

'Well, if you don't want to work — Nobody likes everyday work, I assure you, but we all are doing it just the same. Do you think I would not prefer to write in my room instead of reading manuscripts all day long?'

'But — they would fire me out the next day.' I tried to excuse myself: 'I cannot typewrite more than two

pages an hour. Here in America you need specialists. And every professional stenographer would beat me. I will not give my best to society if I start to work in a new field which I dislike. I would be a very poor everyday worker; society can get more out of me if I have an opportunity to write.'

And I tried to prove as eloquently as I could how important it is to have some more voices from abroad, in order to unite the two great countries, Russia and America, to establish international friendship, and so on.

She listened darkly, without the slightest sympathy, and interrupted me at last: —

'Society is not interested to get the best out of you; society wants you to work.'

'But it *is* my work! My profession! To write articles is as good as to make shoes. Why, a shoemaker can live on his profession, and you want me to write only in my spare time, after I have finished another day's work. It would be rotten writing!'

'I don't understand why you discuss it with me. This is a publishing house, and it is not our business to save writers.'

'It *is* your business! Do you think this magazine will be prosperous if you never help any new writer to stand on his feet?'

'We are not anxious to have more contributors, we have always plenty of material.'

'Oh, it is heartless, heartless!' I repeated, and rose to leave the office.

She shook hands with me and said in the old sympathetic manner, —

'I cannot change the customs of our house, but I am very sorry for you, and if you allow me to help you personally —'

I refused with thanks, and went out, trying to be cheerful; but my pride left me as soon as I passed the door of the

inhospitable magazine. I stopped at the corner, leaned against the wall, and stood there for a long time; I was incapable of moving; I gazed thoughtlessly before me and saw nothing, because my eyes were full of tears. The Elevated roared above my head; I shuddered — it awakened me. I started to think again; and, as I looked once more at the huge, fireproof building, I ardently wished it to be burnt, together with all its 'business system.'

III

A few minutes later I sat at Battery Place and thought it all over. I always used to go to this lonely place at the harbor when I felt depressed. The waves remind me that America is not the only place to live in; that the world is great, and is going to be free and happy, and 'let us hope that I will return home to Russia.'

I dreamed now more ardently than ever that I would return to Russia, where there are no 'impersonal publishing companies,' and the kind old editors, who publish their papers themselves, understand the moral and material needs of the writers.

Then I reconsidered my talk with the talking editor and felt ashamed of myself. If the publishing company was heartless to me (how can one expect a business trust to have a heart?), then I was heartless to her: it was so tactless, so cruel, to complain to this woman about my troubles, to her who had spent many years working in that 'factory,' instead of writing books in her own cosy home. And I said to her that I hate the steady hours of work and think it to be a prison, and will never consent to it! How could she sympathize with me, she who was in that prison already? Nine years at the desk of the noisy office, on that gloomy street! — no wonder that she writes so little.

I remembered her beautiful book for children, and thought with regret about all the other, unborn books, killed by the hard editorial work. And I recalled the other editor, too, the noble-looking, white-haired lady poet, who resembles a white faded rose. She, too, spent many years gazing at the smoky walls of the old dull building, instead of walking along the avenues of maple trees, which she likes so much. Is it just? She writes exquisite poems; they were published by the best publishers and praised by the best critics of America, and her country could not give her anything better than everyday work in the office. In Poland, in the unhappy country which was not the 'land of the free,' which was never half as rich as the United States — in Poland, we would give to our poets homes to live in, and land to plant gardens and flowers. A splendid estate was given as a birth-gift to Maria Konopnicka; Sienkiewicz received a similar present; our society understood that a poet cannot live by selling his poems — it is as uncertain as selling flowers. But beauty is important for every society, and our society rewarded beauty. Here it is so businesslike! — 'We have no market for poems!'

And to these two women, oppressed by the American publishing system, I dared to come for sympathy! And they *were* sympathetic! Oh, the people who create books in America have great hearts, but those who trade in them have not.

Who is to be blamed? I don't know any person whom I would blame. The publishing company has no personality; we all remember the recent 'accident of one hundred deaths' which happened in the subway. The judges could not find for a long time the responsible person! The trust company is impersonal, heartless, soulless. And such an institution helps books to be

born! One could expect the same results from a business company in bringing up children or saving our eternal souls!

Can you imagine a real Christian church, established with the main purpose of bringing profit? Well, in Europe we consider art to be a temple. Sacred art, we call it — and we mean it. Can sacred art and business live happily together? Never; it is the worst kind of misalliance! The stronger party, business, will always make art compromise, to serve it for its profit; poets must live and suffer and create beautiful things for profit; and if the flowers of their souls are not marketable, let them fade!

And nobody, nobody on the earth cares under what circumstances they write, until they bring a completed 'marketable thing' to the publisher. And then, as a rule, they must wait long before they are paid. If a shoemaker brings a pair of shoes to a shop and wants to sell them, he is paid at once. The merchant does not tell him, 'Wait until I find a customer who will buy your shoes; then I will pay you.' But your brain-workers must wait until a magazine, or a book, is published and sold. It takes months—sometimes a year. The labor conditions of the writers are in many respects worse than those of the poorest laborers. The publishers treat them even worse than the other tradesmen treat Huns.

I don't exaggerate a bit: Americans are willing to feed starving Germany before trading with her. Your capitalists understand that no exchange of work and goods is possible with a hungry country. They are ready to create the conditions under which it would be convenient to sell American goods to Germany and to buy the German ones. But nobody cares about the conditions under which your own native writers can create their goods. They are left en-

tirely to themselves: if they can stand years of individual struggle and misery, they are welcomed and famous and well-paid, but sometimes it comes at the end of their life. And many of them broke their wings before they started to fly.

No wonder that your best critics state: 'American literature is miserable.' I don't think it is miserable, but it might be far more rich if your publishers were more far-sighted and cared for the writer at least as much as the ordinary workingman is cared for.

Of course, that is just the minimum demand of justice: the demand that the publishers care less for profit and more for the people who make beauty. The solution lies in another direction.

I claim that the free development of art under the present work-and-profit system is utterly impossible. And every thinking person has to agree with me.

To be prosperous, a publishing company must publish books in large quantities and at reasonable prices. Now, everybody knows that a new, original, very unusual piece of art rarely appeals to the masses at once: people must be slowly brought up to it. Only a very few geniuses won the hearts of the everyday readers at once.

And when the publishing company lives for profit, it cannot afford to print 'non-marketable books,' no matter how beautiful they may be.

'Useful literature,' — books of popular science, books which describe trades, textbooks, cook-books, 'novels for ladies' — all these they can produce splendidly: the useful book in America is the best result of to-day's industry. But the books of art — oh, I am positively sure that it is easier to have them under the darkest despotism than under the present system of society.

I will prove it. In the gloomy epochs of despotism, there were princes and emperors who loved art for art's sake.

All the great art of the Renaissance was supported by the aristocrats of Italy. Even in 'Russia of the past' we had wonderful editions of books, highly artistic and amazingly cheap; for example, the above-mentioned folk-tales, with the drawings of Bilibin, which are now sold in New York for tenfold prices. We had schools of art, cheap, good theatres, an artistic press, established by the government. And our art and literature became famous, not only in spite of despotism, but as much because of it.

One must not accuse me of the slightest sympathy with the Russian old régime. I knew the inside of the Russian prisons as well as the inside of the Russian schools of art. Our despotism was not a good nursery for writers. But now, when it is dead, we must give it the little justice which it deserves. I assure you that the conditions of Russian life, being far from good, were still more favorable to art than present conditions in America.

Your millionaires are too badly educated to support the arts, and your publishers have too good a business education for it: they know perfectly well that great art rarely means great profit. Of course, there are striking exceptions among them; but they are so rare!

The only solution of these unbearable conditions is that society itself must

take care of art. You Americans have made a few wonderful steps toward it already: your best museums of art are founded on private donations; you have splendid symphony societies, singing societies, the society of ethical culture. Why have you not publishing societies which would publish just good books, no matter what is their 'market value?' It would be still better if the government of every city included it in their duties. Your municipalities take good care of pavements and public order; why do they not take care of beauty? Are poetry and art less important for the American people than good pavements? If it is really so, then how dare you talk about leading the peoples of the world toward happiness? And you do talk of it louder and louder since the last war.

I believe in America. I believe in the future American literature. I have very little personal grievance toward your country — I was comparatively well met, my case is the easiest case. But have some sympathy and pity for your own young writers; have respect and gratitude for the old American poets who created beauty all their lives and now are compelled to earn their living by unloved work. And show in practice this respect, sympathy, and gratitude! No country which does not care for people of talent can be called a great country.

DRIED MARJORAM

BY AMY LOWELL

OVER the moor the wind blew chill,
And cold it blew on the rounded hill
With a gibbet starting up from its crest,
The great arm pointing into the West
 Where something hung
 And clanked and swung.

Churchyard carrion, caged four-square
To every wind that furrows the air;
A poor, unburied, unquiet thing,
The weighted end of a constant swing.
 It clanged and jangled,
 But always dangled.

Lonely travelers riding by
Would check their horses suddenly,
As out of the wind arose a cry
Hoarse as a horn in the weather-eye
 Of sleet at sea
 Blown desperately.

It would rise and fall, and the dissonance
As it struck the shrill of the wind would lance
The cold of ice-drops down the spine
And turn the blood to a clotted brine.
 Then only the hum
 Of the wind would come.

Never a sound but rasping heather
For minute after minute together.
Till once again a wail, long-drawn,
Would slice the night as though it were sawn,
 Cleaving through
 The mist and dew.

Rotted and blackened in its cage,
Anchored in permanent harborage,
Breeding its worms, with no decent clod
To weave it an apron of grassy sod.

But this is no grief:
The man was a thief.

'To be hanged by the neck until you are dead.'

That was the verdict, the judge had said.

A sheep had died, so why not a man?

The sheep had an owner, but no one can

Claim to own
A man full-grown.

Nobody's property, no one to care,

But someone is sobbing over there.

'Most distressing, I declare,'

Says the judge, 'take the woman out on the stair,

And give her a crown
To buy a new gown.'

A gown for a son, such a simple exchange!

But the clerk of the court finds it hard to arrange

This matter of sobbing, the fact is the sheep

Was stolen for her, and the woman will weep.

It is most unreasonable,
Indeed, well-nigh treasonable.

Slowly, slowly, his hands tied with rope,

The cart winds up the market slope.

Slowly, slowly, the knot is adjusted.

The tackle-pulleys whine, they are rusted,

But free at a kick —
Run — and hold with a click.

Nothing more but a jolting ride.

An ox-cart with a corpse inside,

Creaking through the shiny sheen

Of heather-stalks melted and bathed in green

From a high-set moon.
The heather-bells croon.

DRIED MARJORAM

Heather below, and moon overhead,
And iron bars clasping a man who is dead.
Shadows of gorse-bushes under him bite
The shimmering moor like a spotted blight.

The low wind chirrs
Over the furze.

Slowly, slowly, panting and weak,
Someone wanders and seems to seek,
Bursting her eyes in the green, vague glare,
For an object she does not know quite where.

Ah, what is that?
A wild moor-cat?

It scratches and cries above her head;
But here is no tree, and overspread
With clouds and moon the waste recedes,
And the heather flows like bent sea-weeds
Pushed by an ebb
To an arching web.

Black and uncertain, it rises before
Her dim old eyes, and the glossy floor
At its feet is undulant and specked
With a rhythmic wavering, and flecked
By a reddish smudge
Which does not budge.

Woman, that bundle is your son;
This is the goal your steps have won.
Over the length of the jeweled moor
You have traveled at last to the high-hung door
Of his airy grave,
Which does nothing but wave.

Iron-shrouded, flapping the air,
Sepulchred without a prayer,
Denied the comfort of bell and book,
Her tortured eyes do nothing but look.
And from flower to flower
The moon sinks lower.

Silver-gray, lavender, lilac-blue,
East of the moor the sun breaks through;
Cracking a bank of orange mist,
It shoulders up with a ruddy twist,
And spears the spires
Of heath with its fires.

Then a lark shoots up like a popgun ball,
And turns to a spark and a song, and all
The thrushes and sparrows twitter and fly,
And the dew on the heather and gorse is dry.

But brutal and clear
The gibbet is here.

Slowly, slowly, worn and flagging,
With the grasshoppers jumping in front of her dragging
Feet, the old woman returns to the town.
But the seed of a thought has been deeply sown
In her aching mind,
Where she holds it enshrined.

Nights of moon and nights of dark,
Over the moor-path footsteps. Hark!
It is the old woman whose son is rotting
Above, on the gallows. That shadow blotting
The Western sky
Will be hers by-and-by.

Morning, and evening, and sun, and snow,
Months of weather come and go.
The flesh falls away from the withering bones,
The bones grow loose and scatter like stones.
For the gallows-tree
Shakes windily.

Bit by bit, on the ferns and furze,
Drop the bones which now are hers.
Bit by bit, she gathers them up
And carries them home in an old cracked cup.
But the head remains
Although its brains

DRIED MARJORAM

Nourish the harebells and mullein-stalks.
 Blow the wind high, the head still balks;
 It rolls like an ivory billiard-ball,
 But the bars are too close to let it fall.

Still, God is just,
 And iron may rust.

November comes, this one after ten,
 And the stiff bush-branches grate on the fen,
 The gibbet jars to the sharp wind-strokes,
 And the frazzled iron snarls and croaks.

It blows a gale,
 With snow and hail.

Two days, three nights, the storm goes on,
 And the cage is tossed like a gonfalon
 Above a castle, crumpled and slit,
 And the frail joints are shattered apart and split.

The fissure gapes,
 And the skull escapes.

An ostrich-egg on a bed of fern,
 Restlessly rolled by the streams which churn
 The leaves, thrust under and forced into
 The roots and the mud which oozes through
 The empty pockets
 Of wide eye-sockets.

Hers at last, all, all of hers,
 And past her tears the red sun blurs,
 Bursting out of the sleeve of the storm.
 She brushes a busy, wriggling worm
 Away from the head
 Of her dearest dead.

The uprooted gibbet, all awry,
 Crooks behind her against the sky.
 Startled rabbits flee from her feet;
 The stems of the bracken smell ripe and sweet.
 She pays no heed,
 But quickens her speed.

In the quiet evening, the church-bell tolls;
Fishermen wind up their fishing-poles;
Sheep-bells clink in farmstead closes;
A cat in a kitchen window dozes;
And doors are white
With candlelight.

In the old woman's house there is much to do.
Her windows are shuttered, no gleam comes through,
But inside, the lamp-shine strikes on a tub;
She washes, it seems, and her old hands rub
And polish with care
The thing that is there.

Gently, gently, sorting and sifting,
With a little psalm-tune shakily drifting
Across her lips, she works and watches,
Stealing moments in sundry snatches
To note the tick-tock
Of the hanging clock.

Decently, reverently, all displayed
Upon a cloth, the bones are laid.
Oh, the loving, lingering touch
Tenderly pausing on such and such!
A cuckoo flings
From the clock, and sings.

'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' Eight times over.
Wrap them up in a linen cover.
Take the spade and snuff the lamp.
Put on a cloak for the night is damp.
The door creaks wide,
She steps outside.

All tottering, solemn, eager, slow,
She crawls along. The moon is low
And creeps beside her through the hedge,
Rising at last to peer over the edge
Of the churchyard wall
And brighten her shawl.

DRIED MARJORAM

Blind in the moon the windows shine,
Colorless, glinting, line and line,
The leaden panes are facets and squares
Of dazzle, arched in carven pairs.

Ivy rustles.

A yew tree justles.

The corner last on the farthest side
Where the church, foreshortened, is heavy-eyed,
For only the chancel lancets pierce
The lichenized mullions, designed in fierce,
Whence the sun comes through
Ruby and blue.

This corner is strangled in overgrowth:
Dock-leaves waver like elephants loath
To move but willing to flap their ears,
And huge stone blocks like unshaped biers
Are sprawled among
Clumps of adder's-tongue.

A bat swoops down and flitters away;
An owl whimpers like a child astray;
The slanting gravestones, all askew,
Cock themselves obscenely, two and two.

She stoops and pushes
Between the bushes.

She lays her bundle on a stone.
Her bleeding hands are cut to the bone
And torn by the spines of thorn and brier.
Her shoulders ache. Her spade in the mire
Sucks and slimes
These many times.

Slowly she clears an open space,
Screened behind hollies, where wild vines lace
Their tendrils in angles and fractured turns.
But water is flooding the stems of the ferns.
Alas for the dead
Who lie in this bed!

But hanged men have no business where
The ground has been hallowed by chant and prayer.
Even to lie in the putrid seeping
Of consecrate mud is to be in God's keeping,
And He will forget
His judgment debt.

Poor lone soul, all palsied and dim,
As she lifts the bones, she quavers a hymn.
Then, as for years she laid him to sleep
In his crib, she sets the bundle deep
In the watery hole,
And prays for his soul.

• • • •
They found her dead on a sunny noon,
Clasping the ground, and overstrewn
With decent leaves which had dropped a shroud
All about her. The parson allowed
Custom to waive
In making her grave.

Even the sexton said no word
When something under his shovel stirred;
And the parson read the burial prayer.
He seemed rather husky, but then the air
Was bitter cold.
There was frost on the mould.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LABORER

BY CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL

IT is some years since I read *John Halifax, Gentleman*, but I think that it is Miss Mulock who speaks of the 'always foolish and sometimes harmful habit of keeping a diary.' Nevertheless, I am not sorry that I did keep a diary somewhat conscientiously during the years that I was an unskilled laborer in Colorado. Cut off by the impish trick of some brain-cell from the memory of a time when I had been anything else, forced to earn my living by the sweat of my brow, and unable to count with any certainty on ever raising my status except by my own efforts, I felt that my daily chronicle of obscure doings made for sanity and helped toward constructive planning for the future.

There are gaps, indeed, and many of the entries are exceedingly brief. But now and then, in intervals of leisure, I would amuse myself by describing my little world with considerable detail, and would set down such a description of my work and environment as might preserve a first-hand reaction to the situation. Occasionally I even put into writing my reflections, trying to make my problem clearer to myself by reducing it to pitiless words as I searched for some solution.

And I am glad now that I did so. For already the atmosphere and conventions of the academic world are making curiously unreal, not the facts, but the thoughts and mental attitude of those two years. It is my diary that awakens again the dormant recollections of the ease and naturalness with which I wore

mountain boots and pig-skin gloves; of the willingness with which I shoveled ice for three hours overtime after a ten-hour day, in order to earn an extra fifty-three cents; of the curious scorn that I felt for the frills and fixings of 'well-dressed' people, after I had associated for a time with flannel shirts, corduroys, bronzed faces, and hardened muscles; of the repulsion that I came to feel for the complacency that I saw in faces which showed to others only prosperity and benignant optimism of the 'God's in his Heaven, all's well with the world' type. Not that I had anything against Pippa's song and its message; but it seemed to me unnecessary and irritating that men and women should be so blinded by externals as they seemed to be, or so willing to believe that all was well because their own little worlds were at peace. Faith, with many of them, I saw as an evil compound of materialism, selfishness, placid conventionalism, and moral laziness.

Perhaps the most difficult thing in my experience to convey to others is this feeling of rebellion. It was never heated, indeed; it never inspired me to soapbox oratory; but it was very real, nevertheless, and it was very far removed from envy or covetousness. I am not sure that my attitude toward the well-to-do was not a kind of superciliousness. So when I tell clerical friends that I rarely attended church in Colorado because I rarely had presentable clothes or a contribution for the collection-plate, I tell only half the truth. The other half is that the conventional round

of life and thought which the average minister and congregation stood for was artificial and repellent to me, and that I preferred to stay away. It was not a matter of hostility to Christianity at all: only repugnance to the social, economic, and spiritual world that the conventional church seemed to represent.

Not all laborers feel as I did about this and kindred things; but many do, and they are apt to become reckless cynics, anarchists, or — the best of them — revolutionary Socialists. Personally I do not wonder in the least. There are those, I know, who gaze upon the present domination of the Social Democracy in Germany and of the wilder Bolshevik Socialism in Russia with the detached attitude of the psychopathologist. And Americans at large seem to look upon Bolshevism as mere madness, a madness that is dangerous even in Petrograd, a three-thousand-mile leap being an uncomfortably easy matter for the spiritual microbe. When we hear of agitations in Chicago regarding the display of the red flag, we have somewhat the same horror that we might feel if we should hear of an epidemic of leprosy on Commonwealth Avenue; not merely the millionaires, but the many who belong to the 'comfortable' classes, who own their shops and their homes, who are sure of three meals a day, who have a settled and stable existence, and whose worries have little to do with the daily necessities of life, tend to regard with dread anything that looks like a disturbance of the existing order. So, I admit, do I. But there are many, who are by no means mad, to whom disturbance of the existing order is the one thing that can redeem society.

My Socialist friends may be wrong in thinking that they have read rightly the riddle of social life. But they are not nearly so wrong as those who deny that the riddle exists; and to me the surpris-

ing thing is, not the existence of radicalism, but its restraint. I was constantly amazed at the moderation of my fellows, the intelligence and patience with which some of them would discuss economic and social problems. And if it be true that most accepted life as they found it, with little resentment, I am not at all sure that their good-natured apathy was to be commended. It was inertia, not rational contentment. Those whose minds were really alive were for the most part rebels, yet rebels of singular temperance and breadth of view. It was the wilder spirits who were the exceptions.

As a matter of fact, those who feel irritated at the rebellious radicalism that is so frequent among workingmen, and who regard it simply as a base envy or a dangerous madness, quite fail to understand the situation. Rather is it a sign of life, a promise for the future. I did not become a Socialist myself, because — among other things — I could not subscribe to the Marxian theory of capital; I did not become an anarchist, because I believe that, bad as the present condition of society might be, anarchism would be infinitely worse; but I saw no reason to scoff at either Socialism or anarchism. To me, standing face to face with the crude facts of life, even the most radical reformer seemed safer and saner than the satisfied believer in things as they are.

My diary shows, it is true, a regretful realization of the levity and irresponsibility of most of my laborer friends. But I liked them; in a measure I saw life through their eyes; and the vision shook my confidence in much that is deemed stable and respectable. Now, alas, I grow less sure of my radicalism. Surrounded by an apparently unshaken world, I am perplexed by the disappearance of rents and cracks, by the solidity of pillars once seen as undermined and tottering. I am fain

to believe that the victories of class-revolutions abroad, the red light in the skies over Petrograd and Berlin, are due solely to the reaction against Kai-serism and Tsarism, and that here in America we are happy in our democracy. Perhaps I shall find myself in time cultivating the shocked frown and the pitying smile. For I am no longer one of the sons of manual toil. The gates of the world I roamed in have closed behind me. Nor do I even wish to reenter them. Yet as I walk the street in the garb of my 'class,' or sedately make my way from study to lecture-room, I seem to see, in the eyes of an occasional horny-handed one, a twinkle of derision.

COLORADO SPRINGS, January 27, 1914.—To-morrow I start in on a new job,—loading ice at Lake George,—and it comes none too soon. I am down to my last dime. At the same time I wish I had shared that dime with Stanley this morning. He is a man I have seen several times in Hull's Employment Agency—a pleasant chap, alert, good-natured, apparently intelligent, always keen on landing a job and taking what he could get without grumbling. But lately there has been nothing to be had for any of us. One gets selfish, I am afraid, when it is a case of looking anxiously at every nickel that has to be spent, and when a job is very literally a lifeline. I have been so preoccupied with my own problem that I have forgotten to be sorry for others in the same fix,—Stanley for one,—though his dilemma turns out to be many times worse than mine.

This morning I happened to meet him as we were both heading for the employment office. In reply to the usual question as to how things were going, he told me that his wife went to the hospital yesterday morning with appendicitis, and they operated in the afternoon,

and that he simply had got to get a job.

I had exactly a dime left, and no job. But I should have split it, I know. I could have got along on the nickel well enough, for I had some food in my room and my rent is paid up to to-morrow noon. Yet I presume the charity experts would say that my nickel would have pauperized him, just as it would pauperize a man, doubtless, to help him out of an actual hole instead of a metaphorical one. Just so! It sounds like a combination of Nietzsche and foolishness. Perhaps if said experts could go hungry for a day, hungry and broke, they might see a light.

This is the end of my fifth day at Lake George. I have been too tired the other evenings to make an entry, but now it is not so bad. I see that I can stand the grind all right.

I came up on the Colorado Midland, right up the Ute Pass and over the Divide, forty miles from Colorado Springs. I got off the train at a little station from which neither lake nor any sign of civilization was visible except the railway; nothing but pink and gray cliffs and snowy mountain-slopes dotted and patched with fir and scrub-pine. I shouldered my pack and tramped along a track that presumably led somewhere. In a moment, as I rounded a giant elbow of granite, I had my first view of Lake George—a small sheet of white, girdled by pine-clad mountains, with a group of unpainted ice-houses scarring the east shore and men and horses dotting one end of the frozen plain. There was a primitive-looking little village not far away at the north end of the lake; but village and ice-plant looked insignificant in that first view—mere specks in a world of rugged, majestic desolation.

Another chap got off the train with me, also bound for the ice-house. He joined me and we found our way over

together. He seemed badly in need of a job—at any rate he had no over-coat, no blankets, no overshoes, and not a cent in his pocket. But he knew he was safe once he reached the lake, and his poverty seemed to rest easily on him as if it were an accustomed burden. We found our way to the office, were received most courteously by a young German time-keeper, and immediately put to work, the other man at 'floating' and I at shoveling refuse ice, to my disgust. Shoveling ice is work for which I have a profound dislike. As one of my co-laborers remarked, 'All it takes is a strong back and a weak mind.'

It did not take long to get an idea of the general character of the work. The ice is ploughed and sawed out on the deepest part of the lake. Sections are broken off as they are ready—sections consisting of from twenty-eight to thirty-two blocks, already cut by the ice-plough in six- or eight-inch furrows, checker-board fashion, so that they would break easily and evenly. These sections are shoved by the floaters along the narrow channel connecting the field with the ice-house, and broken there into even blocks by rapid and skillful strokes with a heavy pointed bar, a 'spud-bar' as they call it. Then an ever-running chain seizes them and pulls them up to the gallery, where they are distributed as they are needed.

During my first and second days I was one of a crew engaged in keeping the tracks clear of the chips of ice that were scraped and broken from the blocks in their passage from water to car; for we are not filling the ice-houses just now, but loading cars, five at a time for the Santa Fé Railroad.

The men are an interesting lot, good workers and good companions. I have a real sense of pride in working with them and in trying to reach their standard of efficiency. No one could say that the work itself is particularly agreeable,

but mine is not so bad just now, and we all take it as it comes. This morning, after two days of 'floating,' — a welcome change from the shoveling, — I was made a 'snagger,' that is, I stood at the entrance of a car with a short pike, and as the blocks of ice rumbled by, carried by a chain along the runway, I had to 'snag' them with my pike and pull them with a swift jerk to the chute that sent them crashing into the car. Four men — mere boys they were — received them at imminent hazard to life and limb. I could hear the leap and rush of the car-men as they seized the great blocks with tongs and pikes, seized them often even as they sped down the chute, and swung them to their place, barely dodging the next block that came thundering down. And they keep this up all day, resting only when the machinery stops for occasional repairs, or when the whistle blows. The day means ten hours and usually one or two more overtime. Yet the men emerge, tired, indeed, but with spirits undampened, undiscouraged, perfectly ready to eat, play, sleep, and work again when the morning whistle blows.

Likable and even admirable as I have found them, they are irresponsible to a degree that often amazes me. As I see them taking their ease in the bunkhouse, sitting by the fire, playing cards at our one table, it seems to me that the curling wreaths of heavy smoke, the care-free talk, the lazy unconcern of glance, of laugh, of attitude, carry with their satisfying effect of rest and comfort just a little suggestion of a willingness to face no effort greater than the day's work. Willingly and efficiently as they do their work, too, they are tied to it by a singularly loose bond. They drop out on the least occasion, or on no occasion at all. Of course, some of these fellows may have been born with a restless streak in them. Some of them seem to have been nomads for years. But I

am not sure that either irresponsibility or restlessness is wholly, or even largely, their own fault.

I wonder whether I shall ever really understand them. Here is Dummy, asleep now in his bunk. He lost his hearing in a mine explosion a few years ago, the men tell me, and while he can talk, he rarely tries — perhaps because he cannot hear his own voice. Yet he is one of the most cheerful souls in camp, and we all like him. He troubles himself as little as his mates about the future. I, in my ignorance, look before and after, think of the tears in mortal things, and try to pierce the darkness ahead; Dummy and his mates think of the present and worry not at all. Well, for the present I must do likewise. At any rate, another day's work is done, and I am in the mood to thank Heaven for the gift of sleep. The whistle will blow at 6 A.M., and we shall have to roll out by starlight.

The Lake George episode is over. Yesterday we were told that we were nearing the end of the last order, and that we could either work overtime until we were through, or stop as usual at six o'clock and finish up this morning. We chose to go ahead, and the last piece of ice was stacked in its car a few minutes after midnight. This morning a Kansas boy and I decided to walk to Colorado Springs instead of going down by rail, and we are here at Woodland Park for the night. A twenty-mile walk following a fifteen-hour day is something that I should have hardly dared to attempt a month ago.

We knew on Thursday that the works were soon to be closed down, and I wish I could transcribe the talk of that evening in our bunk-house. The time had come when the future had to be faced, willy-nilly. The theories as to where work would be most likely to be had were many and various. Some were

for Cripple Creek, some for Denver, some for Pueblo, a few for Colorado Springs — this last a tourist city, nearby and pleasant, but dead in the winter from the workingman's point of view. All had a few dollars coming to them and felt no pressure from immediate poverty. To their cheerful souls the certainty of food and shelter for three or four days forbade anything like gloom. That they could find some kind of work within that time they took for granted.

The whole discussion confirmed the impression I set down here a couple of weeks ago. With these chaps the present is the real thing. As to the future, it is a matter for speculation, for rosy dreams, for castle-building, not for fears or for solid planning. They would buy a tin of tobacco or a glass of beer if it left in their pockets a solitary two bits, or, for that matter, a solitary nickel. If they have from one to five dollars in hand, care is non-existent. If there is a larger amount, Rockefeller and Carnegie combined could not have more of the *feeling* of wealth. If one job comes to an end, the problem of getting another presents itself perforce, and is debated with seriousness but without worry. Again and again at the Lake a little tiff with the boss, a little discomfort from a cold snowstorm across the lake, a little attack of wanderlust, made a sufficient reason for quitting on the impulse of the moment, and hiking for the city with just enough money to keep things going for two days or a week. I have found discontent now and then among the men, but pessimism never.

It is easy enough to see the trouble. But to be quite candid with my own soul, I am not at all sure that I might not develop the same irresponsible optimism myself, if I were not intent on being something other than an unskillful laborer. It is, perhaps, less optimism

than reckless resignation, refusal to worry over what cannot be helped. For we are all in a sort of trap,—not the device of any malevolent brain, but the result of a social system,—a trap from which not one in thousands can escape. Within limits we have freedom, and the temptation is to enjoy such liberty as we have and forego the struggle for anything more. I feel the temptation so keenly that I cannot greatly blame those who yield to it. A low wage, the eternal living within a few dollars of starvation, is bound to develop in a few a dogged, unwavering ambition, in a greater number restlessness and rebellion, in the vast majority carelessness and improvidence.

The laborers I have seen are probably typical ones, handy at a dozen things, but not highly skilled in anything, and without the opportunity ever to become highly skilled. Exceptional ability, exceptional determination, does sometimes overcome the handicap, no doubt. But here at Lake George were men and boys, naturally neither stupid nor bad, who had to go to work in early life from simple necessity, who had taken whatever job offered itself, had gone from one job to another, never learning anything that required a high grade of skill, until a life-habit was acquired. A dollar and a half a day was better than nothing; two dollars was a competence; two dollars and a half, affluence; three dollars, a cinch; permanence in any job was not to be looked for, often not to be desired; for change becomes a habit, like anything else.

There have been times, as they talked and played in the bunk-house, when these mates of mine seemed the actors in something like a tragedy. To me they were wasting the flower of their youth, and I saw ahead for them the bitterness of a desolate old age—as I see it for myself unless I can find what they are not even seeking, *a way out*.

Yet 'no soul,' says the philosopher, 'willfully misses truth.'

Certainly it seems futile to blame the men. Perhaps I am too close to the problem just now to see the solution. Only I cannot help wondering how many of our wise men see even the problem.

It is about six months now since I left Toledo. The future is not much clearer now than it was then, and I have made little headway toward anything like economic safety, but still I have much to be thankful for. I am in a little cabin almost under the shadow of the mountains. My rent is paid in terms of labor—mowing lawns, spading gardens, pruning trees, and otherwise making myself useful. My fuel I gather from a near-by bit of woods. My small housekeeping expenses are paid by odds and ends of work for the neighbors. It takes some close calculating to make ends meet, for these two months represent Colorado's rainy season, and there are many days when I can earn nothing. Certainly, while experiments in economy doubtless have their value, and while my daily entries may give me some interesting reading at some future time, just now the figures would look much more joysome if they could be multiplied a little.

My income seems to average rather less than thirty-five cents a day, and naturally that also represents my expenditure. But both vary. Sometimes I have to tighten my belt; at other times I am extravagant even to the extent of a pie or some fruit. For one lean period of ten days last month I had exactly one cent in my pocket, and my entries of that time indicate a simplicity of life that a hermit might approve. Fortunately I had some food in the cabin, milk coming every morning, a friendly grocer who permitted me to run a bill of ninety cents, and a neigh-

bor who keeps chickens and who, while she frugally postpones paying me for work as long as possible, yet allows me eggs on a contra account. Finally, my good landlady, discovering my poverty, lent me a large round dollar, and a windfall in the shape of a day's work at two dollars put me on my feet again. Lately I have been more fortunate, but there are times when I yearn for a regular pay-day, much as I like my cabin and the cheery little creek that runs beside it. I fear that I am not a very efficient disciple of Thoreau.

I notice one feeling growing on me which must be watched and held in check. As I changed my books in the library yesterday, I stood near a clergyman, and I found myself looking at his face, his manner, and his attire, with a comprehensive sweep of irritated repulsion. His every glance and movement spoke of inner peace, the peace which comes from excellent dinners, the praise of the multitude, sure possession of the truth, and a deceptively pleasant gift of tongues. He was returning a volume of Maeterlinck, and he made a remark so hopelessly complacent and so entirely superficial (concerning the symbolism of *The Blind*), that I yearned to open up and confound him utterly. But what was the use? It is entirely likely that I was just as blind, just as pleased with myself, just as encased in academic and 'genteel' superiority as any of them, two years ago.

I had a lesson to-day in the true inwardness of the word 'unskilled' as applied to labor. The neighbor who grows my eggs and dislikes parting with real money called me in to assist a carpenter who was mending her washing-machine. I was repairing a fence, but I put aside my hammer and went in. I found the carpenter disconsolately pawing over a heap of wreckage and muttering objurgations. He looked up at me with a gleam of hope, as if there might be an

off chance that I knew something about tubs which had fallen apart, but I quickly undeceived him. For ten minutes or so we struggled against Fate, but finally he left, advising the good lady with some vigor to buy a new machine. As a last resort, however, she appealed to a man who often does odd jobs in this neighborhood at two bits an hour — a pleasant, capable chap, with whom I have worked more than once and who taught me the other day how to dig a post-hole and plant a post therein. I was not there when he came to the rescue; I had returned to my fence; but when I saw him an hour later, he had the job almost done. By the time he had finished with it, the machine seemed as good as new; and when I expressed amazed admiration, he scoffed. Yet he would be classed as an unskilled laborer!

Two weeks ago I was in my little cabin by Cheyenne Creek. Now I am gorgeously housed in the Castle at Glen Eyrie, — five miles or so from Colorado Springs, — with Persian rugs for my honorable feet and a private bath at my lordly disposal. Such are the twists of fate.

Looking back over the last two months, I am compelled to believe, either that I was never intended to be a gardener, or that long disuse has atrophied that part of my inheritance. Not that I disliked it, but I was slow and lacking in the proper instincts. Also, the question of income was troublesome.

Well, that is done with now. When I heard that Romaine Fielding was in Colorado Springs to take pictures for the Lubin Moving-Picture Company, I decided to try my luck with him. One evening I had an interview with Fielding, and he announced that he would send me out to Glen Eyrie at a dollar a day with room and board — wealth

undreamed of. Next morning one of his men drove me out in a most excellent car by the Mesa Road; and as we passed the lodge and sped up the Glen and halted at the door of the castle, the conviction seized my awed mind that my guardian angel was giving me a taste of Fairyland. I had not believed that a place so wonderful existed. A white-haired old lady met me at the door and summoned 'Jake' to show me to my room, a noble apartment with a tiled bathroom attached. Through the window I saw a wide prospect of glen and mountain, with a great cliff of up-ended sandstone such as one sees in the Garden of the Gods.

My good fortune was incredible, but happily real, nevertheless. I am here, apparently, more to keep 'Mother' — as they all call the housekeeper — from being alone than because there is much work to be done. Usually my time is practically my own after nine or ten o'clock. Except when Fielding himself is out here, 'Mother,' Jake, Annie, — our little German maid, — and I have the great house to ourselves. Sometimes Annie and I are alone from early morning until evening, when the others are working in a picture; and then there is little to do but read and roam in the garden, while at intervals I practise my German on Annie and she her English on me. We are neither of us experts and conversation is difficult, but she is an agreeable youngster and we get along together very well.

Altogether this is an interlude. I am sitting now on a rustic seat in the rose-garden. Near by rises the great gateway of Queen's Cañon, red granite topped by giant masonry of Silurian strata, and around the top of a cliff five eagles are circling. The mountains surround us. Except for the screams of the eagles far aloft, the silence is absolute, and at night we hear nothing but the distant howls of the coyotes. How long

this is to last I do not know, but the utter peace of this lovely place is blessedness beyond words.

For five days I have been learning how to plant trees, in the United States Forest Service. From eight o'clock to half-past four we are climbing up and down the mountain slopes in companies, every man eight feet from his neighbor. We dig a hole with our mattock, call for a tree, place it carefully so that the roots hang straight down, fill in the hole, stamp it down, and go on eight feet to repeat the process. The tree-passers, with a bundle of trees under his arm, stands ready to throw us a tree as we call for it. The boss ranges up and down the line, to see that we judge our distances accurately, and now and then he pulls inquiringly at a tree to see that it is firmly planted. The trees are little things, about eight inches long on an average, and it requires some faith to believe that they will take root and grow. Yet the superintendent tells me that eighty per cent or more do grow, and fifty or a hundred years from now these hillsides should be clothed with a magnificent forest of Douglas fir instead of a light growth of aspen.

We sleep four in a tent, on straw, and the tent is heated by a queer but effective little cone-shaped stove, whose smoke-pipe curves down, passes underground, and comes up outside the tent. We supply our own blankets and cut our own wood, but the rest of the equipment belongs to Uncle Sam. On Sundays and on snowy days we do as we like, and get our meals, but no pay. Other days we climb and plant for eight hours at about the rate of a tree a minute, breathing the purest of air, and now and then feasting our eyes on a landscape which impresses even the old-timers.

It is strange how working at this altitude affects the men. Some who are

much stronger than I, men who have been laborers for years, have had to give it up after a day or two, and others have dropped out with the first climb. These latter could not believe us when we told them that this first climb — right after a heavy breakfast of meat and flapjacks, when we had to go straight up the mountain for perhaps a thousand feet, to the place where we had stopped the day before — was the hardest of the day. None of us find it easy. But after the first half hour we settle down to business, and while I should never be as speedy and tireless as many of the others, it is encouraging to find that it is only my muscles that feel the strain, not lungs or heart, and that I can even join some of my mates in an occasional pipe — a thing which is by no means recommended in mountain work.

The men are a mixed lot, of about the same type as those with whom I have worked before. My bunkie is a University of Missouri man; he gives as the reason for his present employment an interest in forestry and a desire to make it his life-work; but whether that is his real reason is his own affair. In the next tent to ours are a Canadian, an Englishman, a German, and an Arkansas man, good fellows all of them. Notwithstanding the war, they get along together famously. When an occasional paper comes along, the three who are pro-Ally and the one who is on the other side read the news and comment on it without heat and without argument, the Canadian and the Englishman keeping their feelings to themselves until the German is absent, and the German showing no bias at all.

The man here who interests me most is Bill Ronayne, one of my tent-mates. His job is to take the trees as they arrive from the nursery at Monument, hill them in, keep them watered, and make them up into bundles for the

tree-passers. Unlike most of the men, he does consider the future, and he is trying to decide whether to go in for forestry as a permanent thing or revert to a former ambition, the saving-up of enough capital to start a dairy-lunch business. He is without education, has had no better start in life than any of the rest; but he has steady eyes and a clear head, and I have little doubt that he will succeed in raising himself above the precarious position of an unskilled laborer before many years.

Most of the men, like those at Lake George, have neither ambition nor initiative, but they are a cheerful, good-hearted lot and good workers. Only one of them is an exception on the score of good-nature, a foreman or 'straw-boss' (in the dialect of the camp). He has earned the distinctive title of 'Grouchy,' but I half suspect that his disposition is due to the fact that he is over fifty, and sees the years coming with the inexorable terror of old age.

All of us are Americans or Northern Europeans, and there is a curious pride of race that makes the boys resent the intrusion of Mexicans or 'dagoes.' Some Greeks came up last night, and the boss sent them back this morning in deference to the feelings of the camp. It struck me as an odd, somewhat unintelligent prejudice. Personally, I should no more mind working beside a Sicilian or a Greek than with a Norwegian or a Californian. Indeed, these despised 'dagoes' interest me as an important element in the American melting-pot. But apparently the feeling of class is as potent among the laborers as among their social superiors, and I suppose it is just about as reasonable.

I have just come back from my first venture in prospecting. It was a failure, as might have been expected, but it has given me a new idea and a new hope. Two weeks ago I was one of a

mixed bunch who were posing as miners and cowboys in a Pike's Peak Film Company play. Between scenes we were talking ores and minerals, and in feeling for a match in my pocket I came upon a piece of ore that I had picked up in the hills. To me it was only a pretty fragment of stone with gleams of iridescence, and I had meant to have it identified out of mere curiosity. It was duly submitted to the group and pronounced by a miner good copper ore, bornite. He advised me to go back to the spot where I had found it and investigate. Deeply interested, I took the specimen to an assayer to make sure, and found that at the present price of copper my sample was worth about thirty-five dollars to the ton. If I could find a reasonably good vein, there would obviously be money in it.

I was almost sure that I had picked up that piece of ore the last time I had been at Lake George. A neighbor of Jake's—to whom I told the story—offered to grub-stake me for the trip up and to finance the undertaking if I should find the vein. But the only outcome was a pleasant walk to Lake George and back—an eighty-mile hike; for the hill that I went to explore turned out to be a mass of giant boulders quite evidently deposited by a glacier, and my specimen was only a 'float'—a piece of ore separated from its parent vein, and quite valueless except as indicating that somewhere in the region there is hidden a possible fortune in copper.

But the whole experience has given me an idea. For these two years I have screwed the lid down on certain kinds of emotion. I have had to. But it is still true that for terrible fleeting instants my heart seems sometimes to stop its beat, as I realize in what deep waters I am struggling, how hard it is to reach the surface or to attain solid ground. It has been increasingly hard

to see how I could get far enough ahead to find a way of escape from my present way of living. Not that I have any absolute quarrel with it, if there were no such things as sickness and old age: I am earning my daily bread and learning much that I value. But I am a soul in Limbo nevertheless, and certainly I have no desire to remain an unskilled laborer indefinitely. Just as certainly, no way out of the difficulty has yet been visible. I have remained optimistic because despair is the one unpardonable thing.

Now, at last, I think I see a very real possibility, the gleam of light for which I have been searching. I must save every cent that I can spare, learn all that I can pick up about minerals, and then plunge into prospecting and mining. After all, this is a mining state. Gold, silver, zinc, lead, and copper are in these mountains, waiting to be found, and even the search itself is worth while. Hereafter, until the wall that separates me from my old life is broken down,—if that should ever happen,—I shall follow the one road that I can now see toward higher ground. I shall never make a good laborer with my hands alone. But here is a field in which head and muscles may work together, and we shall see.

Whether my plan would have worked out or not, I shall never know; for it was decreed that I had wandered in my *selva oscura* long enough, and one morning, after I had written for a while in our little kitchen, and had settled down to a game of chess with my chum, a friend of mine who had worked with me in the 'movies' and hobnobbed with me many a time in Jake's little workroom, came to the door and, with a message of a dozen words, pushed down the invisible barrier of over two years. That game of chess was never finished. My exile was over.

I have been turning over, in meditative mood, the pages of the two little books of diary notes which I carried with me wherever I went. Two impressions are clear. One is that of rebellion, none the less intense because it was without emotional heat and without any dogmatic adoption of a remedy — the rebellion of one thrown suddenly into a prison, in which I joined millions of others in enforced labor, while we looked through bars at a callous, satisfied, cheerful world; a rebellion which made me sympathize with the Socialist diatribes against the bourgeoisie, even while my reason rejected them as unjust.

One must be fair to the Pharisee: by his standards — and ours — he was very probably a better man than the publican; yet his attitude was irritating none the less. And if our comfortable citizens should ever fall before the wrath of the proletariat, if the menace now facing their brethren in Central and Eastern Europe should ever become formidable in America, it will be less on account of capitalistic misdeeds than on account of economic and social Pharisaism. Even now, when many of my friends are 'bourgeois,' and when I have less hostility than ever to capitalism, I retain something of my old resentment. I might find it possible to forget how heavy was the bondage that crushed us, but not how hard it was to look amiably on those who talked with lofty benevolence of the 'poor,' and who regarded our unwalled prison with smug arrogance as part of a well-ordered society.

But the other impression is quite different — the progressive discovery that the prison itself was full of unsuspected virtues. I intended to effect an escape, but even as I bent thought and energy to that end and slowly achieved a working adjustment to my environment, in

order to conquer it, I realized that I was looking at it with more and more appreciation and interest. My initial admiration for the laborer lost its element of surprise and externality, and became at once more sympathetic and more rational, as I slowly realized that the class of which I was a working member had a real contribution to life, a valid if unconscious message.

So that I am tempted to make a suggestion to the younger, more adventurous spirits among our students of social conditions. The life of the laborers cannot be studied from the outside. He who would learn the truth about the lower levels of our social structure and at the same time learn something of life in its simplest elements, must put aside luxury and prejudice, steel his pampered mind against monotony, and earn his daily bread by the work of his hands. And one who has tried it, albeit without intention, may add a word of encouragement.

The student of this little-explored country will find that it is not so bad as it looks. To balance the hardships of the laborer's life, there are real compensations. There is at least a suggestion of Antaeus's contact with Mother Earth. A thousand conventions, harmless in themselves, but distorting to the mental vision when unconsciously regarded as vital, drop away. A thousand preoccupations that worry the soul of the well-to-do are as meaningless to the workingman as heraldic terms to the Hottentot. And there are moments when he who has exchanged the pen for the mattock, the book of reference for the talk of the tent or bunk-house, the quarterly check for the weekly pay-envelope, will feel a curious mental and physical exhilaration, a purgation of soul, as if he had stepped from the enervating atmosphere of a ballroom to the windy crags of Pike's Peak.

THE BRITISH AT WAR

BY JOHN FORTESCUE

I

THE British at war are invariably a puzzle to their neighbors, whether friendly or hostile, and not a little of a puzzle even to themselves. Ever since the happy loss of Calais forbade to them further dreams of conquest on the Continent of Europe, they have been essentially a peace-loving folk, content for the most part to see other European powers tear each other to pieces, and to dwell at home, congratulating themselves that they were not as other nations were. But almost simultaneously with the closing of the old world to them, the new world was opened; and they gradually woke to the fact that, by their geographical position, they held the gate to the northern waterways of Europe. Thenceforward the key to their purely European policy was the principle that no great power must ever be mistress of the mouths of the Scheldt. That policy, indeed, may be summed up in one word, Antwerp.

Since the sixteenth century three great powers have striven to hold Antwerp permanently: first Spain, then France under Louis XIV, and under the Republic and Empire, and lastly, Germany. In every case Britain has battled against them long, bitterly, and successfully. Queen Mary Tudor declared, in her anguish over the loss of Calais, that after her death the name of Calais would be found graven upon her heart. Antwerp is the name which, consciously or unconsciously, has for three centuries been written on the heart of

every British statesman who has held the direction of foreign affairs. So Antwerp be in safe hands, the rest of Europe may in great measure be ignored.

But the British, albeit essentially insular and self-satisfied, have always been restless and enterprising. A ring of salt water tempts men abroad no less surely than it confines them at home; and the British wandered away and founded commercial settlements — at the outset these were all built upon a commercial basis — in the East Indies, in the West Indies, on the West Coast of Africa, and in North America, little dreaming that they were adding to themselves fresh Antwerps all over the world. In India they fortunately received one such Antwerp for themselves as the dowry of an English Queen¹ — the island of Bombay. In North America there were two Antwerps, — both at first in the hands of rival powers, — New Amsterdam and Quebec. It was a matter of no great difficulty to convert New Amsterdam into New York, and by presents of laced coats, duffles, full-bottomed wigs, and rum, to turn the Five Nations into a buffer against the French neighbor. But there the French neighbor was, at Quebec, active, well-organized, and aggressive. In the East Indies the same neighbor was present, equally ambitious and busy; and finally, in the West Indies, the French held St. Nicholas Mole, the

¹ Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. She was a Portuguese princess, and Bombay, previously a Portuguese possession, was ceded to England in 1661.— THE EDITORS.

key of the passage by which, in the days of masts and sails, all homeward-bound vessels must make their way to Europe. Moreover, the Spaniards claimed the Caribbean Sea as in a sense their own, though they trusted to the British to provide them with negro labor. Altogether, the prospects of building up an empire were not, in the seventeenth century, very promising.

They were the less so because the British at large were resolutely opposed to the maintenance of a standing army. Each of the two principal political parties had suffered in turn from oppression at the hands of such a force; and both viewed the institution with impartial loathing. Possessions beyond sea were supposed to look after themselves, whether in India, or in North America, or in the West Indies; and for a time, after a fashion, they did so. But together with Bombay, Queen Catherine of Braganza brought Tangier as part of her dowry; and Tangier demanded a garrison of white troops. This garrison, together with a small bodyguard for the protection of the sovereign's person, was the nucleus from which has grown the present British army.

It would, perhaps, be little beyond the truth to say that, out of the original struggle with France for the safety of Antwerp on the Scheldt, there has grown up the present British Empire. The fight with the French in the Low Countries led to fighting with them all over the world. At the close of the first stage of the contest, England had little to show for more than twenty years of war; for the Peace of Utrecht gave her not much more than Gibraltar, the key of the Southern waterways of Europe, and Minorca, an advanced post in the Mediterranean. But both of these places required garrisons; and therefore, when Marlborough's fighting army was disbanded, a few battalions

were perforce reserved for this purpose. The nation hated a standing army as bitterly as ever, but was obliged, in spite of herself, to maintain one; and the people avenged themselves upon the little band of detested soldiers by heaping upon them every kind of task. They abjured the national duty of defending their country, and saddled it on the back of the red coats, who were thus expected to be the police of the British Isles, the police of the Empire, the first line in offensive operations abroad, and the first line of defense at home. None the less, before the eighteenth century was more than half spent, the fight for Canada and India had been decided in England's favor. The Empire had been won; the next question was, how it was to be defended.

It is too often forgotten that the problem of imperial defense was the proximate cause of the quarrel between England and her American Colonies. The ultimate cause, curiously enough, was the commercial regulations, best known as the Acts of Trade and Navigation, which were the one statutory bond that purported to hold the Empire together. No sooner, therefore, had the Empire been built up than it fell to pieces; and the British agreed to fasten the whole blame for the disaster upon the King, and to have nothing more to do with empires.

The first of the resolutions they have kept. It is still the fashion to charge George III with the entire responsibility for the loss of the American Colonies, which is both morally unjust and historically incorrect. But the second was beyond their power to keep. After all, they still had Canada, and it was only a question of time before they would take over practically the whole of India; for it was impossible to hold even a part of it while the rest was in a state of anarchy. Moreover, in the brief interval of peace between 1783 and the

French Revolution, they had formed a settlement in the huge island of Australia. Lastly, the Seven Years' War had compelled them to reimpose upon themselves the duty of national service in defense of their own shores.

Then came the war of the French Revolution and Empire, and a long and bitter struggle, primarily (as usual) for the security of Antwerp on the Scheldt, and later, to avert the domination of all Europe by France. It was in one respect a different war from those of 1689-1713 and 1756-1763. A Polish revolution, breaking out simultaneously with the French Revolution, turned the eyes of the Central Powers of Europe as much to the East as to the West; and England was consequently left for considerable periods almost or quite alone in her struggle with France. Of course, she had no army ready, and she took a very long time to create one. In fact, it was not until 1806 that Lord Castlereagh discovered a method by which an army of 40,000 men could be maintained more or less permanently for active service on the Continent of Europe; and the acts of parliament passed for the levying and organization of the British military force between 1803 and 1814 numbered over seventy.

However, the British had at least a navy; and Pitt endeavored to crush France by sweeping her trade off the seas and mastering the whole of her colonial possessions, so as to bring her to financial ruin. He failed in his ultimate object; but France was actually left in 1814 without an acre of territory outside the Continent of Europe; and Britain ended the war with a new empire. In the course of the struggle she had, through sheer force of circumstances, immensely increased her territory in India, and she had strengthened her hold also upon the approaches to it by taking Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, and Mauritius

from the French. She had secured at Malta a new advanced post in the Mediterranean, and incidentally she had sent an expedition to Egypt, and, while temporarily occupying that country, had realized its importance as the gate to India by way of the Red Sea.

In the matter of military experience she had learned that, having command of the sea, she could wield great military power by holding a comparatively small force in readiness to be thrown at any moment upon a hostile coast. She had not, it is true, made good use of this power; indeed, she had thrown away many opportunities of turning it to great account. But she had at last kept an army permanently in Spain, thereby making the safe occupation of that country by the French impossible; and that army had ended by driving the French across the Pyrenees.

The Peninsular War was a long and tedious business, demanding the extremity of patience alike in the general and in the government which employed him; but the general was, as it happened, a true military genius, who saw his way from the first through a very difficult problem, and adhered to his methods of solution until they were finally vindicated by triumphant success. Strategically, perhaps the most striking feat of the British was the dispatch of troops from India and from Malta simultaneously to Egypt in 1801, and the march of the Indian contingent across the desert to the Nile, where it joined hands with the troops which had landed at the Mediterranean port of Alexandria. This signified once for all that the British had now two bases of military operations—India in the East and the British Isles in the West.

II

The nineteenth century was occupied, at least, so far as imperial matters

were concerned, chiefly with the consolidation of India and South Africa, with the development of Canada and Australia, and with the settlement of New Zealand. The opening of the overland route to India, superseded some fifty years ago by the Suez Canal, gave Egypt and the Red Sea new importance; and steam-navigation dictated as essential the occupation of coaling stations at Aden and Perim, at Singapore, the gate of the China seas, and at Hong Kong. On account of internal troubles in Egypt, Great Britain was obliged to intervene in 1882, inviting France to join her in proof of her honest intention. But France refused; and the task of rescuing the country from invasion by savage tribes was left to Britain. After long friction between the two nations, an amicable settlement was at last arrived at, and Britain was left in predominant control of Egypt and the Sudan, or, in other words, of the Southern gate from Europe into Asia. This was the more important to her, looking not only to the rapid rise of Australia and New Zealand in wealth and importance, but to the development of Central Africa. It was the scramble for this vast territory, from thirty to forty years ago, which first revealed Germany to Great Britain in the light of a serious rival. However, the British took their share in the partition by annexing the tract now known as British East Africa.

It is hardly surprising under the circumstances that England should have gained a reputation for rapacity. She has emerged from all great wars with something to the good, and after the war of 1793-1815, with a great deal. All of her neighbors and allies were more or less ruined — indeed, the allies could never have taken the field without British subsidies; but England, though burdened by an enormous debt, had absorbed most of the carrying

trade and much of the commerce of the world. Yet it is the simple truth that, for a full century after the Declaration of American Independence, British statesmen fairly groaned over the extension of the Empire. The East India Company deplored the cost of the wars that made her borders secure. West Indian islands were of no great importance one way or the other; but extensive white settlements, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, were simply a thankless burden. It was (such was the current presumption) only a matter of time before they would cut themselves adrift; and meanwhile their wars against native tribes were troublesome and costly. The best that could be hoped for was that they would take their leave speedily and in friendly terms. Imperial Defense was a problem which baffled and perplexed administration after administration, and was perpetually set aside in the hope that it might solve itself when the self-governing colonies should proclaim their independence.

At last, the overwhelming triumph of Germany over France in 1870-71 warned Great Britain to set her military house in order; and the reorganization of the army was seriously taken in hand. Then a generation arose which suggested that, in spite of our failure in North America in 1775, we might yet keep an empire together, and look upon it as a source of pride and power instead of a mere incumbrance. The growth of the German navy also caused the British navy to be steadily increased; and after many experiments and a great many failures, Mr Haldane, now Lord Haldane, in 1906-07 reorganized the British army, copying (though unconsciously) the principles of Castlereagh, and persuaded the self-governing colonies to accept the same organization for their local forces. Lord Haldane's scheme allowed for the

mobilization and dispatch of six divisions — say 20,000 men — as a striking force to any quarter of the world; and it was thought that, by the help of the navy, these numbers would gain, in any war, time sufficient to organize Britain as a nation in arms. The margin of security was thus cut down to the very narrowest limit; but it was thought marvelous at the time that the House of Commons did not cut it down still further. Moreover, no corresponding effort was made to increase the efficiency of the Indian army. On the contrary, the arrangement of a friendly understanding with Russia — the only dangerous neighbor of India — encouraged the Indian Government to truncate military expenditure to the utmost. A thousand warnings had been given as to the evil designs of Germany; but these, though seconded by men of the highest military authority, were unheeded. The British are a gambling race, and, under cover of a specious unwillingness to believe ill of human nature, are prone to ignore all unwelcome facts. So the six divisions were barely tolerated in England; and India, the second base of the Empire, was left wholly unprepared for serious war.

III

In August, 1914, came the crash. Germany, innocent, smooth-speaking Germany, who had for years abused the hospitality of her neighbors in order to compass their destruction, flung off the mask, and threw the best of her strength against France, in the hope of crushing her at a blow, and using her territory as a base for attack on England. Four of the six British divisions, pursuant to an informal agreement with France, were at once sent out to join the French army, and in a few days were joined by a fifth. This was the force which the Kaiser is said to

have dubbed the ‘contemptible little army’; but he knew well enough that, in the language of a German publicist, it was ‘of quite extraordinary fighting value.’ And so it proved itself to be. Compelled at the very outset to undergo the supreme test of an army’s merit or demerit, — a rapid and prolonged retreat, — it emerged from the ordeal with incomparable splendor. I write with no idle prejudice in favor of my own countrymen. I have followed the fortunes of the British army since its first creation, recording its failures and disgraces as candidly as its successes; and I say deliberately that it has done nothing greater in the whole of its history than the retreat from Mons. Being an army of longer service and of higher training than any other in Europe, it would have failed if it had not shown itself superior — so far as its numbers went — to any troops in the field; but its moral strength in adversity was the amazement even of its own officers. It is hard to overestimate the value to the Allied armies of this tiny body of men, who believed themselves to be better than any number of Germans, and whom no amount of fatigue, hardships, and hunger could persuade to the contrary.

The retreat was brought to an end by a brilliant counter-stroke of General Joffre. The Germans retreated to the line which, with a few insignificant fluctuations, they held till the autumn of 1918. A deadlock followed; and then both sides raced to outflank each other in the north. By this time the sixth of the six British divisions had joined its comrades; a seventh had been gathered in from garrisons over-seas; and two more, composed for the most part of Indian troops, had been brought over from India. The Germans won the race to the sea, though by too short a length to give them the advantage that they required; and then, summoning every

man that they could raise, they made a desperate effort to break through the Allied line to the ports of the Channel.

In the struggle that followed, it is hard to decide whether the French marine battalions at Dixmude, or the British immediately to the south of them, deserve the greater praise. The British array has been truly described by a highly distinguished general officer as 'a thin fighting line, no supports, and no reserves except scattered groups of excited generals.' Yet that thin fighting line held its own unbroken, though it perished in the effort. The six divisions were designed to hold the field for six months. They, and three more, hastily called from over-seas, had with difficulty brought the Germans to a standstill from exhaustion; and after four months of desperate fighting, every one of them was reduced to a mere wreck. But their spirit was not broken, as the following instance will prove. The 1st battalion of the Grenadier Guards is the senior battalion of the British infantry, and its senior company has since 1660 been the King's Company. When withdrawn from the first battle of Ypres, this battalion (which had already been repeatedly refilled by drafts) numbered one officer and eighty-five men. Its first proceeding upon leaving the line of battle was to reconstitute the King's Company and to do an hour's steady drill. This example is only typical of many; but the fact remained that the British regular army had been practically destroyed within four months of the outbreak of war; and not the British army only, but also a good part of the flower of the Indian army.

This was a more serious matter than at first sight appears. One of Germany's most effective blows against the British was the gaining of Turkey outwardly for her ally, inwardly for her servile and obedient tool. Turkey held one of the gates of Asia at Con-

stantinople, and directly threatened the other, Egypt, which was in British hands. More than that, she dominated in Mesopotamia a route by which German agents could penetrate to the shores of the Red Sea and of the Persian Gulf, to Persia, to Afghanistan, and to the northwest frontier of India, to stir up Arabs and mountain tribes against the British, and to make mischief everywhere. British interests in the Persian Gulf had been established far back in the seventeenth century; in the Delta of the Euphrates they had recently been much augmented by the acquisition of certain Persian oil-fields, and by the laying of a line of oil-pipes from these fields to oil-factories in the delta.

The Arabs loathe the Turks, but they also fear them; and if the Turks should succeed in persuading the Arabs to join them in a holy war, there was the prospect of trouble along the whole line, from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, and possibly even in East Africa. In ordinary times the military force of India would have sufficed to counter any blow that Turkey might attempt in the Far East; but two divisions of the Indian army had been drawn away to France; other important forces had been transferred to Egypt; and the result was that remarkably little was left in India. Yet India was responsible for the safety of all posts in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and also, in some measure, for the security of British East Africa, to say nothing of her troublesome neighbors in the mountainous marches of the northwest. It cannot be gainsaid that, by first drawing away British forces from India to the West by its tremendous onslaught upon the French and British in France, and by then inciting Turkey to war in the East, the German General Staff had laid its plans shrewdly and well.

To remain passive, and to give the

Turks a free hand in the East, was absolutely impossible. Their entry into the war practically compelled the British to initiate important military operations against them in some quarter. The Indian Government very early sent a small force to cover the oil-pipes and oil-factories in the Delta of the Euphrates; and these troops, acting skillfully and successfully by surprise, seized the posts of Basra and Kurna, which covered the Delta from the north, almost before the Turks were aware that an enemy was before them. This was well done, for the supply of oil was of the greatest importance to the British Admiralty, alike for fuel and for the manufacture of high explosives; but it was not to be supposed that the Turks would allow a few thousand men to remain on the Euphrates unmolested. They had a considerable army of their own, and little to do with it except to molest Russia, whose hands were already full with operations on her western frontier and in the Caucasus.

The situation called for close coöperation between Great Britain and Russia in the Near East of Europe, where a successful stroke might rally the whole of the Balkan States to the side of the Allies against the Central Powers. The point at which the blow should be struck was one for careful consideration. If Greece should throw in her lot against the Central Powers, there was Salonica as a port and as a base; but the geographical situation of Greece was not, owing to the lack of railways, favorable for military operations on a large scale. Alexandretta offered a good harbor and the prospect of severing, at Aleppo, all railway communication between the Aegean on one side and Mesopotamia and Syria on the other. Lastly, the occupation of the Dardanelles, menacing the very heart and head of the Turkish Empire, promised the greatest results of all.

Unfortunately there was little coöordination of effort between Russia, Britain, and France during the first year of the war. Unfortunately also the British Government appears not to have realized the true significance of Turkey's entry into the lists against her. The breathless effort to stop the advance of the Germans in the West seems to have left them with little leisure to devote to the East; and they were seriously embarrassed by the dearth of troops. In fact, they were paying the penalty for the persistent unwillingness of the British nation to make provision for war in time of peace. It was easy for strategists, even of the most ordinary ability, to urge that Germany was the real enemy, that her allies would soon fall away if she were crushed, and that therefore every soldier must be employed against Germany and Germany only. But the Turkish forces were practically an auxiliary army to the German, their operations being dictated by Germany, and directed by Germans for German objects. The Kaiser's armies might take long to crush; and meanwhile the peace of three hundred millions of people in India and the security of their communications with Europe were at stake. Moreover, there was, and is, in India military material of the highest value among the fighting peoples of the North; and to risk the waste of this material through internal trouble would have been, not only a political, but a military blunder. Come what might, no matter what critics might say about wasting men upon secondary objects and the British greed of territorial aggrandizement, it was imperatively necessary for the British to initiate military operations on a more or less grand scale against some quarter of the Turkish Empire.

This the British Government, so far as can be judged at present, did not at first perceive. The expedition to the

Delta of the Euphrates was left to the Indian Government, as a purely Indian matter, with which England had, militarily and strategically, no concern. That expedition was very soon in trouble, for the Turks moved reinforcements down the Tigris and Euphrates. The very rumor of their coming sufficed to turn many Arab tribes against the British; and for a few weeks the situation was extremely serious. However, by reducing the garrison of India itself to dangerous weakness, sufficient troops were scraped together to reinforce the little army in Mesopotamia, and a brilliant attack drove the Turks back in headlong flight, which the treacherous Arabs, turning against their former friends, converted into a disastrous rout. This was well done; but, though it eased the situation temporarily, it left matters in the main unchanged. The Turks were already menacing Egypt, in the hope of keeping large bodies of British troops idle there; and unless the Sultan's forces could be distracted at some other point, it was only a question of time before they would move in greater force than before down the Tigris and Euphrates, in order to drive the British into the Persian Gulf.

Curiously enough, that distraction or diversion was forthcoming, though without the slightest reference to Mesopotamia or to any general scheme of operations in the East. Impatient of the deadlock on the Western Front, a party in the British Cabinet began, toward the end of 1914, to advocate an attack in the Near East, with the general idea of saving Serbia and of preventing the extension of the Central Powers' array in an uninterrupted line to Constantinople.

The bare fact that this proposal emanated from a party sufficiently shows that there was another party which was opposed to it; but in truth the oppo-

sition was perhaps due less to disapproval of the scheme on principle than to the difficulty of finding the means to execute it. The First Lord of the Admiralty, however, suggested that it might be within the powers of the fleet, without the help of an army, to force the passage of the Dardanelles, steam up the Bosphorus, and overawe Constantinople. Troops would, of course, be needed to hold the Peninsula of Gallipoli and occupy Constantinople; but there need not be many, nor, probably, need they be long detained. Practically, therefore, a great object might be achieved without weakening seriously or permanently the British force on the Western Front.

This solution of a tough problem seems to have been so acceptable that it was embraced with rather remarkable eagerness, first, as a mere experiment, which might be abandoned if it should prove impracticable, and next, by slow degrees, as an operation which must be carried through at all costs. It was this transitional character, this uncertainty whether the attack upon the Dardanelles was to be an experiment or a serious venture, which wrecked the entire enterprise. The fleet tried to force the passage of the Straits unaided, but failed; and then, when the enemy had been fully warned and had received ample time for preparation, troops were hurriedly collected, and what had been a naval became a military expedition. As such, it suffered from all the evils of haste, imperfect pre- vision, and still more imperfect equipment. The whole affair, instead of being carefully thought out and prepared to the very last detail, was improvised in the bad old English fashion. The military force, though absurdly small in numbers, might have sufficed for the work if it had been steadily kept up to strength of men, guns, and ammunition: for its quality was superb, and its

feats of hardihood, courage, and endurance almost incredible. But as fast as it beat one Turkish army, it was confronted by another, until it had fought itself to a standstill. Reinforcements were sent out; but in the form of fresh battalions, which arrived in dribelets, and very soon fought themselves to a standstill likewise. The whole of them massed together at one time, as one army, might well have mastered the defenses of the Straits in the face of all difficulties, and have opened the passage to the fleet; but doled out, as they were, in small portions, by the government, they were doomed to destruction in detail. All this was the result of the infirmity of purpose of the administration, an infirmity due to various causes but chiefly to the failure to realize from the first that serious operations against the Turks, no less than against the Germans, were imperatively dictated by the military requirements of the Empire.

After desperate fighting to no purpose, the military expedition was withdrawn from the Dardanelles; and the first great enterprise against the Turk ended in acknowledged failure. It had, as a matter of fact, weakened the Turkish army far more than was realized at the time; but for the moment there was nothing to show for it. Shortly afterwards, through a combination of civil and military blunders, things began to go wrong in Mesopotamia, and culminated in a bad mishap to the British arms. Then, at last, it seems to have dawned upon the government that operations against Turkey were a serious business and must be treated as such. The resources of India in the matter of fighting men were at length turned to real account; and two armies, the one in Mesopotamia and the other in Palestine, took the field. In Mesopotamia brilliant success soon effaced all previous disgraces; and all seemed to be go-

ing well, when the collapse of Russia and the disappearance of her armies from the Caucasus gave the Turk a respite. It was only a respite, however, for in the autumn of 1918 General Allenby won his stupendous victory of Esdraelon; and after one more small but finishing stroke in Mesopotamia, the Turk collapsed. No doubt, after so crushing a defeat he will be easier to deal with when the day comes for settling the final account; but it has cost much delay, with untold effort and treasure, to accomplish this end. Had the enterprise against Constantinople in 1915 been conducted, as it might have been, with due forethought and preparation, it might almost certainly have been carried to a successful issue; then the Balkan States might have been united against Germany, the war would have been greatly shortened, and incalculable evils would have been averted from Eastern Europe.

As it is, the British armies are practically in possession of Asiatic Turkey; and, as usual, Britain seems to have seized a vast territory for her own selfish ends; whereas she has simply been forced into these conquests because at the outset she took too little thought of the defense of her Eastern Empire. If, upon Turkey's declaration of war, anyone had predicted that within four years Asiatic Turkey would be everywhere overshadowed by British bayonets, responsible British statesmen, one and all, would have stood aghast. They would have said with one voice, 'For heaven's sake, no more territory, no more responsibility. We will fight Germany to the death, but we only ask to live, not to make profit.' And this would have been the truth, uttered from their inmost hearts.

So it has been from the beginning. From Robert Clive onward, the administrators of India strove in vain to set bounds to the Indian Empire. Many

shrank from transgressing the limits assigned to it, until their shrinking became, not merely a danger, but almost a crime. When Braddock marched to the Ohio in 1755, no one dreamed that the expedition would lead to the conquest of Canada in 1760. Even when Canada had been conquered, the nation was half terrified at what it had done, and cowered before the burden of defending so vast a territory. So strange

a people are we who have planted the Union flag all over the world, so indolent, so easy-going, so slow to wrath, so unconscious of our strength, so hard to set in motion; yet so dangerous when roused, so irresistible when once moving, so resolute not to stop short of the goal. At the beginning of the present war it was the fashion to speak of Russia as 'the steam-roller'; but the true steam-roller of Europe is Great Britain.

THE THREE R'S AT FOUR YEARS OLD

BY IVY KELLERMAN REED

ABILITY to read easily and rapidly, a knowledge of arithmetic and geography roughly equivalent to the work of the third and even higher grades in the public schools, and an attitude toward intellectual pursuits which will make learning and study a pleasurable pursuit instead of a task during the rest of his life — these are the achievement of little Erik, aged four years and three months. The saving in actual years of schooling, and the immediate capacity for increased enjoyment, as well as tangible information possessed, are almost too great to estimate in any comparison with school grades. Subtracting the first year and a half of his life, which were occupied with learning to walk, to talk, to manage a spoon, to avoid hot radiators, mercilessly hard corners of tables and chairs, and the like, we can speculate interestingly upon the proportion of gain by the time the boy is twenty years old. We see, at any rate, that it pays to begin *early* to take advantage of the child's desire

and ability to learn, which are manifest in infancy, which increase or languish according to the encouragement or rebuffs received, and which diminish from childhood on through youth, maturity, middle age, and senility.

By heeding the curiosity which Erik, like most other children, showed concerning the meaning of letters on his alphabet blocks and in large headlines of newspapers, by helping him to learn a new letter daily, then combinations into words, and finally by introducing him to those words in primers, until he had learned to read as naturally — and far more easily — than he had learned to talk, we took the first and most important step. It was a long process, demanding infinite time and patience on the part of his parents; for we had always to remember that it must remain for the child a pleasure, a game, a thing of interest, and never a task or an occupation to which he must be driven.

Before the first primer was too familiar, I bought another, and, later, still

others. Then we began our fortnightly trips to the public library. Erik exhausted that supply of primers, first readers, and second readers, and now can read and enjoy the books provided for supplementary reading in schools, such as those describing race-types and home or travel in foreign lands, data of natural science, and even a few elementary arithmetics. Of course, I seek books whose intrinsic interest makes them attractive, for I would no more urge or compel the child to read than I would urge or compel him to play with his beloved toy aeroplane. He reads many times a day, never for very long at a time; sometimes curled up in a morris chair, more often stretched at full length on the floor. Occasionally he reads to me a story or sentence which takes his fancy; but usually he prefers to read in absorbed silence.

Just as he never had to finish one book before receiving another, or to read any one volume straight through, he has never been asked to read in a certain book, or in a certain sequence in any book, or to read a certain amount at once, or to read at any specified time. The desire to read is as normal with him as is the desire on the part of adults to read the latest magazine or an interesting book. The chief difference is that Erik has never in his whole brief existence suspected that reading could be anything but enjoyable, whereas his elders went through a process of learning which was conscious, compulsory, and usually unpleasant, because it came too late and was long-drawn-out.

From his reading and the questions he asks in consequence, Erik has a stock of information far beyond his actual experience. He constantly adds to his vocabulary, adopting such words as 'portable,' 'tremendous,' 'amazing,' 'swiftly,' 'giant,' 'pyramid,' and so forth, sometimes proving their literary source by mispronunciation, such as

sounding the *s* in 'island,' making the *g* hard in 'giant' or 'angel,' or the *e* short in 'demon.' Generally his pronunciation is correct, and the length of a word seems to make no difference whatever. Meeting new words in reading inclines him to accept the more readily new words he hears used, or which are suggested to him as expressing an idea he wishes to convey, such as 'edible,' 'combination,' 'purpose,' 'represent,' and others. He asks questions like, 'What do kings do?' 'Do the queens help them?' 'If we should go to Italy or Belgium, would we see the kings?' 'Was Abraham Lincoln president just like Mr. Wilson?' 'Why is n't he president now?' 'What is a prisoner?' 'What is a captive?' 'Is the Kaiser imaginary?' Finally, the books containing folk-tales and animal stories have furnished him with words, phrases, and ideas for telling stories, so that he now improvises fluently, although his plots are very rudimentary, and he is likely to abandon each previously mentioned animal to follow the fortunes of the ones later introduced, with a climax consisting of '— and that's the end!'

Soon after Erik had progressed a little in his reading, he noticed the Arabic figures in his books, in magazine and newspaper advertisements, and on calendars. The principle of combination into sums of two or more digits was easily grasped, and after learning to count to 100, he began to comprehend larger numbers. A start had already been made in the process of addition, through a game of questions alternately put and answered by Erik and his father or myself, such as, 'How much are one and two?' 'How much are three and one?' The totals were kept below ten, so that we could use fingers for calculation. By accompanying the questions and answers with laughter and applause, we were able to familiarize Erik with many combinations, and to increase them as

he realized that $20+20$ is analogous to $2+2$, that $57+1$ is analogous to $17+1$, and so forth.

The reading of these sums, and the writing of them, were introduced as 'a quieter game,' proposed as compromise for the hilarious romp Erik expects of his father after dinner. After a few minutes of 'bear,' a special pencil and new tablet of paper were produced, different from those which Erik uses for his daily amusement of drawing and cutting. These were laid on the floor, — the child's domain in contrast to the chairs his elders prefer, — and Erik's father disposed himself there, quite as prone as Erik himself. This left no doubt of the genuine 'play' character of the proceeding. A row of sums, such as $1+2=3$, $2+2=4$, was put down, Erik soon doing his share of them, or writing only the answers. The plus and equality signs were accepted at once, and the whole lesson took some five or ten minutes. It was ended by my summoning Erik to go to bed — for we never risk continuing any subject long enough for him to lose interest or tire of it.

During the next day I repeated various sums orally, as opportunity offered, in connection with the number of cookies to be received for dessert, and the like; and in the evening his request to play was greeted with the reply, 'We'll play bear first and arithmetic afterward.' The minus sign and operation of subtraction were soon given, then the multiplication sign. Division is reserved for a still later date, as being more difficult, although the writing and understanding of fractions has not offered trouble.

With this process under way, and an interest in arithmetic fairly well inculcated, another step seemed possible. We proposed adding a new game, called geography, and produced the big book of maps. Erik had previously looked at

it, and had a glimmering of its significance. But the colored plates took on a new interest when his small toy boats were to be sailed to one country from another on the intervening bodies of water. After two evenings of this sort, the boats were omitted, and the game consisted in alternate requests to find this or that country, ocean, sea, or even larger mountain chain, river, or city, with appropriate jubilation over each discovery.

Considering that each evening's lesson lasts but five or ten or fifteen minutes, and that the lessons — always called a game, of course — alternate with arithmetic, or sometimes have to be omitted entirely, the amount of geographical knowledge acquired thus far is very great. Of course, the data given can be reviewed incidentally during the day, and story-telling is an especially valuable aid. Erik listens with pleasure to improvisations about 'a little boy and his dog,' or 'a man and his little boy,' who take trips to this or that country or city, by rail or water, passing other specified cities and countries, collect the chief product or export of their destination, observe the language spoken there, and return home by the same or a different route. His own attempts to tell stories of this character are often surprisingly successful.

In teaching these subjects to Erik, as well as in helping him to learn to draw and to master cursive script, we are careful to refrain absolutely from the routine, system, or compulsion necessary in schools. The acquiring of skill and information are to be pleasurable pursuits, not tasks or drudgery. They are to be acquired in the method and the order suggested by the child's own volition and progress. We do not insist that he make his toy trains go in a certain way, or put them in this or that spot, or that he build his block-houses according to our ideas instead of his

own. Nor do we stipulate that he shall play with them at certain hours of the day, or for so many minutes at a time. Therefore, when he turns to occupations for which we wish him to have equal zeal, we do not block him at the start by forcing him to drop all initiative of his own and yield to arbitrary interference — as it would seem to him to be.

In this connection I may quote a question put to me: 'How do you stimulate your son's interest in reading? My boys like to play out of doors.' My reply to this is the counter-question, how do we stimulate a child's interest in out-of-door play? The child will like what he sees his parents like and genuinely expect him to like. Erik delights in long walks, picnics, and out-of-door amusement of any sort; but he has also had opened to him the equally precious world of the printed page. His efforts to enter that world were noted, appreciated, and encouraged; we did not do what I have seen other parents do — that is, ignore or rebuff the child's inquiry as to what the letters are on his blocks, what certain combinations of letters mean, or what the words are under favorite pictures in books.

Another point worth mentioning is, that it has seemed successful to begin each subject at the earliest possible opportunity. As soon as Erik observed and began to distinguish letters of the alphabet, we began to aid him in this. As soon as he could count at all, we helped him forward toward the goal of mathematics. As soon as he asked the location of cities he heard mentioned, or of countries named in war headlines, we seized the opportunity to prepare for geographical teaching. As soon as he enjoyed scrawling with a pencil, I dignified it by the name of drawing, and gave him every chance I could to acquire the utmost possible skill. I mention this specifically because parents

are prone to set a certain — and distant — date for anything which entails effort on their own part as well as that of the child. For instance, a friend wrote, 'I intend to begin teaching our own child to read next fall.' I could not resist asking, 'Did you set a certain date on which you would begin teaching her to talk, and make a formal beginning on that date, or did you not seize any and all opportunities to teach her as soon as she showed the least capability for learning?' This resembles the course of another friend, who intends — later — to make a musician of her child; but now, when the little one is 'banging' at the piano-keys, and begging to have the mysterious marks of sheet-music explained to her, this shortsighted mother is 'too busy,' and is inevitably extinguishing the spark she hopes to kindle later on.

One reason is, that teaching is unfairly assumed to be a difficult and disagreeable operation, which a mother hires other persons to do, like scrubbing or surgical operations! When it comes to reading or writing, they say, 'I don't like to teach,' although they were perfectly willing to perform the longer and more tedious task of teaching talking and walking. A neighbor, watching Erik noisily reading aloud sentences from a book belonging to her own child, several months older, turned to him with the question, 'Son, are you going to study with Mother some time and learn to read like Erik?' Her sigh and her emphasis of 'study,' as well as the invidious comparison with a younger child, probably implanted in 'Son' his first unconscious protest against the process he would later be forced to go through. She was taking it for granted that he would not like to learn; and of course he will not.

To those who might hint that system and discipline deserve attention, I would reply that mental achievements

are too precious to be dragged from their high place and made to serve for training in other things, at least in the case of very young children. Erik has made his present progress, and has assumed the proper attitude toward the subjects he has begun to learn something of, because he has been permitted to have a natural and sensible introduction to them, and has never been compelled to learn any of it. The proposition, 'Learn to do what you don't wish to do at a time when you don't wish to do it,' can be applied, if necessary, to the conquering of buttons and button-holes, garter-clasps, belts, and shoes; and disciplinary tragedies can be indulged in *ad libitum* over the putting away of toys and other operations in

the routine of daily existence. At any rate, Erik seems, notwithstanding his undisciplinary way of learning, to be as well-behaved as any child in the neighborhood, and I believe that he is more amenable to reason than if he were taught the school subjects in the usual stern and systematic method.

Lastly, one does not need infinite leisure, or a house full of servants, in order to be able to teach a child as Erik has been taught. The actual amount of time we have given him is probably but little more than is given to any child except those who are turned loose on the streets in the hazardous care of older children; and the teaching has been done in a household which boasts of no servants at all.

VAGRANCY

BY G. O. WARREN

THE storm lies black upon the sky,
The lonely wood is gray with snow,
And footprints on a spring-time path
Are vanished long ago.

She is a vagrant now, with Death;
Her careless shade flits past my door.
She will not tarry here, nor speak,
Nor lead me as before.

I too will wander o'er the world,
And by the chart she made for me
Will find the cross upon the hill,
The shrine beyond the sea.

SHIPBUILDERS

BY ROBERT L. RAYMOND

I

'It reminds me of the tapir story,' observed Peter Carton thoughtfully, as he paused in his labors to lean back and light a cigarette.

'What's the tapir story?' queried Jones, chief assistant in the Division of Passenger Transportation. 'Tell it.'

'Oh, it's long and needs a Down-East accent, and has n't any point anyhow,' objected Carton. After a moment's pause he went on, 'A Down-East sailor-man, just returned, stiff with brine, from a two years' voyage, met up with the proprietor of a menagerie at the boarding-house to which he repaired, and the two at once became friends. The menagerie man confided that he had two tapirs stored away in the cellar of the boarding-house at that moment, and asked the sailor-man to come down with him and hold a lamp while he fed them. But when the two got to the cellar, it appeared that the tapirs had broken loose, and the menagerie man besought his new friend to aid in returning them to captivity. The latter gave one terrified look at the long snout and generally unlovely aspect of the nearest tapir, who was rapidly proceeding in his direction and, dropping the lamp with a crash, made for the cellar-stairs. "I signed on to hold a lamp," he called back. "I did n't sign on to hunt tapirs."

'Well?' queried Jones, patiently.

'Oh, that is n't the story,' admitted Carton. 'At least it's only one small end of it; but somehow it reminded

me of myself. When I gave up my law business to come down here with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, I expected Mr. Schwab would call me into his office once or twice a day and say, "Mr. Carton, kindly prepare a contract for the construction of this twenty-thousand-ton troopship"; and I would answer, "Leave it to me, Mr. Schwab; that troopship is as good as built." Then I would dash back to my office, summon a stenographer, and remark, "In consideration of the mutual promises and agreements herein contained, it is mutually promised and agreed by the parties hereto as follows: *One*. The Blank Company, hereinafter called the Contractor, shall build a twenty-thousand-ton troopship, according to the following specifications, to wit: Quality, A1; time, P.D.Q. *Two*. The United States shall pay for the same if, as, and when it sees fit," — or words to that effect. Of course, Mr. Schwab or Mr. Hurley would get the credit, but I would have the satisfaction of knowing I had really done the job.'

'I wish you lawyers would draw contracts like that,' said Jones longingly; 'then someone could tell what you mean.'

'Tell what we mean!' repeated Carton indignantly. 'What would become of you capable business men without lawyers, I'd like to know? You run around, very busy, like a lot of chickens with their heads chopped off, and get things in a pretty tangle; then we come in and smooth them out, and before you

know it everything goes like clock-work.'

'Lawyers are a fine lot, no doubt,' conceded Jones. He paused a moment and added, 'I've always thought that there was only one trouble with them: they ought to be put to work.'

Carton did not deign to notice the implication, but resumed his previous train of thought.

'As a matter of fact,' he continued, 'I've hardly heard the word "ship" mentioned since I've been here. What have I been doing, for instance, for the last three months? Wrangling about car-fares on street-railways, discussing feeders, power-houses, loops, 3A copper-wire, voltage, and what not. I did n't know I had signed on to hunt tapirs.'

'It all helps,' observed Jones encouragingly.

'I suppose it does,' admitted Carton; 'but the house that Jack built was nothing to it.' He tapped himself on the breast and recited: 'This is the man that drew the agreement that called for the tracks that carried the cars that ran to the house that sheltered the man that drove the rivets that held together the wonderful ship that Schwab built.'

'You're leaving out a good deal at that,' observed Jones. 'How about sewerage, water, electric lights, and the other things?'

'I know,' agreed Carton. 'I was only touching on my personal endeavors. Have you been out to the National Shipbuilding Company's plant at Camden lately?'

'Not for four weeks.'

'A lot can happen in four weeks nowadays. I spent yesterday morning there. I did n't pay much attention to the eight new ways they are putting in, because my job took me out to the housing development. They're building a complete city two miles back in the country. It is great: the neatest

little brick houses you ever saw, a church, a community centre, and a movie theatre. It was an eye-opener to me.'

'There is nothing picayune about the way the U.S. is going into the ship-building business certainly,' agreed Jones. 'Go out to Hog Island the first chance you get.'

'I mean to if I ever get your street-railway messes straightened out. Is Barker coming in this morning?'

Jones nodded. 'That's what I'm here for; he's due now.'

'That is the worst crowd we've run up against yet,' observed Carton. 'I'm afraid we shall have to take over that road and run it.'

'It will mean a lot of lost time,' said Jones regretfully; 'but I suppose there is no help for it. They won't agree to anything.'

'Of course, the road is in the hands of a receiver, and that does make a difference,' said Carton. 'Technically, at least, they have got to get the court's consent to anything they do.'

'Have one more try this morning, at any rate,' urged Jones. 'If we have to run the road ourselves, it will delay matters three or four months at least.'

II

There was a knock at the door, followed by the appearance of a wide-awake-looking office-boy, who said, 'Mr. Barker and Mr. Meekin say they have an appointment with you, sir.'

'Bring them up,' remarked Carton.

He gazed out of the window, down to where the City Hall of Philadelphia, surmounted by the monster statue of William Penn, sprawls over Broad Street like some uncouth creation of a mind distraught. To Carton it suggested an illustration by Doré of a scene in Dante's *Inferno*, and a sigh of gloom escaped his lips before he turned to Jones

and said, 'We'll give it to them straight this morning, and get it settled one way or the other.'

'Mr. Barker, Mr. Meekin,' announced the office-boy, throwing open the door.

A tall, thin, red-haired man, with a thick red moustache and snapping bright blue eyes, entered the room, accompanied by a small, ferret-faced, gray-haired individual. They were the Receiver of the United Service Street Railway Company of New York and his counsel.

'I wish it could be arranged,' said the latter tartly, 'so that we did n't have to wait downstairs twenty minutes when we have an appointment here.'

'I'm sorry, Mr. Meekin,' said Carton politely, 'but I am afraid the rules of the Emergency Fleet Corporation can't be altered to suit individuals.'

The two men sat down and looked at Carton with expressions of aggressive obstinacy.

'Well, what have we got to do?' asked Barker finally, calling to his aid the most disagreeable tones of which he was capable. 'Tell us the worst and get it over with. If the government desires to impose such conditions on the United Service Street Railway that it can never get on its feet again, I suppose we've got to submit.'

'It's a funny thing,' remarked Mr. Meekin, his little eyes gleaming maliciously. 'The country was told we went into this war as a protest against autocracy, and here's our own government giving orders and doing things never heard of in a free country. A man can't call his soul his own, much less his business.'

'And most of the orders are being given by green men, amateurs, who have had no experience, and don't know what they are talking about,' said Mr. Barker with meaning.

Carton smiled pleasantly. 'I don't wonder you gentlemen are a trifle up-

set this morning,' he said. 'You've had a surprise, have n't you? You thought you could go right over the heads of the Passenger Transportation Division and myself, and work something with Mr. Schwab directly. You tried that yesterday, and he refused to have anything to do with you, and sent you back to us. That's a fact, is n't it?'

'We are doing our best to keep a valuable property committed to our charge by the court from being ruined,' said Mr. Meekin savagely.

'Stop this buncombe and hot air, Meekin,' said Carton sharply; 'we have had enough of it and are n't going to waste time listening to any more. We offer you a trade that is a benefit to your road, and you know it as well as I do. What you want is to get more out of the United States than you are entitled to. You can't do it, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for wanting to do it.'

'Look here,' said Mr. Barker, starting up, 'I won't listen to this kind of talk!'

'Oh, yes, you will,' went on Carton, a hard glint coming into his eyes. 'You would listen to anything rather than have that street railway of yours taken out of your hands. I know you. You're bluffing. Now, unless we reach an agreement this morning the Emergency Fleet Corporation is going to take the United Service Railway Company and operate it under the authority of Section 28 of the Emergency Deficiency Act.'

'Perhaps the court will have something to say to that,' suggested Mr. Meekin with a sneer.

'You know more law than that, Mr. Meekin,' said Carton genially. 'The court won't lift a finger if we decide to take the road. But you've both made up your minds that you don't want that done, and are going to reach an agreement pleasantly and then urge the court to confirm it.'

Barker and Meekin sat silent.

'Why can't you be nice and friendly about it, the way everyone else is?' continued Carton. 'I've put through agreements with twenty other roads, and you are the only people who have n't been anxious to coöperate.'

'What do you want us to do?' repeated Mr. Barker querulously. 'As I said before, tell us the worst.'

'Oh, the worst, as you call it,' said Carton, 'is good; really very good, indeed. The Blackstone Ship-Building Company, the Brevoort Windlass Company, and the Naylor Construction Company, all located at Holbrook, New York, and all building ships for the government, have taken on — how many new men, Mr. Jones?'

'Roughly, five thousand,' said Jones; 'not less, at any rate.'

'Have taken on five thousand new men,' repeated Carton. 'There are no accommodations for them in Holbrook; the town is full, — chock-a-block, — and they have to go to and from Stoughton, Brookfield, and Rockbridge, places reached by the United Service Railway. The men have been threatening to strike for the last two weeks, because the car-service is intolerable. You know how bad it is better than I can tell you. Our experts, not amateurs as you call them, but some of the best street-railway men in America, have been over the ground and decided what is needed. We want you to put on twenty-four new-style cars, equipped so they can be operated in trains; to build turnouts at specified places, so you can run more cars; to increase your power-plant and put in new transmission lines, and — well, those are the principal things, but it's all in this contract which I have prepared.'

'Where is the money coming from?' inquired Mr. Meekin.

'Don't play ignorance,' said Carton. 'The money is coming from the United

States, by way of the Emergency Fleet Corporation; and you are going to pay back only a part of it — seventy-five per cent. The other quarter is a clear gift. You have got to give us security, receiver's certificates, for the amount you are to return, but the United Service Company is getting increased facilities over the bargain counter.'

'We would rather not add to the road's obligation, even for a bargain,' began Mr. Barker.

Carton ignored the remark entirely. 'Are you ready to sign?' he asked, indicating certain papers on his desk.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Meekin consulted apart.

'We will sign,' said the latter, after an interval of five minutes. 'But it's no good unless the court confirms it.'

'Oh, we can take care of the court between us, I fancy,' observed Carton optimistically.

'I'm not so sure of that,' said Mr. Meekin. As a busy street-railway lawyer, he had engaged in too many controversies to find joy in prolonging one after it was settled, and he spoke pleasantly and in good faith. 'You don't know Judge Hayselden; the receivership is in his court. He is old and fussy and fidgety, and he hates to take the responsibility of letting a receiver do anything. I don't think he will take kindly to such an increase in indebtedness, and I know he won't stand for the issue of receiver's certificates.'

'Is his consent really necessary?' queried Jones.

'I am afraid it is,' admitted Carton. 'Look here, Meekin, are you going to do your best to get the agreement confirmed?'

Mr. Meekin drew out his watch. 'I've given my word,' he said. 'We've just got time to catch the twelve o'clock train back to New York. Come with me, and we'll see him in Chambers this afternoon.'

III

Carton got back to Philadelphia at six o'clock that afternoon and went directly to the office of Mr. Hodges, Chief of the Passenger Transportation Division of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The big twelve-story building was still humming with the industry of a beehive, although under the rules employees were permitted to call it a day's work when the hour of five o'clock struck. Mr. Hodges and his principal assistant, Mr. Jones, were sitting at opposite sides of the large desk-table, hard at work on a plan for bettering transportation by ferry to a ship-building plant on the Great Lakes.

'Hullo, what's the good word?' asked Mr. Hodges, looking up on Carton's entrance.

Carton flung his hat viciously into a chair, plumped down in another himself, raised his clenched fists and uttered the monosyllable, 'Damn!'

'Take it easy, old man,' remarked Mr. Hodges genially, losing none of his imperturbability. 'What's the matter? Did Meekin squeal on his agreement?'

'No; Meekin was all right, but that old devil-bird of a judge!'

'Would n't he confirm the agreement?' asked Jones.

Carton gazed at the speaker, incredulous that he could ask such a question.

'Confirm the agreement?' he repeated. 'He almost committed me for contempt of court. Said he never heard of such a proposition as permitting a road that could n't pay its present debts to pile up more. Said there was no use bringing such nonsense before him. When I told him these were war-times, he asked me if I thought he was going to write himself down in his court records as an ass, just because a war was going on.' Carton paused, and then added indignantly, 'I could n't budge the old scoundrel.'

'Did you tell him we could take the road over?' suggested Mr. Jones.

Carton laughed. 'I tried that for all it was worth,' he answered, 'and it was n't worth a cent. He said that was the best thing we could do; that it would relieve him of all responsibility; in short, that it would suit him right down to the ground.'

'It must be that he does n't understand that this country is actually in the war,' suggested Mr. Hodges thoughtfully. 'He doesn't realize it.'

'The only way to make him realize it,' said Carton with conviction, 'would be to ram him into a ten-inch gun and fire him off on the Western front.'

'How did you leave matters with Meekin?' queried Jones.

'After Judge Hayselden had warned me that I must n't continue my current line of conversation, I asked for an order of notice so that the matter could come up in open court, and he would have to go on record. He gave me one for to-morrow at eleven; but the last thing he did was to order Meekin to bring in all the cases he could collect, showing that courts had refused to authorize agreements such as the one we submitted.'

'They say there is no sense in throwing good money after bad, and I don't see any in wasting precious time when it won't do any good,' observed Mr. Hodges. 'Why not drop the matter, and start on the other tack? Taking the road over, I mean. It's hardly worth while for you to make another trip to New York.'

'You are n't beaten until you know you are licked,' said Carton stubbornly. 'I shall go to that hearing to-morrow. There is n't any law on the matter; not on our side, at least. But I shall do something; probably argue on the facts and broad grounds of public policy.' He smiled, and added, 'And you be ready to bail me out in case of need.'

'Just as you like,' agreed Mr. Hodges. He turned to his chief assistant. 'Courts are a great help in business matters, are n't they, Jones? Who was the genius who spoke of "old Father Antic the Law"?'

After dinner that evening, at the small house in the country out on 'the main line,' where he lived with two other Fleet workers, Carton took his customary stroll around the grounds of Bryn Mawr College. The long, low-lying gray-stone buildings, with mulioned windows and covered with ivy, were as lovely as the finest that Oxford could produce. Carton sat for an hour on a stone bench overlooking acres of velvet lawn, deep in thought. He was not engaged in the preparation of his address to the Court on the morrow, but picturing in his mind's eye scenes called up by a letter which he had found on his return home—a letter from a young friend somewhere in France.

'The Court!' announced the crier in stentorian tones.

Counsel sitting at the table inside the bar below the clerk's desk rose and stood respectfully as Judge Hayselden, clad in his black robe of office, preceded by a red-faced court officer in blue frock coat with brass buttons and carrying a white staff, entered and took his seat. He was a very old man, very tall and very thin. His white hair was brushed straight back from his high forehead. His keen eyes still burned brightly under shaggy eyebrows. His manner was peremptory and his voice sharp and clear as he said, 'In the matter of this petition asking for confirmation of an agreement between the United States and the Receiver of the United Service Railway Company, I desire counsel to submit authorities. Mr. Meekin, I will hear from you.'

Mr. Meekin rose. He was a little terrier of a man, with many of a terrier's

propensities; but his word once given was as good as his bond.

'Your Honor,' he said, 'representing the Receiver, I assent to confirmation of the agreement.'

'Have you any cases where such agreements have been sanctioned?'

'I have not, Your Honor.'

'Have you any authorities where the court has refused to sanction such agreements?'

Mr. Meekin looked at Carton.

'Go ahead,' consented the latter in a whisper; 'let him have them.'

Meekin read a list of twenty or more cases, giving citations and brief abstracts as he went along. As the weight of the law piled up against him, Carton became slightly restive. The argument he had carefully been thinking out on the train from Philadelphia began to seem too weak even for utterance. Unconsciously his hand slipped into the side pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed on the letter he had received the previous evening.

'Mr. Carton,' said his Honor, 'if you have any authorities to submit, you may do so.'

'I have something to submit, Your Honor,' said Carton, rising.

'What is the citation?' asked the Judge, as he dipped his pen in the ink before him.

'It is not in the books, Your Honor.'

'Some decision not yet reported?' demanded the Judge.

'It is not a decision, Your Honor. It is a letter which I received last night from a young friend of mine now in France.'

The Judge looked at Carton sternly. 'I allow great latitude to counsel in this court,' he remarked, 'but—' He paused, then threw himself back in his chair and added, 'Proceed.'

'The letter is dated June 10,' said Carton. 'It is as follows.' He read slowly:—

DEAR MR. CARTON,—

Please pardon this paper — it's all I have just now. How time slips by in an unbelievable way! It seems hardly possible that it was over a year ago that you recommended me for the training camp. I confess things have moved with startling rapidity; much quicker than any of us anticipated.

I got your good letter, and mighty glad I was to hear from you. You don't know what it means to get news from home. I am glad you have gone in for war-work and think the Shipping Board must be very interesting. I was talking with my colonel the other day, and he said Gen. Pershing declared at a meeting of officers recently, that we would be able to walk right through the Germans next year if we could get enough men and supplies across the water, and that the great need of the war now was ships, and more ships. So you see you can feel you've got a hand in what over here is regarded as of perhaps first importance.

But, speaking generally, I can't help feeling that not all the people at home realize the true state of affairs or understand what is going on. I often wonder just what there is that will get it across to the folks in the States. Beyond a depression in business, some inconvenience, and a few personal links here and there, what does it mean? I don't know. And I'm searching every scrap of information I can get to find out. All of us are. So are the French.

The Germans are not beaten. Do you realize that? And do all the people at home realize it? They must before we can come out of this war victorious. The power of Germany's military machine, the strength of its organization, is something you have got to see and feel before you can grasp the terror of it. I don't mean we are afraid, not even I am that. But I've just come back to a rest-camp from two weeks in the front trenches, and the threat of the Hun hordes won't let me sleep at night. We were in a sector where the German trenches were very close to ours. We could feel them there all the time, like some evil presence, and one day they came over the top at us, wave after wave of silent gray-clad men. It was not like anything human. It was a miasma, a mist, a noxious vapor let loose to corrupt and destroy the world. We managed to hold

our ground, but it was truly some job. Tom Meany was killed, blown to pieces in the preliminary barrage; and Bill Simpkins — you know them both. Simpkins was bayoneted through the breast, after he had done for three of the Fritzes. I got out without a scratch. I can't wait to go back again — honestly. I want to live as much as anyone, but I'd die a thousand times rather than have that wicked nightmare of German militarism impose its rule on the world. That has got to be stopped; and nothing else matters, nothing else in the world. I'm afraid you'll think I am talking heroics, but you would n't if you were here. It is merely the way every one of us feels. I have lived for a long while in all this. For some months I have really never been out of earshot of the guns, and have been in a part of France where one never sees a smile. Nothing exists but war, not one smallest detail of life is free from the blight of it. It is tremendously depressing and all very pitiful; crops ripening and being burnt up by shells and killed by gas; villages shot to pieces and melting away into pits of filth and rubbish; old people carrying a few possessions and wandering from village to village, without any special hope or plan.

I like to think that nothing that can speed up the machinery and grease the wheels is being left undone. Occasionally one reads of strikes, and I've often wished that the promoters of same could be here, just for a few days, just long enough to know what it means and long enough to see and appreciate the infinite possibilities of being thrown away through a slip of the cogs at home.

Write me again soon, and I'll answer it — if I can.

Yours as always,

HENRY LYALL.

P.S. Hurry up those ships, old man.

There was a moment's silence in the court-room.

'Mr. Carton,' said the Judge, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, where hung the arms of the United States, 'have you prepared a decree?'

'I have, Your Honor,' said Carton.

'Mr. Meekin,' continued the Court,

'do you wish to examine the decree before I allow it?'

Meekin rose and blew his nose violently. 'As counsel for the Receiver, Your Honor,' he said, in a voice which broke a little, 'I urge the allowance of any decree in behalf of the United States which Mr. Carton has prepared.'

'That is well,' said the Judge.

He took the paper passed up to him, and the pen scratched as his trembling old fingers affixed his signature.

'Mr. Clerk, that is entered as of to-day.'

The old Judge rose from his chair and stood erect, gathering the folds of his

gown around his spare figure. 'Mr. Carton,' he said, with eyes still fixed on the seal of his country, 'when you answer that letter—' He paused, and the thin old lips trembled so that for the moment he could not go on. 'When you answer the letter,' he resumed, 'tell that boy that the people over here, even the worn-out old fossils, are beginning to understand.'

The Judge stood silent for a moment. He lowered his gaze from the opposite wall and his eyes, flashing, sought those of Carton. He smiled whimsically.

'Hurry up those ships, old man,' he said. 'Mr. Crier, adjourn the court.'

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

I

My acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt began back in the eighties. At that time I was editor of a weekly paper in New York, and we had some correspondence on social and literary subjects. Everything he said was interesting, very much to the point; and — what was very flattering to me, from a man of his strong convictions — he was most deferential in considering my opinions, especially on literary matters. I found afterwards that this attitude was largely due to his having read two sonnets of mine, 'Theocritus' and 'Maurice de Guérin,' which he did not pretend to understand. Even at that time, when the mists that obscure the future of every young man were just beginning to part and to show the land-

scape to him, he seemed to find time to read almost everything.

Through Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the most generous and sympathetic men of his time, I had come in contact with President Cleveland, and there was talk of a diplomatic appointment to Athens. President Cleveland at that time was desirous of obtaining certain information about Near-Eastern affairs, with regard to which Mr. Gilder thought I might be useful. It was through Mr. Gilder that my acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt ripened into a warm and ever-growing friendship. As a friend, no man could be more understanding or more tolerant — more desirous to bind one to him with hoops of steel.

When the question of the disposition of the friars' land in the Philippines

came up, Mr. Roosevelt was Vice-President. President McKinley, through the late Senator Thomas H. Carter, asked various opinions as to what was to be done. It was an unpleasant tangle, for there were persons about the President who seemed to think that these friars, who had just as much right under the law to their land as the Corporation of Trinity Church in New York has to its possessions, could be thrown out of the islands, body and bones. President McKinley hesitated: he seemed to know very little about the position of the friars under the laws which had governed the Spanish possessions. This was natural enough: canon law, in its relation to civil law, in a country where Church and State had been united, was a matter to the understanding of which his previous experience had not helped him. One thing became evident: that if a broad and unparochial view were not taken of the question, the government would be justly accused of the rankest injustice, and, consequently, ecclesiastical, religious, political animosities would be revived in the United States.

President McKinley was desirous of doing the righteous thing, but the righteous thing at one moment seemed to be the deportation of the friars, whose position as pioneers, as educators, as civilizers of the mixed population in those parts of the Philippine Islands that were at all civilized, could hardly be understood by the average American. President McKinley — and he could hardly be blamed for it — confounded the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the other Spanish religious orders, who were mostly gentlemen and scholars, with the native Filipino clergy, who were not, to say the least, with some exceptions, altogether what they should be. The discipline of Rome was far off; the ideals of the natives in remote villages were not high; it was pos-

sible for a parish priest, who sprang from a hybrid race in which the lower qualities as a rule blur the higher, to do almost as he pleased.

There were, indeed, parishes in the more distant regions into which young and clever Filipinos had intruded themselves without even the ceremony of ordination. To be a priest of this kind was a good job. This condition of affairs was pointed out and exaggerated by the opponents of the Catholic Church in the islands. It was forgotten that there was the greatest distinction between these low types of men and the members of the religious orders who were responsible for the beginning of whatever progress had been made in the Philippines, by virtue of the hardest kind of work and constant self-sacrifice. The friars were Spanish; they had practically been part of the Spanish government; they were to the native priests what the Norman bishops of the type of Saint Anselm were to the ignorant Saxon clergy, who had retained their customs in England until the alien prelates began to institute a new order of things. It was necessary that President McKinley should be made to understand the situation; a more difficult matter was to induce the Catholics of the United States to accept an explanation of corrupt morals which was not at all obvious to them.

While negotiations and pourparlers were going on, President McKinley was murdered. Theodore Roosevelt was obliged at once to shoulder all the difficulties of this situation, and many others as well.

One night Mr. Gilder called at my house on Capitol Hill, Washington.

'What do you think of Theodore Roosevelt?' he asked.

'He is a man of letters in love with life,' I answered.

Mr. Gilder laughed. 'He is more than that; he is about to make an epoch, and

he wants to talk literature with you, by the way. There are other things he wants to consider. I am leaving town, but I promised to tell you this. Telephone to the White House to-morrow and find out when he wants to see you; I think he would like you to lunch with him on Wednesday.'

The meeting was arranged. There were ten or twelve people at the luncheon, which was very informal. Mrs. Roosevelt sat behind the urn and made us all feel the presence of courtesy and graciousness. The conversation was fast and furious. The President did not conceal his opinions on any subject, and, as I remember, he fought violently every inch of the ground which Speaker Cannon was occupying on some fiscal question.

The President evidently enjoyed both the luncheon and the conversation fully. After a while he smiled, and said to me, 'I do not know much about the sonnet; Edith understands all that; and I have a superstitious veneration for everything she understands and I do not. Stay after luncheon; I want to speak to you.'

I waited and went to his office. As usual, there was an immense bunch of heliotrope on his desk. 'I like it,' he said.

'You ought to,' I answered; 'it is the emblem of a happy marriage.'

'I am happy,' he said, 'very happy; the only fly in the amber is that I am an accidental president; but I intend to be President of *all* the people.'

We skirmished a little on the frontiers of literature. He seemed to have read everything, from Miss Edgeworth's *Rosamond* and *The Purple Jar* to *Beowulf* and the 'Bollandists.' Then we came to the question of the Philippines. The legal aspect, he believed, might safely be left to the care of Secretary Taft, with some help from the 'sharps' in canon law. He was very desirous

that there should be no injustice done, and, above all, no revival of theological animosity. He agreed that the friars' lands should be bought by the United States, in order that their owners, being Spanish and associated with Spanish rule, might leave the islands. He saw at once the absurdity of attempting to treat them as Henry VIII treated the English monks. 'You are right,' he said; 'we might just as well try to seize the property of my wife's church in New York; I am a dissenter myself,' — he laughed, — 'thoroughly Dutch Reformed; but I should object to that!'

Talk after talk and luncheon after luncheon followed each other. It was thoroughly delightful. We might begin with George Borrow's *Lavengro*, apropos of which he would trace the derivation of an Italian folk-tale, analyze *Sandford and Merton*, discover that we had both been fed a horrible concoction termed 'cambric tea' in our youth, drop into long quotations from 'Mr. Dooley,' and return to the Philippines. It was a lucky arrangement for me, that, as most of the politicians looked on me as merely a literary person, I escaped the dangers of being even remotely in the confidence of the President. The main question with him was always how to do the right thing, to avoid religious antagonisms and to crush all kinds of unreasonable prejudices with a firm hand.

'I believe,' he said, 'that the Catholic Church has done whatever could be done in the way of progress in the Philippines; and I believe, if the ecclesiastical system is reconstructed on a plan devised by, let us say, Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Ireland, the future religious and social progress will be admirable: but we must first induce the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic people to admit that there are crying abuses among the clergy in the islands which must be eradicated before the

complaints of the opponents of the Catholic Church can be made groundless. The Catholic Church in the Philippines cannot attempt to drive out ethical-culture societies, or to suppress an honest agnosticism, which might easily turn into rabid infidelity, if the old-fashioned ecclesiastical methods against it were used. The Protestant denominations, which, to be honest, I hardly think will ever really meet the spiritual needs of the Latins, must, too, have a fair chance; and the Catholic press ought to see that the union of Church and State in the Philippines disappeared the very moment they were assimilated by the United States.'

Nothing could be more reasonable than this. But, owing to the outcries of narrow-minded sectarians, who wanted to extirpate the Scarlet Lady, and the equally narrow opinion among certain Catholics that no clerical abuses could really exist in the islands, and that to point them out, even in order to destroy them, was a sin against the Holy Ghost, President Roosevelt's position was very difficult. However, a most admirable army chaplain, Father Vatman, was recommended to the President. He was implicitly trusted by the Catholic hierarchy in the United States; while the report of a Baptist or Methodist minister might be exaggerated in the theological heat of the moment, it was quite certain that Father Vatman would not be. He went to the Philippines; he saw, he reported; and the Catholics of the United States were made to feel that the salvation of the Catholic religion in the Philippines depended largely on the methods of American reconstruction.

To tell of our private conversations, to give a real impression of the furious opposition which President Roosevelt's plan aroused, involving as it did the sending of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop O'Gorman, and Secretary Taft to the

Philippines, might only revive half-forgotten animosities.

'My God!' he said to me one day, almost in despair, before the mission had started; 'the Catholics themselves are against it.'

'Don't trouble yourself about that,' I answered. 'You are right; the people who are protesting against the only reasonable settlement, which is to induce the Holy Father to insist that the friars shall sell their lands, are of the same type as those of your own church who are constantly advising you to take Smyrna.'

He laughed heartily. 'Yes,' he said, 'the honest preacher is always wanting me to separate Smyrna from the Turks; but when I say that we should be obliged to *fight* the Turks, they at once declare for peace.'

II

It was during these delightful conversations that I came to know Theodore Roosevelt well, and to feel more and more the depths of his spiritual nature, his love for righteousness; his sane power of making compromises not ignoble when a good end required it; his plasticity of mind, his versatility and concentration, his power of using all that was valuable in other men, and his indomitable energy and courage.

There seems to be a wide-spread impression that he was uncontrollably impetuous, fixed in his opinions, unmanageable even by those persons whose opinions he ought to respect. Nothing can be more untrue than this. It is impossible to conceive of a man more willing to give up his opinions when those opinions were proved to be unfounded, or when the objection to those opinions was put in a way which attracted or pleased him. He loved a good phrase and he was charmed by an apt literary allusion — it could not be

too recondite or involved or pedantic; but if one opposed him and could put one's opinions into a compact sentence, he was always likely to accept the new point of view heartily, and even enthusiastically. All his friends knew this very well.

I remember one occasion when he had asked me to meet a group of men from California to talk about Bret Harte and Kipling. Bret Harte and Kipling were, however, never mentioned. He said suddenly, turning with the air of ferocious earnestness which he sometimes assumed to one of these gentlemen, who was recommending to him a San Francisco friend, 'No, sir! Your man is a French Revolutionist.'

The three Californians were evidently shocked. They were men of cultivation and influence. As a friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, I thought it was my duty to see that he did not offend them, so I tried the 'phrase.'

'You mean,' I said, 'Mr. Roosevelt, that he is of the type of Camille Desmoulins, not of the type of Marat or Robespierre.'

I knew the name would catch him. 'Certainly,' he said. And he dashed into a sketch of Camille Desmoulins, bringing in a quotation from Hilaire Belloc's *Danton*, which pleased everybody.

After they had gone, he roared with laughter. 'Your phrase,' he said, 'saved that situation for me and drew me off the track. I am not sure at all that their man is n't a mixture of Marat and Robespierre.' But he bore no malice, and chuckled several times afterwards at the effect of the interpolation.

One felt that one of his best gifts was in adapting the experience of his friends to any crisis in which he was interested. He would have been entirely useless if he had not been a politician. Not even the most altruistic statesman could swim above the currents of the whirl-

pool of political life in a republic, without taking into account the value of opportune compromises. But Theodore Roosevelt, in my experience, never compromised for a base motive. He had learned very early in life, in the New York Legislature, the points of view of the professional politician; he had learned how to deal with these men, but he never professed to them that he had any illusions as to the influences that govern them or as to their objects in a political game. He was accustomed to threats; in our country, where there are still so many parts not yet melted into a whole, it is easy enough for the self-styled representative of any part of the population to threaten a president, elected by popular vote, with political annihilation. The professional Protestant, the professional Catholic, the professional Jew, in the great cities, have always their threats ready, if a president refuses to fall in with those special idiosyncrasies which make these people figureheads for the attraction of votes.

It was a delight to be behind the scenes, and to observe how Mr. Roosevelt dealt with these people; and he always knew just where to find the safest counsel: he depended on his friends, not considering political affiliations, to discover counselors for him. An invitation to lunch meant, as a rule, for the recipient, not only a pleasant hour, but the giving up of whatever was valuable in his mind for the good of the nation at the moment. In my long acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of all differences of opinion, which he not only welcomed in private, but invited, I never for a moment discovered that he did not put the good of the nation, the moral and social improvement of the people, before everything else. Brought up in the rather cynical school of politics that preceded the advent of Theodore Roosevelt, I judged that an at-

tack on the money-power simply meant a great flurry, the annihilation of the crusader, and the relapse of the people into contentment and corruption. I told him this.

He laughed. 'Observe,' he said, 'I am attacking only the pernicious trusts, and you may be sure that I know the world too well to try my fists against any trust that is not too rotten to stand.'

When it came to the furious row with Wall Street, he did not depend on hearsay evidence, or on abstract meditations. At this time one found at luncheon, or in his office, the best experts from New York, who were either so honest as to see the need of reform, or who felt that it was a question between reform and destruction. During the coal-famine, to be near him, to be in his circle, was to feel that you were in the presence of a man who had the heart of Lincoln and the virtue and the common sense of Washington.

He sent for me early one morning. 'I could n't sleep,' he said; 'it is a horror to think that a great number of our people, mothers and little children, are starving with cold.'

He showed me some communications from the high-exalted barons of capital. No aristocrat of the old French régime, no farmer-general under Louis XV, could have been more regardless of the sufferings of their fellow countrymen than these men. Their property, in their opinion, belonged to them absolutely; they had no duties except to this property; it must be conserved at all hazards; and their insolence and unconscious arrogance made the President grind his teeth.

'I must have men,' he said, 'on the commission — men, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, but men.' And so the commission, which included Carroll Wright and Archbishop Spalding, Charles P. Neill and, I think, John

Mitchell, was formed. 'It is not a question,' he said, 'of politics or religion or race; it is not a question of affronting wealth or conquering capital, or of preserving the rights of the people; it is a question of justice and mercy, and I intend to get the best results.' And he did.

After the Booker Washington incident, when the South was aflame, and thoughtful persons of the colored race feared everywhere the result of the episode on their less intelligent brethren, he asked me to luncheon.

'I have one consolation,' he said; 'I read in the papers this morning that *tout Paris* is with me. The truth is, if I had known the consequences of what seems to me to be an unreasonable outburst of prejudice, I should not have done it in that way. The fact is that I heard of some very unpleasant work among the negroes in the South. You know we can always depend on Booker Washington's opinion. I sent for him. He came straight all the way from Georgia, like a flash. I might have known that I was not doing quite the right thing when he showed such timidity and doubt as to accepting my invitation to lunch. It seemed to me that to ask him to my table was only a decent and courteous thing; and when he came, he talked so well that in five minutes we had forgotten whether he was black or white.'

His sense of humor seldom deserted him. I have gone to the White House on his summons, — I never went without his summons, — oppressed with the weight of a problem on which I felt I could throw little light; and after a word or two with that most sympathetic and charming and astute of men, William Loeb, who kept the outer gate, have found the President ready to discuss the last chapter of the *Sea Wolf*, by Jack London, or to talk of a new poem by Bliss Carman; and then he

would pose the question. The question was not usually for me, but for the man whom I might suggest, to answer. I can honestly say that I have never known President Roosevelt to make a really impetuous statement until he had consulted all the prudent and imprudent people who had any knowledge of the matter at hand!

After one of the cabinet meetings, when I was waiting for him, he came in chuckling. 'My friend,' he said very solemnly, 'I have used real cuss words to-day, and perhaps committed sacrilege.' He added that he had been obliged by etiquette to write an official letter to the new Pope, and that one of the members of the Cabinet had said, 'Do you think the American people will stand for your calling the Pope "His Holiness"?' 'Very well,' he replied, 'do you think they would like me to call him "You ——— fool"?'

'But,' he added, 'I said worse than that; I won't repeat it; and the member of the Cabinet agreed that the American people would hardly expect me to use such language to the venerable gentleman at Rome.'

If President Roosevelt considered the suggestion constantly urged on him by a number of Protestant Senators and distinguished laymen, supported by certain Catholics, that he should ask that Archbishop Ireland be made a cardinal, it was because the Vatican encouraged it. He understood perfectly that, if Americans as a rule understood the real significance of the Cardinalate, and knew that it would have meant for Archbishop Ireland a complete approval of his Americanism by the authority he so deeply revered, there would have been no objection except on the part of those of our compatriots whose education has never been completed.

Archbishop Ireland had stood more firmly than any other man in the country against bitter religious persecu-

tion. Again, to be frank, he had always been a staunch Republican, and he had always been fervent and outspoken on the great issues dividing the two political parties on the eve of campaigns. It was just as natural for Archbishop Ireland, who had been calumniated, maligned, and badly treated, to wish for this high honor, as for an honest follower of Saint Paul to desire a bishopric, or for Dr. Newman to want the red hat as a token that he was not the heretic that the very ultra-ultramontanes asserted him to be. But he never requested any interference on the part of Roosevelt. Logically believing that any mixture of politics and religion in this country was an evil thing, I advised against any such interference.

One took very little responsibility in advising President Roosevelt honestly, as one knew that several other people also would be asked for their opinions. I was amazed, however, when one morning a communication came, during the illness of Leo XIII, announcing that Cardinal Satolli, who was all-powerful in Rome, would guarantee the creation of John Ireland as a cardinal if the President would only notify his approval.

The President hesitated. 'Ireland,' he said, 'is the greatest of all your prelates; he is thoroughly American, he is a standing refutation of the assertions made against the un-Americanism of the Catholic Church. Just as I should like to see the admirable Bishop Satterlee get all the honors possible, I should like Archbishop Ireland to have the red hat; but what do you advise?'

It was a difficult position. 'I am entirely against it,' I said; 'but we will leave it to Archbishop Ireland; he will refuse when I state the case.'

He did refuse; but President Roosevelt, in the goodness of his heart, no more realized how disastrous this step, if taken, would have been than he saw the consequences of his social courte-

sies to Booker Washington. Archbishop Ireland, to his honor, declined to take advantage of his ardent admiration and friendship.

III

President Roosevelt loved a good book, and it made no difference whether the book was old or new. In a letter he wrote me just before his death, he rejoiced over the fact that Kermit had written a poem in praise of Camoens, whose ancient volume he had cherished in many voyages. He would actually pounce on a good thing in literature. He was constantly recommending books to me, and I returned the compliment. Once, when he was going West, he asked me to send him something I liked. It was almost hopeless to find anything he had not read; but I made up a packet of Lady Gregory's plays, William Yeats's poems, some verses by Tom Daly, and, I think, Douglas Hyde's *Songs of Connaught*.

When he came back, his mind was full of the Celtic sagas; he had, as it were, torn the essence of the Celtic spirit from its body. 'I find,' he said, 'in the pagan Celtic literature an ideal of romantic love which I supposed had only come in with Christianity.'

As an amateur in Celtic literature I was soon left behind in President Roosevelt's rapid advance in his Gallic studies. One day I said to him, 'You must concentrate your ideas of Celtic literature in an article, which I shall ask you to publish in the *Century Magazine*.'

He promised. Time passed; there was a period of political turmoil; tremendous rows in the Senate, — I think Senator Chandler was leading a revolt there, — and one day at lunch, he said to me, 'I will give you your article to-day; it is for the *Century*. Look it over.'

'But, Mr. President,' I said, 'how could you find the quietness of mind to write a paper like this when you and

the Senate seemed to be on the verge of an open war?'

'It was just the time for quiet and interesting work,' he replied; 'it took my mind off that caterwauling.'

When the article came out, splendidly illustrated by Lyndecker, he sent me, on Washington's birthday, the original of the beautiful picture of Queen Meave, with an inscription.

He was very desirous of meeting William Yeats, the poet; but Yeats, who wandered in fairyland, was very hard to bring down to an exact date. The President hoped to arrange an appropriate party for him; but Yeats, lost in darkest Washington, did not appear at my club until very late on the night preceding the luncheon; consequently there was no great party. The children, however, were there, with Mrs. Roosevelt — Archie apparently the most anxious to hear about the Irish fairies.

The Celtic poet seemed very happy, but he was silent. President Roosevelt beamed through his glasses, and tried to draw him out.

Suddenly Yeats said, 'It's the Little People we must consider.'

'Oh, yes,' the President rejoined, rather surprised, 'I believe with all my heart in the preservation of the little nations.'

Yeats looked astonished, and I said, 'By the "Little People" he means the Irish fairies.'

It was President Roosevelt's turn to look astonished. 'Mr. Yeats, have you ever seen an Irish fairy?' he asked, with a glint in his eye.

'Many times,' Yeats said solemnly. 'Sure, not only I, but every Irishman, especially the old ones that mow the hay in the twilight, have seen the Little People many and many a time; but they are not small insignificant creatures, like the English fairies; they are giants, the old gods come back again.'

The President was bowled out, but

the children found themselves on congenial ground.

President Roosevelt was the most considerate of friends. He never forgot the slightest detail of one's family life, and one's children seemed to take a great place in his heart. When my son Gerald, now in France, was presented to him, by his request, he was only prevented, he said, by the presence of older and more formal people from trying a bout at jiu-jitsu with him on the floor of the Cabinet room. 'The only game that I can't play,' said the President, 'is baseball. I must wear glasses, and I think I am afraid of only one thing — a baseball coming at me in the dark.'

'What a pity,' said the very young Freshman; 'you don't know what you miss, Mr. President. I will not believe,' this artless youth added, to Mrs. Roosevelt, 'that the President is the kind of man that keeps a valet.'

'There's always Alice,' the President said; 'she's the best valet I know.'

In all our long intercourse, during which there were some hot arguments, the President was really irritated with me only once, and that was when I deliberately, while he was talking, cut the pages of a new book which he had not yet read. I could not resist the temptation. I saw fire in his eyes, and I sympathized with him. The book was, I think, Eckstein's *Relations of Literature and History*.

In May, 1910, Mr. Roosevelt came to Copenhagen. Scandinavia had not at first been included in his itinerary, but I explained to him that the Nobel Prize people would be greatly offended, and probably refuse to give the prize to another American, if he did not make the required speech at Christiania. This brought him, as I knew it would. Denmark was aflame with enthusiasm; to the Scandinavians, he was the one great figure in the world. King Frederick

VIII was obliged to be away from his palace; but he arranged that every honor should be shown to the ex-President. The fact that Mrs. Roosevelt and the two young people, Ethel and Kermit, were to be in the party, added to everybody's pleasure.

But how was he to be ranked? The papers called him 'Colonel.' Now a colonel in the army, at an official dinner at the Danish Court, might rank somewhere near the end of the table. The Marshal of the Court, most anxious to carry out the wishes of the King and Crown Prince, was puzzled. I had to solve the problem quickly. I do not know what Colonel Roosevelt would have done if he had known my method, because, while carefully guarding all reasonable forms and ceremonies, he was intensely democratic. When the Foreign Office asked me how an ex-President ranked at home, I answered simply that in Denmark I expected that he, his wife and children, would be ranked as royal highnesses, and that he would have the same honors that might have been given the late Prince Consort of Great Britain and Ireland, or the present Prince Consort of the Queen of Holland. It worked.

On going away, Colonel Roosevelt said, 'The monarchs treated me well everywhere, but I seemed to be in wrong with the court people; but here everything went as smooth as glass. If we had been royalties ourselves, the formalities could not have gone more smoothly; I love these Danes.'

I found it safer to be silent as to my methods.

The difficulties with Cardinal Merry del Val as to Mr. Roosevelt's presentation to the Pope had somewhat puzzled him. Pius X had expressed an ardent desire to see him; but Colonel Roosevelt had evidently forgotten the rather artificial point of view of courts in arranging for his visit to the Vatican.

The matter might have been easily arranged without unnecessary fracas, if etiquette had been carefully observed, and the Papal Secretary of State had been willing to stretch a point in favor of the ex-President of a Republic. Colonel Roosevelt was consoled by the assurance that a mere lapse in etiquette would not seriously injure him in the opinion of people whose respect and affection he had gained; and nobody regretted the incident more sincerely than the Pope himself.

On the day of Mr. Roosevelt's arrival at Copenhagen, the extreme Radicals and the Socialists were on the *qui vive*. Colonel Roosevelt had fought capitalism; he was one of them. And when, as the Crown Prince in uniform, with his chamberlains and esquires, waited solemnly, Colonel Roosevelt suddenly descended from the train, he wore a wide-brimmed hat and old army overcoat, and carried a red book under his arm. He saluted my wife, clasped my hand very warmly, and said, 'Old chap, I have lost my luggage.'

'All right,' I said; 'we'll find it. — Your Royal Highness, I have the honor to present to you His Excellency the late President of the United States of America.'

'Delighted, Prince,' Roosevelt said.

'Now,' the Crown Prince said, laughing, 'you must let me help you find your luggage.' And he took Colonel Roosevelt's arm.

It was the beginning of a warm friendship.

The luggage did not arrive in time for the Court dinner that evening; but Mrs. Roosevelt earned the regard of everybody at Court by appearing very simply, and without apology, in her traveling gown.

When Colonel Roosevelt made his speech at the City Hall, the ultra-Radicals and the Socialists were deeply disappointed. He was more conservative than the Danish Conservatives, they said; but his speech resulted in making the advanced theories of some of these people seem very unreasonable, and for this he received the enthusiastic applause of the Danes who stood for law and order, liberty and not license.

After we had said good-bye at the station, in 1910, I saw him only once until May, 1918, when we lunched at the Harvard Club, and I heard his speech to the 'Blue Devils,' who sang their favorite songs for him. After that I was too ill to see him, but our exchange of notes was rapid.

He is gone. We cannot recall him; the thought of his loss is to those who knew him a gnawing pain. To try to console one's self by the remembrance of the great things he did, is useless. Other men have done great things, but there was only one Roosevelt. 'He is a Man,' the young King of Denmark said, and I can say no more. May eternal Light shine upon him!

THE NORTH DAKOTA IDEA

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE farmers of North Dakota have embarked upon an experiment in public ownership and control more radical than any yet attempted by any American state. Organized as members of the National Non-Partisan League, and controlling the legislative machinery of the state, they have amended their constitution and passed a long programme of bills.

This legislation permits the state to engage in any kind of business. It provides for state-owned terminal elevators and flour-mills; a state bank, to finance these and other enterprises; an industrial commission, to organize and direct such businesses, consisting of the Governor, the Attorney-General, and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor.

The state is to build homes and buy farms, within certain price-limits, for groups of citizens who put up twenty per cent of the cost and engage to pay the remainder, at a low rate of interest, within a period of twenty years. There is provision for state hail-insurance, for reducing discriminatory freight-rates, for various revenue measures intended to put the burden of taxation on those best able — in the opinion of the farmers — to bear it. In other words, the citizens of a purely agricultural community, — about eighty-five per cent of the population of North Dakota is ‘rural,’ — using political weapons found effective elsewhere, have set about remoulding their neighborhood according to what they fancy is their heart’s desire.

There are two opinions of this phenomenon.

(1) The farmers themselves feel that they are fighting a battle for the people; and in the enthusiasm which accompanies any such movement in its beginnings, they look on themselves as skirmishers in a sort of holy war.

(2) Their opponents, who include not only those whose immediate interests may be affected, but also a considerable portion, probably the majority, of the substantial non-farming citizens, both within and without the state, honestly opposed to what they regard as a ‘menace,’ attack the Leaguers furiously as ‘Socialists,’ ‘Anarchists,’ and ‘Bolsheviki.’

In North Dakota itself, in St. Paul and Minneapolis and the neighborhood, the fight has reached a bitterness which entirely obscures the essential issues in a cloud of abuse and recrimination. If the Leaguers authorize the governor to investigate the feasibility of establishing a state publishing-plant, to supply school-books, the opposition promptly roars that the ‘Red Fingers of Socialism are Closing on the Entire School System of North Dakota.’ The Leaguers, on the other hand, refer to their critics as ‘relics of the Stone Age,’ slaves of ‘Big Biz,’ the ‘Kept Press,’ in their calmer moments; or, more whole-heartedly, as ‘liars,’ ‘assassins,’ ‘journalistic harlots,’ and ‘black-hearted skunks.’

Having dodged through this bombardment, and been to North Dakota and back again; having read some thousands of words of propaganda on both

sides; having seen the North Dakota Legislature at work, and observed and talked with Non-Partisan leaders, and the rank and file, I propose to set down here a statement of some of the more essential facts; and, with the indulgence of those to whom it is an old story, to tell how the North Dakota Idea originated, what it has done, and where it seems to be going.

I

North Dakota is a big open place, with tiny specks of houses, like period marks on a blank sheet of paper, punctuating its endless plains. It is as large as New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut put together, and has only some 700,000 people — more than Buffalo, New York, but less than Brooklyn.

The largest town, Fargo, — which is very citified for its size, like the great majority of such Western towns, — has only about 20,000. Fargo is almost on the eastern state-line. Five hours westward, across the prairie, is the capital, Bismarck, from any corner in which you can see the open country at the end of the street.

Nearly all these people are farmers, — not ‘gentlemen farmers,’ but regular frontier farmers (there is still plenty of unploughed land in North Dakota), — fighting drought, hail, cold, loneliness, and all the diseases crops are heir to, and, more often than not, a mortgage held by some more gentleman-like person farther east. You or I get a Western loan, and are charmed with our six per cent. The agent who finds us the loan takes his commission, the local Dakota agent takes his, and the man who needs the money most, takes the real risk, and stakes everything on his season’s crop, pays, perhaps, ten, or even twelve, per cent. One of the bills passed by the North Dakota Legislature makes an

interest rate higher than nine per cent usurious.

It is a great wheat-country — so flat sometimes, that you could plough a straight furrow a mile long, and turn water into it at one end, and the water would run right down the furrow to the other end, without spreading. In a good year North Dakota rolls up a hundred million bushels of wheat and another hundred million bushels of other grain — several hundred million dollars’ worth of the realest sort of wealth, out of this so-called ‘debtor state.’ There is, perhaps, no state in the Union which produces, per man, so much real wealth.

The wheat goes out of the state at wholesale prices, and everything the farmer needs comes in at retail prices — even the flour made out of his own wheat. And although his farm may be only a few hundred miles away from the mill, the local price for flour is often higher than the price somebody in Norfolk, Virginia, more than a thousand miles away, is paying for the same flour. The reason for this, of course, is that the big millers, making vastly more flour than they can sell in any one neighborhood, get as good a price as they can close by; and they meet distant competition and sell the rest, at a lower profit, perhaps, but still a profit, in neighborhoods farther away. In the same way American steel rails have been sold cheaper in Europe than at home.

Inequalities of this sort are not peculiar to North Dakota, but they stand out more clearly in the empty prairie air. The New York City equivalent of the Dakota farmer, jammed in his subway train with thousands like himself, is so enmeshed in a complex economic machine that it is not easy for him to tell who really pays his weekly salary, and to whom, really, the money goes which he gives the clerk in the grocery

or department store. He growls a little, and goes right on hanging to his strap. Anyhow, he says, 'What's the use?' Or he goes to a show. Or a sort of neighborhood feeling, made up of countless indefinable human elements, gathers round him rather pleasantly, like a sort of warm mist, and he says, 'After all, little old New York is good enough for me.'

It is different in North Dakota. There are no storied urns in sight. The prairie is bare of all those warm accumulated humanities which make city folks forget. Life is almost as simple and understandable as it was for Robinson Crusoe.

The bank that the city man goes to is a great stone pile which seems embedded in the general scheme of things. He pays his money to or gets it from a clerk as little and unimportant as himself, and goes his way. When the Dakota farmer drives in from the prairie to the station or the water-tank, and a little group of weatherbeaten shacks which make the town, he finds, perhaps, a general store, and, across from it, a little building labeled 'Bank.' And whatever contrasts there may be, favorable or otherwise, between the wheat-grower in the sheep-lined overcoat, who drives in through the twenty-below-zero weather, and the man in a white collar who sits in the warm bank, will be clearly felt. His relations with the banker and the store-keeper and the elevator-man and the freight-agent will be as concrete and simple almost as if he were an Indian bringing in a lot of beaver-skins, to trade for the white man's jack-knives and fire-water.

II

Now, recalling these things about the farmer himself, imagine yourself a farmer-legislator in Bismarck, on one of those crystal-clear, dry, cold North

Dakota days, when the smoke rises straight from the little white frame houses, and you can see in any direction any number of miles.

The Capitol, an ugly, square brick structure at the top of the slope on the edge of town, is the last thing between the city and a prairie which is almost as it was when buffalo roamed over it. The little town below, with its one- and two-story houses, seems, in the immensity around it, less like a city, in the smoky Eastern sense of the word, than like a sort of moss or lichen, wistfully spreading over the prairie grass. Turning away from it, you look out across rolling billows of country as over a sort of ocean — you might be on the Arctic or the Russian steppes.

I went up there by the water-tank, after a long afternoon in the legislature, just as a red sun was going down behind the low, gaunt hills that mark the course of the Missouri. That sun had swung across the sky, as unobstructed as the sun at sea. In the still, dry, crystal-clear air one could see any number of miles. A light snow had dusted the short prairie grass, until it looked as if covered with alkali, and had given to this empty world a curious air of austerity and almost of desolation. Far in the distance one saw a lonely silo or windmill; and once an automobile drew a dot across the white, miles away, with the look of some curious bit of stage-management.

The long deep-sea prairie swells, not a stone to break the soft grass carpet, seemed made for the unshod feet of Indian ponies. One felt like jumping on a pony and streaking over them, westward, to catch the sun. It was beautiful to anyone who had grown up in prairie country, with that austere, yet lifting beauty of the desert, and the ocean, and cities, and all that goes with them seemed far away, trifling, and tame.

One could well imagine that, if one lived in one of those far-off specks of houses, and had, or thought one had, any grievance against that remote city world, and one's neighbor five miles away felt the same, and the next neighbor, five miles farther on, the same, this grievance would stand out like a searchlight, undimmed by the big city's distractions and boredom and collective skepticism. And plainly, if all of you, having practically the same interests, got together to right it, you might go breezing on, unchecked by the city man's necessity, or compromise with somebody across the street whose interests were quite different.

This is what happened in North Dakota. The farmers had long felt that they had a grievance. That is the heart of the North Dakota Idea.

A good many things went to make up this sense of grievance. Some were what might be called psychological—the distrust often felt by isolated, unorganized, hard-working men for the far-off organized forces largely controlling their income and expenditure. Interest rates in pioneer neighborhoods may be no higher than the business sense of the lender demands; yet this does not prevent the ultimate borrower from feeling somehow 'done' when he pays his ten per cent. There were legislators who seemed to have less interest in the people they were supposed to represent than in interests farther off. People seem to agree that a certain amount of 'rough stuff' was 'put over' in North Dakota, as in other new states. Setting aside these things, and the complaints about unjust freight-rates and extortionate middlemen, which are similar everywhere, the special North Dakota grievance gathered about wheat.

The farmers did not feel that out of the hundreds of millions of dollars of wealth they produced each year, they

got what was coming to them. There were many items in their complaint, including freight- and interest-rates and the price of the flour that came back to them: some things comparatively casual, like grain grades; some comparatively inevitable, like the loss to the soil of the thousands of tons of mineral matter sifted out each year and sold as feed or otherwise by out-of-the-state millers. Among the more concrete dissatisfactions are those which have to do with grain grades.

The price which a farmer receives for any particular lot of wheat is determined by two factors—*grading*, that is to say, whether it is A No. 1 wheat, or belongs in class 2, 3, 4, or 5; and *dockage*, the amount subtracted for the estimated amount of dirt, chaff, seeds not wheat, and other foreign matter.

If a load of No. 1 wheat has 14 per cent moisture in it, it still sells as No. 1 wheat. If it has 14.5 per cent, it becomes, under the Federal grain-grading system, No. 2 wheat; if 15 per cent, No. 3; and so on. There are various other tests for grade, not—so Dr. Ladd, the wheat expert at the North Dakota Agricultural School would tell you—based on the food-value of the grain (the values people have learned since the war), so much as on the predilection of the American public for a certain kind of white bread. A few years ago, for instance, the North Dakota wheat-crop was shriveled, and a large part of it was sold as very low grade 'feed-wheat.' Dr. Ladd experimented on some of this same wheat in his own mill and bakery, and found, he says, that the real difference in flour-value between this so-called feed-wheat and first-class No. 1 wheat was only about 11 cents a bushel, while the difference in the price the farmers actually received was over a dollar.

The farmers get nothing for the dockage. That is simply subtracted in a

lump, and the millers or elevator-men afterward sift it out and sell it. Dr. Ladd has estimated that the farmers lose over \$2,000,000 in dockage and screenage alone on a 100,000,000 bushel wheat-crop.

Now, the North Dakota wheat is sold mostly through the Twin Cities and Duluth. The great Minneapolis flour-mills suck it up by hundreds of millions of bushels, and strew it forth again, in the form of flour, over the wide world. They control the Northwestern wheat-market just as the Chicago packers control the market for cattle.

The farmers were not satisfied with the Minnesota grain grading — they are not satisfied even with the new Federal grain grades, and maintain that they are too complicated to be applied in the average country elevator. They did not like losing the dockage, which, they thought, might be saved if they had big elevators of their own. But they had, according to their own story, still further cause for complaint. Taking the figures used by Dr. Ladd and others, they found that between September, 1910, and August, 1912, the terminal elevators received 15,571,575 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat; and while they had no wheat of this grade on hand, and only about 100,000 bushels at the end of the period, they nevertheless shipped out of the elevators, 19,978,727 bushels of No. 1 wheat. In other words, here were 4,500,000 bushels of No. 1 wheat for which the farmers say they had been paid the price of lower grades. There was a similar loss, they say, of 2,000,000 bushels on No. 2 wheat.

Of course, some of this wheat may have come in damp, been dried in the elevator, and thus raised to a higher grade; or the small amount of foreign matter which reduced its grade may have been sifted out, and the bulk thus raised in grade. That is one of the argu-

ments for big elevators owned by the farmers themselves. What may happen is illustrated by a little episode related by Mr. John Hagin, the North Dakota Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture. Last autumn Mr. Hagin went back to his farm from Bismarck, to help market his wheat. He drove the first wagon-load to the elevator himself, and saw it weighed and graded. It was the best No. 1 wheat. On the way back, he met the second wagon, changed seats, and drove this one to the elevator. It was wheat from the same field, and, so far as he knew, of exactly the same value; but the elevator-man found a few grains of rye in it, and graded it down as No. 2. The field had been sown to rye a couple of years before, and a little self-sown rye-seed had got in near one of the old stacks.

"Now I knew the elevator-man," said Mr. Hagin, "and I knew the elevator, and that the first load had gone into No. 7 bin. And I said, 'Joe, where are you going to put this second lot?'"

"Oh, in No. 7," he said.

"But," I told him, "you'll only get No. 2 grade then, on the whole lot."

"Oh, no!" he said; "there'll be enough No. 1 in before it goes out, so it won't show. It'll all go out as No. 1."

When this happens between friends who call each other by their first names, it is not hard to conceive that an even less satisfactory disposition of consignments might be made, when big terminal elevators are handling wheat for farmers hundreds of miles away. The farmers tried to improve matters by building coöperative elevators, — some of the Canadian farmers who have had similar difficulties are said to have done this very successfully, — but they finally decided that the only satisfactory solution was for the state itself to build terminal elevators, in which they could do their own grading, mixing, and docking.

After several years of agitation the people voted for state-owned elevators, by a large majority. They did this twice. Both times the legislature, controlled, as the Leaguers now put it, by the 'old gang,' turned them down; and the second time, when they sent a delegation to protest, they were told by one of the opposition, to 'go home and slop the hogs.'

The phrase was not a happy one. It was one of those things which get remembered. It became a sort of war-cry in North Dakota; and though it was spoken several years ago, I saw it in print and heard it repeated over and over again while I was in Bismarck this winter.

III

It was at this psychological moment, after a lot of smouldering discontent, and after the legislators had thrown them down, that A. C. Townley, of Beach, North Dakota, appeared on the scene.

Townley — of whose personality I shall speak more in detail later — is a young man of imagination and great natural ability. With no initial capital except his own energy and a borrowed Ford, he started a movement which, in four years, has built up a fighting organization controlling the political machinery of one state, and reaching out into several others, and the members of which swear by their leader as if he combined all the admirable qualities of Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

The bitter criticisms of Mr. Townley as a leader of farmers, on the ground that he failed in his two wild plunges into farming, seem rather beside the mark. Each man to his job. There are men who make things for the pleasure of making them, and men whose pleasure it is to direct the making of things, and both are needed in a complex world.

At the same time, in measuring the depth of Mr. Townley's convictions, and the soundness of his agitation, it is no more than just to recall that he is no North Dakota Cincinnatus, reluctantly called from the plough, — the Non-Partisan Governor, Lynn Frazier, is more in that line, — but a dynamic person, more in his element leading an army of farmers than being a farmer himself. In 1911, Townley tried wheat-farming on a large scale, near Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, and failed, it is said, with a loss of some \$70,000. He next tried flax, near Beach, North Dakota, with the notion, so his opponents say, of winning the title of 'Flax King.' Frost caught the crop, and the judgments against Townley and his brother are said to have been in the neighborhood of \$400,000. In bankruptcy proceedings last year at Bismarck, there were liabilities of \$79,000, and assets of \$479.

Townley's ingenuity in turning even such episodes to his advantage was shown one evening during my stay in Bismarck, when he spoke at a meeting called primarily to discuss the new State Bank. It was the first time, I believe, that he had spoken in Bismarck, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Looking down at the crowd, nearly every one of whom had probably at some time in his life had a mortgage hanging over him, he drawled out an ironical, 'Yes, I'm famous as the only man who ever went broke in North Dakota . . . and had recourse to the same laws which rich men made to protect themselves.' The soundness of this comment on bankruptcy laws might be open to argument, but the crowd applauded.

Well, Townley started out with his Ford and his idea. A substantial farmer, F. B. Wood, of Deering, North Dakota, who had been active for years in the Farmers' Equity Society, joined Townley and became the League's first

vice-president. The idea caught on; new recruits themselves became organizers, each taking along with him, into a strange neighborhood, some farmer known in the locality to back him up.

The original volunteers soon grew into an organization which could hire canvassers on a commission basis. A state paper was started in the fall of 1915, and in 1916 a full state ticket was nominated. At the election that fall all the state officials but one were elected, as were a majority of the House members, and eighteen out of the twenty-five men sent that year to the Senate. In 1918, the League won a majority in both houses, and elected its candidates for Governor, Attorney-General, Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture, — the present Industrial Commission, — and the Supreme Court.

The story of this fight, — the adventures of motor-car canvassers, the big picnics, the building up of a chain of newspapers, the mob attacks on League organizers last summer, on charges of disloyalty, especially in Minnesota, — all this is too long to go into here. The essential point, the difference between this and most other farmer organizations, was that it started out toward the definite goal of a fighting political machine, with money, newspapers, and brains behind it.

Money was one essential. It was needed to work with, and it was needed to help make the farmers — notorious individualists — ‘stick.’ Men who had paid real money would want to follow it up. The dues, first set at \$2.50, were raised to \$16 for fixed two-year periods. That is to say, whether you join in the first or in the last month of the twenty-four, you pay your \$16 just the same. If the figures for League memberships are accurate, here, right away, is more than \$3,000,000 to work with.

Another essential was a machine which the enemy could not smash or

creep into unawares; and up to the present, the Non-Partisan League has been air-tight. At the top, as President and Chairman of the National Executive Committee, is Townley himself. The three members of the Executive Committee hold office in such a way that the term of only one expires every two years, and the other two nominate his successor. Townley’s term expired this year; and although millions of fiery words have been written against him, and he has been called everything, from autocrat to traitor, he was returned as president by a vote of more than a hundred to one.

The executive officers of each group, beginning with the precinct, elect one of their number to the group next above it; so that the men on top must be elected several times over ‘by those who know them, who must work with them, and whose economic interests are the same as their own,’ making it impossible, as a League publicist explains, ‘for any enemy to run the gauntlet, and get into a position where he can betray the organization into the hands of its enemies.’

The same advocate, after pointing out the difference between a ‘democratic army’ and an army ‘fighting for democracy,’ asks if the Non-Partisan League is now a democratic organization, in the sense that it is governed by its own members in the same manner in which it proposes that the state and nation shall be governed by their citizens, after the League programme has been adopted.

‘The answer is, that it is not. The battle is on now; there must be a commander . . . the great monopolies now fighting the Non-Partisan League are not and do not pretend to be democratic, and in order to attain democracy, these great political machines, which now act as the servants of the great private monopolies, must be beaten and

destroyed in a political battle. This can be done only by another machine, with all the money required and more solidarity, more compactness, more men, more votes, more courage, and a better generalship. The Non-Partisan League is trying to build and be that kind of a fighting machine.'

Publicity was another essential; so they started, in St. Paul, the *National Non-Partisan Leader*, an illustrated weekly, going practically to every member of the League. In North Dakota there are now two daily papers, and little weeklies in every county in the state.

So much for the League's general outline. Its co-operative stores and various other activities can scarcely, for the moment, be considered here.

IV

No outsider could drop into Bismarck for even a day or two, without being impressed by the very different elements included in the League. On the one hand are the farmers themselves, thinking a good deal of concrete grievances and concrete remedies affecting the day-to-day lives of themselves and neighbors, and very little of phrases and theories. On the other hand are the non-farming theorists, attracted to the movement from without, and doing more or less to direct it.

I talked with a number of the farmers, and found their point of view much the same. They all had the same story of unjust grain grades, freight- and interest-rates, and what they described as the financial tyranny of the Twin Cities. They admitted that they might make mistakes, that they did not like all the people attracted to the organization, but believed that they were going to do good. Their notions of legislative and judicial responsibility were sometimes rather naive. Some seemed to

take it as rather a matter of course that the Supreme Court judges elected by them would decide questions as they wished them decided; and the attempt two years ago to amend the state Constitution by passing amendments in the form of bills — the famous 'House Bill 44' — did not disturb them. It only saved time, they said; the people would have endorsed the legislation later if it had passed; a point of view perhaps not unnatural in states brought up under the initiative and referendum. Any references to the opposition's talk about 'Bolshevism' they impatiently brushed aside.

'Call it anything you want to,' they would say: 'never mind the names. *This is what the people want!*'

This idea was fixed, and no suggestion that they were being misled by dangerous agitators could shake it out of them. They began to get bored as soon as talk turned that way, and soon brushed it aside, with 'That's all camouflage.' Several added the rather startling suggestion, that they believed it better to bring about a revolution peacefully with the ballot than in some other way.

The League floor-leader in the House, Representative Dell Patterson, a substantial-looking middle-aged farmer, whose tall, spectacled wife looked down on him from the gallery every afternoon, while she crocheted busily, was one of those who made this observation. He spoke feelingly of their splendid wheatland and the great crops they rolled up every year, and it troubled him that there should be '\$310,000,000 in first farm-mortgages' in North Dakota, and the amount growing, he said, by a million every year. They had no fears of Townley: he was 'one of the country's great men.'

I saw a good deal of young Mr. Maddock, assistant floor-leader — a characteristic prairie Webster, with a lofty

pompadour of curly brown hair, and a statesman-like solemnity, which broke every now and then into an engaging boyishness. He took his work with great seriousness, and one evening, when we happened to sit at the same table at dinner, ordered only milk toast and tea. I asked if he were under the weather. No, he said, but when he was off the farm and not working out of doors he found it better not to eat much. 'I find it reduces my efficiency,' he explained; and then added, 'as they say,' with his bashful smile.

He went on to talk about the farmer-legislators. 'I used to have misgivings about us farmers too,' he said, 'and feel afraid that we lacked experience; but after two years in the House, I believe we're just as broad-minded as any other class of people — as lawyers, for instance. Of course, we'll make mistakes, and it is discouraging to find here and there men who would sacrifice the cause for their own selfish ends. But I don't believe you will find anywhere in the country a legislature more sincere and serious than this one is, in trying to do the best thing for the people.'

No protest of this sort could be made at any time, without attracting a certain number of local ne'er-do-wells, and it could not be made at this particular time without drawing into it clever non-resident theorists, who hitch themselves to the movement with the hope of working out their theories vicariously, at any rate. Nearly every day someone dropped off the overland train to take a look at the legislature, and, as Professor Max Eastman expressed it, 'to get a breath of free air.' In other words, although the core of the North Dakota Idea is simple enough, its periphery is a good deal more complicated.

I am not considering, in this doubtful fringe, questions of loyalty, about which perhaps enough was said and

done in the Northwest last summer; but the present issue of public *versus* private ownership, and the social and political ideas of the theoretical people who have been drawn toward the movement, and what may be their ultimate ends and aims.

One of the exotic figures, for instance, with which the stranger in Bismarck was immediately struck, was that of the League's principal spellbinder, Mr. Walter Thomas Mills. Mr. Mills is a speaker and writer instead of a farmer, the author of *The Struggle for Existence* and *Democracy or Despotism*. He is a pleasant little gentleman, with white side-whiskers and jolly blue eyes, and suggests a sort of domesticated Ibsen. He was born in New England, educated at Oberlin, and was for many years interested in temperance agitation. A socialistic administration in Milwaukee once sent him on a five-year trip around the world, to investigate municipal and other questions. He knows all about Denmark and the farmers' co-operative work there, the British Labor Party, and what has been done along socialistic lines in Australia and New Zealand. Ingratiating to talk with, very popular with the farmers' wives in the Non-Partisan Woman's Auxiliary, he becomes a veritable little giant on the platform, and one of the most effective agitators in the country. He is employed by the League at a good salary as a writer and speaker.

In a pamphlet written as an answer to the criticisms against Townley and the League, and setting forth its purposes, he says, —

To vote once in four years, to elect someone to office, who will afterwards appoint a postmaster . . . and then to work for four years with no voice in fixing the prices received when labor and the products of labor are sold, and with no voice in fixing prices when the means of life are brought out of the market, may be universal [suffrage] as to

the number of people who vote, but it is not universal as related to the matters of most vital concern to all the people.

In discussing the question of 'regulation,' as opposed to public ownership, he says,—

There is a general pretension that the functions of the government shall be restricted to the work of protection only. . . . It is agreed that the government shall protect 'shopkeepers' from 'shoplifters,' who pilfer goods; but what is the government to do when 'shopkeepers' become, themselves, 'shoplifters,' and by unfair prices rob the public, in an afternoon, of greater values than all the nimble-fingered thieves together could smuggle from the market in a half-century?

The older the world gets, and the better it is organized, the easier and more certain it ought to be for every useful person to be able early in life to become the owner of his own home or his own farm, or a proportionate share in the industry in which he is collectively employed with others.

The battle for democracy means more than admitting all the people into a share of the control of the government. It means also admitting the government into direct ownership organization and management of collective interests, in the means and processes by which we live, *so far, and only so far, as these must either be public enterprises or public monopolies.*

The Non-Partisan League is now the most democratic and most vital factor in the political life of this country. With its natural development, or as the result of the inevitable alliance, it offers to every useful citizen the opportunity for a greater social service than any other organization now in existence, or likely to come into existence during the life of this generation.

'Fall In! Attention, Squad! Eyes to the Front! Forward, March!'

Mr. Mills evidently is not thinking merely of North Dakota and improved methods of grading wheat. Here is another side-light. On February 9, Governor Frazier went down to Chicago to speak at a meeting of the new Labor

Party there. The Chicago Union Labor men have frankly gone into politics, have nominated a full city ticket, and established a well-edited paper, *The New Majority.*

The Governor told how James J. Hill once advised the North Dakota farmers to keep out of politics because 'politics were rotten.' The Governor said that, if they were, the farmers and city workingmen were to blame. He told what they had done in North Dakota, and urged farmers and city workers to get together and 'through the intelligent use of political power make our nation a better place in which to live.'

Governor Frazier is not in the least like Mr. Mills. He is a regular farmer, and the movies, showing him driving a reaper and washing up in a tin basin outside his kitchen door, prove it. He is good-natured and heavy, speaks and thinks rather slowly, and a sarcastic critic has likened him to a homesick ox, dreaming in the Capitol's marble halls of his native pasture. Yet here he was, hobnobbing with Union labor men far away from North Dakota; and some of the more enthusiastic of the latter were assuring him that if the new North Dakota bank needed help, there was a lot of Chicago workingmens' savings which would be deposited there.

And here is another example. Early in the session, Townley pleaded one evening with his followers, and begged them not to waste time on foolish little bills.

Kill the six big league bills, and you could stay here sixty days and pass sixty bills a day, and you would be remembered only as the biggest bunch of fools who ever got under one roof in the history of the world. But if you forget all the other bills and pass those six, this North Dakota legislature will be known for five hundred years as the greatest gathering of men since the Revolutionary War.

I want you to come out of yourselves, to

remember that to put over this people's industrial programme is the biggest thing you will ever have an opportunity to do. . . . Believe me, if you will do that, I will agree, with the aid of organizers and speakers who will come here and help, to carry that message, in the next six or eight years, to a majority of the people in the United States, and the day will come when this programme will be the programme of the United States. Then our work will be done.

The Townley machine worked perfectly until the League programme had been passed and the Legislature had adjourned. Some murmurs of protest within the organization were heard a few weeks later — not against the gen-

eral industrial programme, but rather against two or three of the minor bills, especially one providing that the State printing should be given to but one paper instead of three in each county. This protest, loudly heralded by the opposition as an 'insurrection,' was attacked with equal vigor as 'treason' by Townley and the League press. The Governor, although not compelled to order a referendum unless there are 30,000 petitioners for it, stated that he would order one if there were 15,000 signers, reasonably well distributed. In that case, the disputed questions would be decided by a popular vote. And there the matter stands.

BED-ROCK

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN

It is no bad thing to see the deeper strata of one's being suddenly washed bare. When this happens, we get for once a clear picture of our substructure and foundations. We see whereon our house of life is built.

I know a woman, full of years and disabilities, who has just learned that she is, more than anything else whatsoever in past or present, in heaven or in hell, a middle-class American. It seems to her that she is this, even before she is an immortal soul. And she is satisfied therewith.

The shock of war crystallized the Americanism of us all; but even war did not pierce this woman so utterly as this recent self-revelation. Her husband is past fifty, and her grand-nephew still in rompers. So the great struggle did not take toll of her heart's blood. Be-

sides, she has the additional disadvantage of living in the Pacific Northwest. Out there they were a little ashamed of knowing themselves to be in one of the most comfortable and least inconvenienced sectors of the round globe during humanity's war. They worked, conserved, and gave all the more feverishly on that account; but all their sacrifices still left their advantages visible. With a mild climate, with fresh vegetables in their gardens the year round, sea-food at their doors, coal-mines ringing their cities, and even sugar more plentiful for weeks than in the East, their material testing seemed incomplete. War's menace was not a pistol held directly to their heads.

However, by just so much as these people are farther from Potsdam, by so much are they nearer Petrograd.

The other day there was staged in their chief city an attempted revolution. Its supreme result was to teach them the deeper values of their own civilization.

It is easy to say now that this attempt never had a chance of success, because the overwhelming majority of the citizens, including the permanent organized labor of the town, are sane, and as satisfied as it is healthy for Americans to become. This is true. It is also true that the mayor, of Norwegian ancestry, is a gritty American who loves a good fight, and the advisory committee of the incapacitated governor was notably strong. And the average citizen was fighting mad and keen for special police duty. Nevertheless, some anxiety about a projected dynamite explosion before the fuse is fired will always be justifiable. So many things may happen! The Seattle situation had, and still has, dangerous elements. It is always possible to mislead the weak and uninstructed. Then, too, organized labor is no more and no less inert and indolent in a perilous hour than the great mass of unorganized Americans.

We are unused to such perils, God be praised! We have not learned the game of meeting them. To the radicals, conservative labor showed itself reluctant and sullen. One heard denunciation on the street, wherever workmen talked together. 'It's the foreigners are pushing it. If they don't like this country, I say let 'em get out!' was the generally expressed feeling. Nevertheless, conservative labor allowed a small but noisy minority to play bear-leader, to make it dance to their tunes and lead it whither it would not, finally, go.

As for the radicals themselves, a disdained few were perverted Americans; others, and these the shrewdest, aliens, unnaturalized Russians sent over by

the Terrorist quasi-government for the ends of anarchy — also, incidentally, for the ends of graft; still others, — a considerable body of these, — rowdies brought from Eastern cities to 'start something' and to howl down speakers of opposite views at the union meetings; many were unrepentant pro-Germans; the remainder, that flotsam which is always at the mercy of the strident and determined.

These elements had leadership. A Russian gentleman of standing avers that Trotzky himself came over for that purpose, and divided some weeks between this and a near-by city, working up the movement. Russian money was known to have been brought in months before. About the same time, a newspaper was started, camouflaged at first as a legitimate labor-organ, but slyly growing bolder, until at last it approved openly the methods of 'our brothers in Russia.'

Probably the whole thing was as well organized for a revolution as the American circumstances permit. The arch-organizers looked the field well over. They selected the crucial hour of the world's unrest, and an overgrown Pacific seaport full of transient workers. If they could 'put it across' anywhere in America, this was the time and the place. A universal sympathetic strike was to be the signal — for what?

The woman whose experience I wish to record lives on the edge of an island looking across ten miles to the city whence her bread-and-butter comes. She is gray-haired, rheumatic, useless save in her home and garden. On the morning the Great Strike was called, she limped painfully down to the little grocery, to get a few pounds of rice, some lima beans, and salt pork. In case of long-continued interruption of transportation, or unprecedented disturbance, one could live for many days upon rice, lima beans, and salt pork.

Two men were in animated discussion by the roadside. She recognized a virulent pro-German and the blood-thirsty lad who had announced in her kitchen the day before, 'We don't care how we suffer, so we pull down the rich folks.' He was saying now excitedly, 'If we can only "get" that man —' The sentence hung unfinished in the air as she came nearer.

Her errand done, she took the trail homeward along the bluff, past thickets of madrones, underneath high-headed and high-hearted firs. It was close on ten o'clock, the hour set for the strike.

Like most women, this one was sometimes acutely sensitive to those unnamed etheric currents which we vaguely theorize about as transmitters of thought and feeling as well as of light, heat, and Hertzian waves. These currents assailed her now. She was keenly conscious of a strange thrill and tension; her nerves throbbed in response to unseen vibrations that hinted of fear and hate and horror. To her surprise she became aware of a singular nausea, such as comes after the shock of broken bones. Also, the solid ground actually heaved uncertainly as she trod it.

This woman had known the common lot. I do not claim for her much achieved wisdom, but assuredly she had said 'Yea' to all of life, the bitter and the bright alike, because from both *she learned*. She had worked, suffered, rejoiced. The world had looked to her at times beautiful, at times tragic and terrible. Never before had it moved like quicksand beneath her feet. That soft gray city across the Sound dreaming bloody revolution? Absurd!

Yet why absurd? In a world which had been flagrantly sick and insane for four weary years, nothing was impossible. Nothing at all! Doubtless Belgium would have said 'absurd' before the beasts in gray-green crossed her borders.

The woman stood motionless, arrested by the thrust of the question — suppose the incredible does take shape before your eyes, what account can you give of yourself in that hour?

This was her country. For ten long generations it had been the country of her fathers, law-abiding and God-seeking men. There came upon her with the vehemence of lightning one of those insights by which the human spirit elects to live and die.

'Either this is America or it is not,' she said. 'I would rather die than see America anything but America. *I reject life on any other terms.* I will die fighting — even I — for what we have of order and of liberty. And before death I will account for three of Law's enemies, which are America's. That shall be my share!'

Fierce resolutions these for gray hair, unsteady knees, and a leaking heart! But with them came quick, curious reassurance. The ground heaved no longer. The sickness passed. The world was suddenly normal and herself confident and calm.

'Don't you feel very — well, *queer* and trembly?' asked a neighbor whom she met on the trail.

And she responded equably, disregarding her recent alarms, 'Not a bit. Everything is going to be all right. I am sure of it.'

She made her way home as speedily as she might. Once there, she took out the huge, old-fashioned six-shooter, recently oiled and cleaned. In the last ditch one turns to such things as these. The prospect of demonstrating her Americanism with a gun was gravely reassuring! Soldiers, no doubt, can better the sensations, but for her they served. I literally cannot overstate the sweetness to this mild, middle-aged creature of the thought of dying out of an incredible world, in a fight for the best that world has achieved of liberty

and of law. It was as if she had found at last the very thing for which she had been born.

She saw as clearly as you the absurdity of the fact that willingness to deal death and to die before barricades — happily hypothetical as yet — should bring instant confidence and peace to one of her years and infirmities. She could picture her friends laughing until they cried at the suggestion. Pure farce, of course! But her instantaneous, passionate reaction to the insight vouchsafed her was as undisturbed by the thought of derision as by the thought of death.

One point remained to settle. Every man has his own America. What was hers? She had criticized America often and violently. She had scolded about its greed, its graceless materialism, its movies, its motors. Why was it now so precious that for its sake death looked desirable and dear?

Facing this issue, first of all she saw, and was glad to see, that the core of America's meaning to her had little to do with her own life, her own ease and wont. That life was nearly over; she had neither wealth nor power, and was not greatly interested in either. She had, it is true, her home, and that was vital. On a high bluff, in the eye of the sun and the arms of the wind, it lies, far beneath the fir-tops, small, intimate and dear, holding a little beauty and much peace. It was her heart's fortress, but not for it would she give or take life. Home might be heaven, but it was not, essentially, America. America was nothing that she possessed.

What, then? In answer there came a rush of cherished pictures to her consciousness. With surprise she realized that she had been collecting them all her life and storing them away against this hour when she should demand of herself justification for the faith that was in her. She saw innumerable vil-

lages, mile after mile of maple-shady streets and unassuming, comfortable homes. She saw very clearly the laundress's long, low white cottage with green vines, the new verandah added with a summer's savings, and the pretty, refined daughters bringing the heaped, snowy baskets home. She remembered one street where a budding genius, a German gardener, and a retired teacher lived side by side, each in his separate dream. She saw rolling, endless Northwestern prairies covered with Scandinavian settlers. A shack with a lean-to for cattle-shed meant one year's residence in America; a good barn, two years; a comfortable house, from three to five years. She saw a California town, rose-draped and radiant, which most people believe to be inhabited by millionaires; she happened to know that it contained a larger population, retired or semi-active, with incomes of two thousand dollars and *under*, than any other town in the round world! For each fine 'place' there were ten charming cottages, and even the 'colored quarter' was a delight to the eye.

But these pictures, of which her brain apparently held an endless procession, had to do with the material comfort possible to America's vast, industrious middle-class. She rejoiced in that comfort, but she knew that it was chiefly a symbol of America's real gift.

What that gift is, one picture sums up as well as a hundred. She recalled a freckle-faced little boy who lived forty years ago on one of those maple-shady streets, with his mother, a widow who sewed for their bread. Absolutely he was not talented, and yet he had the will-to-art definitely and consciously. To-day he is a painter whose work has been esteemed good for many years on two continents. 'Stunning,' it is not, nor bizarre, but it serves adequately the excellent ends of beauty, restraint,

and livelihood. From the moment he began work for those ends, his progress was steady. His purpose did more for him than genius does for most men. He moved toward his desire as a swimmer moves through clear water.

His case is typical. She could recall many, many more. What they all mean, these pictures, she said to herself, is the vital American middle-class thing, so easy to feel, so hard to describe. They illustrate and embroider the theme of liberty. They mean that our fathers lived, and we still live, if and when we so desire, in a land which is essentially mind-stuff. Our American world is a malleable one which the up-rushing will of youth can cleave and shape with a facility never elsewhere equaled. If youth is so foolish as to will only material goods, it will achieve only those; but in America youth is offered all.

A psychologist might put it that the structure of our society permits the largest possible response to the 'total will' of the individual. The subconscious self draws deeper breath, and will becomes deed with less friction here than elsewhere. America is the soul's chance, no less than the body's. It is Opportunity to the whole self. For this, the real, lovable America, elastic, vital, permeable for the spirit of man from

bottom to top, one might indeed profitably die.

Whatever America's faults, a country where the spirit can choose to be supreme is God's country. It has *in posse* the thing which the ages will. Revolution here can only turn back the wheels. 'An industrialized world,' with a 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' is, by comparison, as hell to heaven.

The woman patted the six-shooter, regarding it with benignity, yes, with affection. For the sake of middle-class America, she approved even its dark threat. Then she replaced the pistol in its case. She might need it or she might not. But in any event she was confident and serene. For the bed-rock of her nature had been laid bare before her eyes and she had found her Cause.

How do I know so well the way this gray-haired, rheumatic person responded to menacing revolution? Of course — she is myself. And because even I, a woman more than middle-aged and more than weary, reacted thus to the threat of revolution, I feel that America is still secure. Shall not even her dotards die for her gladly? Imperfect as she is, God be our witness, she is the only land where dreams keep faith with dauntless hearts, where men freely become the thing they truly will. And this, just this, is liberty.

MILITANT MINORITIES

BY ROLAND HUGINS

AMERICA bestirs herself to cope with the 'menace of Bolshevism.' Congress is about to pass laws forbidding the display of red flags, and putting ultra-radicals in their place — behind the bars. Our Vice-President and our ex-President declare that they are in favor of hanging dangerous malcontents. The Department of Justice deports alien agitators. When strikers become threatening, mayors and governors call in troops, and win national reputations. The loyal, law-abiding, members of the state hear all about them a brazen assertion of the philosophy of force; and they have their answer ready — force, compulsion, repression.

In this instance, probably, coercion will succeed. We shall work through the readjustments that follow this war without revolution. The bulk of the country is conservative; and economic opportunities are plentiful. Furthermore, compulsion will be tempered with conciliation. The more sensible heads will insist on the removal of grievances. After a time political prisoners will be freed. The ferociously severe sentences of our war-time courts-martial will be scaled down. Labor exchanges and reclamations projects will mitigate unemployment. And, finally, we shall have a campaign of optimism: a continuous and uncompromising insistence that this is the freest, the most democratic, wealthiest, and most comfortable nation on the globe. This programme will succeed — for the time being.

We shall be deluded, however, if we imagine the ultimate victory for orderly

government so easily won. The United States, and, indeed, every democratic country, is in peril of misunderstanding the malady that has laid hold of it. There is something wrong with democratic government, and the disease must be comprehended before it can be cured. The most striking symptom in our time is the new militancy of minorities. Whether sectional or dispersed, minorities tend more and more to take up an irreconcilable attitude, and to appeal to violence rather than to persuasion. This is a new tendency, new, at least, to the democratic tradition of America and England, as maintained throughout the nineteenth century. Heretofore minorities — and every majority is first a minority — have worked to persuade the rest of the community of the worthiness of their causes. They have patiently persisted, year after year, and sometimes decade after decade, until they either have achieved their goal, or have weakened in conviction. But now minorities begin openly to discard all programmes of discussion. They are frankly intransigent. They place reliance on strikes, suspension of industry, public disorder, and armed revolt. They cultivate a definite philosophy of insurgency, a creed of rebellion. They have but one slogan, 'No compromise.'

This new intransigence has been most clearly illustrated, in recent months, by the operations of the extreme Left of the Socialists in Europe, by the Bolsheviks, and by the Spartacists. These groups prefer to pose as having the

majority with them; but if the majority, even the overwhelming majority, takes sides against them, they are not daunted. They then seize power, if possible, with machine-guns. They raid election booths, destroy ballots, disperse constituent assemblies. They believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat, or of that portion of the proletariat which they can rally. They are done with argument; they frankly put the issue to the test of might. They act on the theory that revolution is justified when successful. They scoff at moral condemnation, for they hold all bourgeois idealism inferior to their own.

Such a programme is abhorrent to those who retain their faith in government by discussion, and in the rule of majorities. These policies will, for the present, make little progress in America, for Americans are passionate adherents of democracy. But ultimately the dictatorship of irreconcilables may not seem so foreign to our thinking. Events intellectual, as well as historical, have marched faster in Europe than on this side of the ocean. We shall conquer this evil only if first we understand it. And in understanding it we must, at the beginning, guard against two possible misapprehensions.

First, we must not imagine that the philosophy of force has found favor only among working-class minorities. Trotzky, and Liebknecht's disciples, and the leaders of the I.W.W. have no monopoly of the tactics of violence. Every minority in our day tends to become truculent. The most ardent advocates of woman suffrage, in England before the war, and in the United States during and since the war, have carried on a campaign of violence and sabotage. Pitted as these women were against superior force, their defiance of law has necessarily been more spectacular than alarming. Ireland, again, furnishes a striking instance. Ulster, in 1914, arm-

ed and drilled to resist Home Rule. The South of Ireland, under the Sinn Fein, now rejects every compromise except independence, prepares to carry out its programme by economic and political obstruction, and is kept from rebellion only by lack of arms. All modern minorities, whatever their specific grievances, gravitate toward out-and-out insurrection.

The second possible misconception is akin to the first. We must not imagine that this dangerous fondness for revolution is merely a kind of political indigestion that has followed the war. It cannot be explained simply as an importation from Moscow or Berlin. This spirit has been developing for several decades; and observers who saw below the surface noticed the drift. For example the *Westminster Gazette* remarked on July 30, 1913,—

'If we were to ask what is the great difference between Parliament now and Parliament forty years ago, the difference which is at the root of all the so-called Parliamentary maladies of these times, it is that the minority seldom or never yields until all the forms of resistance have been exhausted. . . . It is now the practice of all minorities to say that they will concede nothing to the majority, and to threaten to carry on every controversy by violent and extra-constitutional means, when Parliament has decided against them.'

Democracy, whatever the devices it employs and whatever forms it takes, means essentially government by discussion. It is a gamble on the reasonableness of human nature. Under it, abuses are thought to yield, within a reasonable time, to reforms. When men and women lose faith in the progressiveness of society under democracy, they begin to lose faith in democracy itself. That is precisely what we are witnessing in our time — a crumbling, about the edges, of faith in democracy.

Of course, every minority, feeling strongly over its particular programme, grows angry if it finds itself continually thwarted. After a time it becomes bellicose. The Irish, a generation ago, were content to urge Home Rule by constitutional means. Their representatives sat at Westminster, and they leagued themselves with what political allies they could find. But no matter what victories they won, in the electorate or in the legislature, they always found themselves balked, in the end. Gladstone's defeat by the Lords, in 1893, and similar incidents in the struggle for Home Rule, must not be forgotten when Sinn Fein proclaims that parliamentary reform is a farce.

Earnest and exasperated men cannot be expected to look with patience on the indefinite postponement of their projects. Not much solace is to be wrung from the promise of reform in the next generation. Yet undoubtedly the heretics in democratic nations would brook a great deal of delay, if only they felt sure that, in the end, reason and justice would have a fair chance to prevail. That is precisely what they no longer believe. They feel that, whenever powerful interests oppose them, majority rule is likely to be abrogated. Democracy, as now practised, they maintain, carries no guaranty that, when the people have been fully and freely convinced, the will of the people will be done. Too many constitutional barriers of various sorts can be thrown up; too much legal cover can be found by those who want to stalk and kill a 'dangerous' proposal. The conviction of the majority can be misinterpreted by the legislature, slain by the courts, sidestepped by the executive; and there is no sure redress. And so political struggles appear to the doubters of democracy as grapples between minorities, with the advantage to the one that is concealed, entrenched, disillusioned.

These skeptics have a more serious charge to bring: they allege that to-day opinion itself is manipulated and manufactured. The government, the parties, the special interests keep going, through the newspapers and a thousand other channels, an open or secret propaganda. The electorate renders back to its masters the verdict that has been pumped down into it.

Here is an indictment that must be met candidly. Undoubtedly some of the professed friends of democracy talk in an amazing fashion about the people. They appear to think it possible to 'sell' any idea to the people, so long as it is advertised enough. To color the news, to suppress part of the facts, to play on the emotions, seems entirely legitimate, so long as the cause is good. In wartime, when passion runs high, there are groups of men in every country who would prosecute the struggle indefinitely, against growing popular opposition, and who would push the war-machine up to, and over, the brink of revolution, asserting to the last moment that the public is overwhelmingly behind them. Indeed, the maintenance of morale at home has come to be a definite part of war technique. The censor does more than suppress information sought by the enemy: he does our thinking for us. Modern war, which enlists the energies of vast populations, has given us this psychical development: this cool and cynical manufacture of morale by the skillful admixture of fact and deception, patriotism and hysteria.

Will this attitude carry over into peace? The control of opinion is not new; and, probably, tampering with public sentiment is one of the oldest tricks of statecraft. But the war has taught us much about the practice of propaganda, and now its possibilities are openly canvassed. The thinking of the democratic masses is under the sway of great newspapers, and of highly

organized news-gathering agencies — the strategic bridgeheads in any assault on popular sentiment; and they are more easily dominated, than heretofore, through collusion or purchase.

Do we not detect a note of cant in some of the latter-day appeals to the people? Certainly we have leaders among us whose minds can embrace this inconsistency: that they will lay claim to an overwhelming popular support, and at the same time denounce an invitation to submit their proposals to referendum as little short of treason. Possibly it is not only at the edges, where stand the disgruntled and often desperate minorities, that faith in democracy wanes. Do we find politicians in these days sportsmen, demanding only that their case be given a full hearing, an exhaustive discussion, and a fair vote? Or do we find numerous self-appointed saviors of the plain folk intent on ramming their remedies down the popular throat, without ever stopping to seek consent?

The solid soil of democratic faith is loosened, giving the seeds of Bolshevism an opportunity to take root. It is primarily this doubt at the heart of democracy, and not hunger, or exploitation, or inequality, that makes the doctrines of Lenin so dangerous. The liberal state may, by the exercise of intelligence, weather the storm; but there is a grave possibility that democracy will not outlast the twentieth century. Certainly the peril is not to be subdued by calling out the police reserves. It is not to be disarmed by softening, under threat of anarchy, the lot of the poor and the broken. It is not to be undermined by establishing in America a Prussian system of education which lauds every excellence in our institutions and gloses every defect. And, lastly, it is not to be dissolved by returning to some previous golden age of democracy that our fathers knew.

We are not called upon to restore, but to improve. Democracy has been upon the boards for a century, and it has disclosed faults both in structure and in practice. It has revealed many a gap between its professions and its procedure. We are called upon to close the gaps, to make first principles realities.

First of all, we must recognize, in fact as well as in theory, that the electorate is the ultimate forum of decision. Much confusion and much hypocrisy have marked our talk on this score. No honest line of distinction can be drawn between representative government and pure democracy. The government is always, professedly, responsible to the people; it must be made so in actuality. This means, without question, an occasional resort to a plebiscitum. The initiative and the referendum are clumsy instruments with which to shape the ordinary law-making of a state or nation. But when a crisis looms, or great innovations are proposed, the people have every right to be consulted directly. The health of democracy remains sound only so long as it is guided by the will of freely convinced majorities.

In the second place, those 'bourgeois legislative institutions,' of which Lenin speaks with such vast disrespect, must be improved and strengthened. A better class of men should be recruited into our legislatures, by removing the residential restrictions on candidates, by paying better salaries, and by giving secure tenure of office. Most vital of all, minorities should be insured seats through proportional representation. A minority with a voice in the legislature is likely to remain political. Every minority that wants our institutions revised, every minority that wants capitalism modified, or overthrown, should have an opportunity to push its schemes, openly, honestly, in our state and national assemblies. A socialism which pounds the table and demands

municipal markets, or the curbing of monopolies, or a tax on unearned increment, is not a dangerous socialism. It is a spur to progress.

And in the third place, we must invigorate, throughout the nation, the processes of discussion. This means, of course, the removal of all gag laws. Every suppression of newspapers, every political prison sentence, is a spade digging the grave of democracy. But this endeavor means more than the enforcement of free speech and free assembly. It means active aid and encouragement to debating and deliberation. The small meeting and the small newspaper, in particular, need to be promoted. The technique of national debate has scarcely been touched; it needs an intensive cultivation.

The foregoing are the sort of liberal measures that will save democracy from paralysis. The reactionaries who preach coercion are as much its enemies as the insurgents who preach organized revolt. A policy of intimidation will be met with terrorism. To-day force breeds force; for the new revolutionary idealism sanctifies riot and destruction. We can take our choice. We can abandon the struggle to stupid conservatism and exasperated discontent, to the spirit of domination and the spirit of rebellion. They are even now preparing to fight the issue through. Or we can create, if we have the courage to act boldly, a genuine democracy, and restore the faith that sustained our fathers. It is one or the other; we have no time to palter.

SOCIALIST AND BOURGEOIS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

DURING the first week of February, the interest of many of the professional correspondents and unattached observers gathered about the Peace Conference shifted from Paris to Berne. There was a lull on the Quai D'Orsay, consequent upon the launching of the League of Nations by Mr. Wilson in the plenary conference of January 25, and the President's preparations for his visit to Congress. In Berne the International Socialist Conference was assembling — the first convocation of the Internationale since the outbreak of the war.

Our preparations for the Socialist Conference were not confined to book-

ing a fairly uncomfortable seat on the Geneva express with Thos. Cook and Sons. We made mental preparations. We put ourselves into the proper state of mind for perceiving what we expected, or wanted, to see at Berne. Rare, indeed, is the observer who lands at the chosen spot with a suitcase and his mind a *tabula rasa* for impressions. The extreme radicals among us went to see what they described as the 'real show,' in contrast with the unreal or impotent spectacle in Paris. For them the Quai D'Orsay was simply staging the Follies of 1919; while at Berne the destinies of the world were to be decided. Those of quieter temperament among

us would not draw the sharp distinction; yet they, too, went prepared to find that something which is so precious to the heart of the advertising writer, something that was 'different.'

When the Berne Conference had adjourned, in the second week of February, radicals and moderates among us agreed that differences might be discovered between Berne and Paris, but that the something different had failed to come off. Again we reacted according to our temperaments. The freer spirits among us settled the matter by declaring that the International Socialist Conference was not so very Socialistic after all; and the implication was that, instead of buying a ticket for Berne, one should have booked with Thos. Cook and Sons for the longer trip to Moscow.

Our moderates found, in the very fact of an International Socialist Conference which was but imperfectly Socialistic according to the accepted formulas, a notable phenomenon in itself. When, for instance, we saw a Socialist conference absorbed by the same problems that occupied the negotiators on the Quai D'Orsay — responsibility for the war, territorial delimitations, nationalist aspirations, a league of nations, and an international charter of labor; when we saw manifested in the debates on these questions many of the familiar human instincts which were so vocal in Paris; when, finally, we heard the Soviet régime in Russia condemned by the hundred-odd Socialist delegates by a vote of something like seven or eight to one, and heard men like Karl Kautsky, Hjalmar Branting, Arthur Henderson, Ramsay MacDonald, and Pierre Renaudel describe Bolshevism as the enemy of Socialism in particular and of human progress and culture in general — we once more gave interpretation according to our bent of mind. The Radical Left among our observers

at Berne declared that only a dying Socialism had made itself heard at Berne. Our Moderate Centre wondered whether it was a Socialism dying, or a Socialism evolving under the impact of forces let loose by the war.

The present article is an attempt to set down the impressions brought away from Berne by the writer, and collated with the activities at the 'bourgeois' conference on the Quai D'Orsay, and with the surge of activities — bourgeois, Socialist, Bolshevik — in Europe. At the time these impressions were taking shape, the editor of the *Atlantic* must already have had in hand Mr. Herbert Wilton Stanley's admirable study, 'Bolshevism: a Liberal View,' which appeared in the March number of this magazine. In much that I have to say I find myself compelled to repeat Mr. Stanley's argument — unless the editor's blue pencil says no. In several instances I may be able to confirm Mr. Stanley's analysis of general principles, by concrete data which were not at his disposal when he set down his interpretation before the meeting of the Berne Conference.

In one instance, namely Mr. Stanley's acceptance of Bolshevism as the embodiment of Internationalism, *versus* 'Liberalism' as the embodiment of Nationalism, I have to differ. The facts do not justify our conceding to the Soviet philosophy the credit of being the sole torch-bearers of the International spirit. On the other hand, if Internationalism be interpreted in its extreme sense, as complete emancipation from the Nationalist mould in which the thought of the vast majority of humanity to-day is cast, then justice to the Soviets requires that we recognize that they too are not as internationalistic as would appear; that Lenin is not altogether above or below the fundamental human instinct which we may call Nationalism.

Formulas

The Nationalist pulse ran high at Berne. The explanation and justification are found in the physiological parallel. In the human body the pulse mounts under the stress of excitement, and notably under the pressure of fear, and of the anger which comes from fear. The pulse mounts under the pressure of fever which accompanies illness. Finally, the doctors tell you that the normal pulse is exceedingly high in the new-born. At Berne these factors occurred, by themselves or in combination. It was in the new-born peoples, or in those striving to be born or reborn, that Nationalism spoke the loudest. It was at its height among the Czech delegates, from whose discourse it was not always easy to conclude whether they belonged in a Socialist conference at Berne or in the 'bourgeois' conference on the Quai D'Orsay. On the question of frontiers and of national self-determination, the Czech Socialists were at one with their bourgeoisie. They, too, wanted the coal-mines of Teschen. They, too, refused to read the principle of self-determination in such a manner as to permit the two-million-odd Germans of Bohemia to self-determine themselves out of the new Czecho-Slovakia and into the new Germany. It was the normal pulse of the new-born accentuated by ancient angers and future fears.

The Nationalist pulse ran high in the speeches from the reborn Alsace. It was high in the speeches from Armenia, from Georgia in the Caucasus, from the Jews. And this, in spite of the fact that the argument followed, more or less, the formulas of international Socialism as of before the war. There was sufficient reference, perhaps, to capitalistic exploitation, to class-war, to the unity of the working masses of all countries. But often the impression was inescapable, of an attempt to clothe new emo-

tions and appraisals into a familiar speech, and often with but indifferent success. When, for example, the Armenian delegate, having recited the tragic story of nearly a million of his people butchered by the Turks, went on to say, butchered by the Turks under the impulse of 'western capitalism,' the phrase sounded very much like a happy afterthought, required by the proprieties of the moment.

The Nationalist pulse ran high in the sick nations — Germany, for example. We cannot altogether explain away the 'hard' attitude of the German Majority Socialists at Berne as a sign of incurable perversity in the German mind. Something of that wondrous thing called German mentality certainly was present in the speeches of men like Wels and Müller, but something more than toughness of conscience will account for the reluctance of the Majority Socialists to acknowledge, in so many words, German guilt for the war, though the confession was implicit enough in their plea that the past might be forgotten in their offered guaranties for the future. In the speeches of the German Majority delegates there were plainly manifest the fears of a nation at bay against the judgment of the world, of a nation which thought itself threatened by dismemberment, decline, and the loss of the accumulated civilization of centuries. This was the spirit which lay behind the words of Wels's apology for the conduct of the German Majority Socialists during the war:

'We would not take upon ourselves the reproach of the German people, that it was our guilt if Germany went down in ruin, and if there descended upon our people the frightful consequences which have now come to pass. We wished to live with our people and for our people among the peoples of the world.' And Wels ended his plea with

the accepted formula, 'Proletarians of the world, unite!'

The physiological parallel held true in the case of the French Socialists—France, which is the victor, but horribly wounded nevertheless in body and nerves. To the extent that France is the victor and, therefore, should not be afraid, her Majority Socialists, under the command of Jean Longuet, went far toward a policy of complete reconciliation and a complete restoration of the Internationale. To the extent that France is sorely wounded and is still, as a matter of fact, afraid, her Minority Socialists, under the leadership of Albert Thomas and Pierre Renaudel, stressed the Nationalist tone. The only delegate, among the more than one hundred, who refused to vote for the compromise resolution on responsibility for the war was a Frenchman, Milhaud. And Albert Thomas, in accepting the resolution, justified his action primarily as a debt he owed to the French Socialists who had died on the field of battle for the cause of a united world.

And Great Britain? Because of all the European nations she has emerged strongest from the war, because her security is established beyond question, her Socialist delegates at Berne were the least susceptible to anger or fear; and that is why, in the British delegation, the International note sounded above the Nationalist. To put it rather brutally, the British delegates could afford to take the wider view.

Socialism and Internationalism

On the record of the Berne Conference, its debates as well as its *agenda*, Bolshevik polemic has lost no time in stigmatizing the eighty-per-cent majority as renegade to Socialist teaching. Branting and Kautsky and Henderson and Macdonald and Renaudel—and Eisner, for he stood with Renaudel at

Berne—would thus be put into their proper place among the 'petty bourgeois.' And the Bolshevik case could be argued on the very tests which Mr. Stanley has set up for distinguishing between 'Liberalism' and Bolshevism. The great Socialist majority at Berne would stand with the 'Liberals' for democracy against proletarian dictatorship—the latter a dogma denounced at Berne in the most ardent debates of the Conference; with the 'Liberals' and against Bolshevism on the principle of evolution against cataclysmic revolution; and with the 'Liberals' for Nationalism as against Internationalism. So the Bolsheviks would argue. Wherefore, there is nothing discernible to distinguish Berne from the Quai D'Orsay, and the only true Socialism is in the Soviets — Q.E.D.

To the first count, the Socialists—we may call them that as against the Bolsheviks—would not even demur; they would accept it, not as an indictment, but as a tribute. They deny the righteousness as well as the expediency of imposing any gospel upon the majority by the minority. They would probably cite in their justification the fundamental lesson of their great teachers, that the class-war is not a pitched battle between armed forces, but primarily a war of conversion, and that the Socialist conquest would come when, by paradox, there was nobody left to conquer; when the opposition to Socialism had been educated out of existence by the remorseless march of economic evolution. A minority can dictate only for a little while. Bolshevism may win an isolated victory on the chess-board by a slashing attack that throws the superior player off his balance; in the end, the master will assert himself. Socialism looks to winning the tournament by educating the masses to mastership.

Thus the first point, democracy *versus* dictatorship, merges into the second

point, evolution *versus* revolution. To be sure, the Socialist dogma of evolution is not so simple as I have made it. Their conception of evolution does not exclude a sudden leap forward with opportunity. But the leap forward is to be guided by prudence, by the simple consideration whether the masses will leap forward only to fall back further. But — without pretending to put the case as correctly or as strongly as they would put it for themselves — I can imagine the Socialists continuing the argument in the following manner: If by revolution you mean the leap in the dark, the gamble which stakes the past conquests of the proletariat upon the throw of a dice, the policy of neck or nothing; if by revolution you mean a sudden slashing across fundamental human instincts and habits, across the lure of the native soil, across the pull of individual and national pieties, across the natural law which decrees that the future must grow out of the soil of the present, and cannot be wrenched forward and out by the roots, then we are evolutionists.

And this argument in turn would merge into the Socialist exposition of Nationalism and Internationalism as the problem lies to-day. To be sure, the pleading here will find itself hampered by the overstrain of the formula in Socialist thinking and speech before the war. In the quiet years preceding Tangiers, Algeciras, and Agadir, when the idea of world-war seemed a horror rather than a menace, the Socialist practice had been to minimize, if not altogether to slur, the meaning of national lines. Socialist economics — and, for that matter, much of radical 'bourgeois' economics — persisted in searching for the primal causes of a possible European war outside of Europe — in world-markets, in spheres of influence, in Morocco, Tripoli, Asia, anywhere; not recognizing that Morocco was only

a convenient challenge to a contest which had for its aim the mastery of Central and Eastern Europe preparatory to the establishment of *Weltmacht*. Socialists insisted on watching foreign markets and Morocco, and overlooking the heave and smoulder of Nationalist passions in the Balkans and the heart of Europe. War, if it was really brought home to the peoples of Europe, would be so easily identified as a 'capitalist' game for the conquest of world-markets that the judgment and conscience of the masses would reject it.

Only as the recurrent international crises over spheres and markets grew more frequent, and national passions began to boil up behind the diplomats, did Socialists find themselves compelled to take account of a force for mischief which they had hitherto discounted. The question of wars offensive and defensive came up in Socialist conferences. It was still assumed that war would be brought on by capitalist intrigue; but the doubt grew whether the masses in Europe were after all immune to the 'meretricious' appeal of 'patriotism.' The Socialists, under the pressure of reality, were learning.

They have learned the lesson fully under stress of the ultimately bitter reality. War came and burst the Internationale asunder. Socialists took up arms against each other, and not altogether under compulsion. Socialists discovered that, in the moment of urgency, they were exposed with the rest of their people to the call of homeland, language, culture, and mental habit. The 'sacred union' of all parties against the enemy came to all the belligerent countries. Ludwig Frank, a shining leader of the German Social Democracy, fell in Alsace in the first weeks of the war, a volunteer. Russian Socialists came back from exile to fight for the Tsar — because he was, for the time being, Russia.

Was this all the working of war-psychology? Or, when you have discounted the confusion which war may inject into men's minds and ideals, is there still left a vivid reality which the old Socialist dogma had undervalued? Socialists, to-day, would readily confess the fact, I imagine. They have seen, in the course of the war, the pull which country and language and culture exert upon the heart-strings of men; and now, in 'peace' they see the force at work in the new nationalities, the sick nationalities, and the threatened nationalities. And so again, I imagine, the Socialists to-day would readily admit that, if a clearer recognition of the force of Nationalism is a deviation from their earlier Internationalism, then they are less international than before the war.

In all probability, however, they would put it somewhat differently. They would make use of a fearfully hackneyed, but nevertheless true and just formula. They would call themselves now international; and let Lenin make the best of it.

Victory and Defeat

The Socialists might go further. They might counter-attack into Soviet territory, in order to discover how far and in what sense Bolshevism embodies the perfect international spirit. The attack would begin with the examination of a simple question, yet one that goes to the heart of the problem. Is Internationalism, as it has been developed in Socialist theory from the beginning, a means or an end in itself?

If Internationalism is an end in itself, Socialism cannot claim a monopoly in the ideal. The striving toward a world-unity has manifested itself in every form of human thought and endeavor: in religion, politics, science, art. The idea of the brotherhood of man antedates Socialism. The effort of every

church is toward catholicism, that is to say, toward universality. There is the history of world-empires, realized in Rome and haunting the Middle Ages. Science and art know no frontiers. Above all, in modern times, there is capitalism. Fluid, all-pervasive, supposedly immune to individual and local affections, capital is, by Socialist definition, the fullest development of 'Internationalism.'

It is, indeed, the internationalism of capital which, according to orthodox Socialist dogma, has created and justified the internationalism of the proletariat. The German worker or the French worker could not hope to wage successful war against German or French capitalists, because the latter had an ally across the frontier. The workers of the world were summoned to unite, because the capitalists of the world are united. The governed masses of the world were summoned to union, because, in the Socialist theory, the rulers of the world were united, in the final test, as against their own subjects. But if this interpretation of the Socialist philosophy be true, then Socialist Internationalism has been, after all, primarily the means to an end. That end, only a few years ago, would have been described as the emancipation of the working masses. To-day the formula would be enlarged to speak of the emancipation of the working masses for a freer and happier life within the sphere of their separate national being.

I have been long in getting to my point. It is this: how far is the Internationalism of Lenin really free from national preoccupations? How far are such victories as it has won conditioned by national factors, national forces, needs, demands? To what extent does Lenin think in terms of Russia, and to what extent in terms of the world? Or, — quite concretely, — to what extent is Lenin's concern for a world-revo-

lution shaped by the knowledge that, without a Bolshevikized Europe, Bolshevism cannot permanently maintain itself in Russia?

In the commendable search for the 'fundamentals' of Bolshevism, we have too often overlooked an obvious but highly pertinent fact. This is the connection between Bolshevism and victory or defeat on the battlefield. Mr. Herbert Stanley is right, of course, in speaking of the spirit of Bolshevism as 'the eternal Anarch of revolution,' as an 'emotional explosive which performs miracles.' But, after all, human nature is the same in the Entente, in Central Europe, and in Russia. Why is the eternal Anarch busy to-day in Russia and Hungary, and wherever else despair has followed upon military defeat? Why is not the emotional explosive performing miracles to-day in France Great Britain, Italy?

The case of Italy is peculiarly instructive. After the disaster of Caporetto, in the fall of 1917, revolution in Italy appeared imminent. At Turin, it actually seemed to have arrived. The familiar reasons for Bolshevik revolution existed. The people lacked food and coal, and they were physically and psychically exhausted. Italy to-day is still short of coal and food, and her dead have not awakened. Yet to-day it is an Italy so passionately bound upon conquest,—or upon national self-realization, if we choose to call it so,—that her peace delegates dare not come home from Paris without Fiume, in addition to Trent and Trieste. Why was Italy after Caporetto so weary of national self-realization, and why is she so eager now? Because, in November, 1917, Italy had the enemy on the Piave, and to-day she has victory.

We search for the fundamentals of Bolshevism and overlook the obvious fact. Is there anyone who doubts that, if Ludendorff had reached Paris, and

the Austrians had reached Milan, there would be order to-day in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest, and Bolshevism in France, in Ireland, in Egypt and India, and possibly in London? The measure of a nation's suffering is no index to its susceptibility to revolution. In behalf of unhappy Russia's collapse, people cite her six million dead and crippled. Had Russia lost as heavily as France, her dead and crippled would be fifteen millions. France stood on the edge of a revolution in May of 1917, after the failure of the great hopes based on Nivelle's offensive. And last February I was told by a leader of the French Socialists, in temper pro-Bolshevist, that there was no chance of an immediate revolution in France; not for this reason and for that, but plainly because France is sustained by victory.

So, as I see it, the success of Lenin's Internationalism has for one of its main roots the sense of despair following upon national defeat. His Internationalism is built upon a Nationalism turning sick against itself. And precisely to the extent that Lenin has fastened his power upon Russia, to the extent that he has found himself facing the realities of constructive effort as opposed to destruction, we see Lenin, in his approaches toward the Entente, narrowing his policy toward a national standpoint. To obtain recognition from the Entente, he is ready (or was ready till the other day, since I am writing at the moment of the first news from Budapest) to validate Russia's foreign debt, to admit foreign capital, to grant immense timber concessions, in other words, to forswear his war against the 'capitalism and imperialism of the Western Powers,' in order to secure recognition for his régime. The Internationalism of Lenin, the world-revolution, is for him, too, a means to an end. If Europe can be won for Bolshevism, well and good, but primarily Russia must be kept for Bolshevism.

Paris and Berne

For one who stands outside the ranks of organized Socialism, it would be presumptuous to say just what would be the reply of the eighty-per-cent Socialist majority at Berne to the Bolshevik taunt that the International Socialist Conference has wandered away from the pure gospel in the direction of the Quai D'Orsay. The charge might be refuted, or accepted and explained. To the observer from the outside, the fact does emerge that Socialist Berne and 'bourgeois' Paris do stand closer together than would have been deemed possible before the war, for the representatives of the Socialist masses and the representatives of the governments. But in that very fact we find the hope and promise which the world so badly needs to-day.

If the conferences at Paris and Berne last February stood forth as complements to each other and not as antagonists, the reason is by no means entirely that Berne has gone all the way to meet Paris. The Quai D'Orsay, that popular synonym for so many things not at all nice, has gone forth to meet Berne. If in the Swiss capital the Socialist delegates have shown the influence of an intenser Nationalism, at Paris the delegates of the governments have obviously been caught in the force driving toward an intensified and purified international life. The lessons of the war have been learned in both capitals. The same problems have compelled the attention of the government and the masses, and the answer from both is the same in kind: an international charter of labor in Paris and Berne, and the two documents in the end showing probably no marked divergence; national self-determination affirmed in both places, and, in practice, with rather notable exceptions in both; responsibility for the war considered in both

places, and in the end rather academically in both; and, in both places, the League of Nations.

The League has been described in some quarters as an endeavor to head off Bolshevism. So be it. What is important is that the League is not being 'put over' by the governments on their peoples, but that it has the ardent support of the working masses of the world. If a detestation of Bolshevism is behind the League, then that feeling is shared by the Socialist masses represented at Berne. So many of our forward steps in civilization have been in response to the stimulus of fear or abhorrence, that, in the end, history may yet record as the chief attainment of Bolshevism this forcing of a closer union upon the nations of the world.

The resolution on the League of Nations which was adopted at Berne will repay study, not only for the close resemblance it bears to the Paris Covenant, but for its implications on a changing Socialist attitude toward other world-problems: —

'The war just terminated has brought civilization to the edge of the abyss. The next war would destroy it completely. This disaster can be prevented *only* by the creation of a League of Nations.'

Note the departure from the older Socialist formula, that wars are inherent in the structure of our capitalistic society, through acknowledgment of the fact that the machinery of a league can prevent war.

'The League of Nations shall be formed by the Parliaments of the different countries —'

At Paris the mode of selecting League representatives is made optional, and does not exclude a choice by Parliaments.

'— and must be based on a peace of justice which will not give rise to any future conflict.'

For that, the battle is now being fought in Paris.

'The League must create an international court, which, by means of mediation and arbitration,' etc.

The Covenant embodies the principle.

'This International Court must have competence, after consultation with the people concerned, to rectify frontiers when the necessity arises.'

This is not in the Covenant, ought to be, and possibly may be.

'The League of Nations must abolish all standing armies and bring about complete disarmament.'

If the time element suggested in 'bring about' be considered, the difference between the Socialist demand and the Covenant is capable of adjustment.

'The League shall have at its disposal the means of economic pressure to induce and enforce its decisions when necessary.'

This is in the Covenant.

'The League of Nations must prevent all economic war by the establishment of free trade, free access to all countries, the open door to the colonies, and international control of world-thoroughfares. Where national tariffs exist, they shall require the approval of the League of Nations.'

This is an ideal toward which the Covenant tends, without as yet embodying it. Is it an exaggeration to say that, as to the conception of the perfect League, greater differences may be discovered in the ranks of its 'bourgeois' supporters than between the Socialist document and the Covenant?

Writing at a moment when the newspapers are afire with headlines of a Hungary gone Bolshevik, of the 'Red tide' sweeping to the Rhine, it would be easy to surrender one's self to a view of the future as one of struggle between

the forces of social subversion and that dark reaction which so often in history has followed upon social upheaval. As in Russia the tyranny of Bolshevism has brought forth the counter tyranny of Kolchak, so Europe would be now facing the alternative triumph of Bolshevism or a vindictive Toryism. Under the spell of the December election in England, much has been written about the 'death' of the Liberal Party, and from that the transition has been fairly easy to the death of Liberalism in general, and so to the death of liberalism without the capital letter. In the clash of elemental forces let loose by the world-agony, there would seem to the pessimist to be no part or place for that liberal spirit whose purpose is social progress through coöperation as against the dictatorship of proletarian minorities and the bourbonism that never learns.

But it is impossible, after the revelation at Berne of what the great majority of the Socialists of Europe really want, and the revelation at Paris of what the enlightened sentiment of the 'bourgeois' world demands, to believe that either Bolshevik revolution or Tory reaction is more than a temporary menace to civilization. That inevitable return from anarchy to liberalism, from revolution to evolution, which Mr. Stanley so vividly pictures, has already been prepared for by the creation of a liberal *bloc* running across national lines. The left wing of our 'bourgeois' society and the right wing of Socialism in the broadest sense have broken away from old affiliations and approached each other. The one is bringing to the common cause a richer and juster view of social duty and international obligation; the other, a deeper recognition of existing national forces and national values. Their common ground is the reconstruction of a wounded world through justice based on human possibility.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AS A MAN DRESSES

AT some time or other, I dare say, it is common experience for a man to feel indignant at the necessity of dressing himself. He wakes in the morning. Refreshed with sleep, ready and eager for his daily tasks and pleasures, he is just about to leap out of bed when the thought confronts him that he must put on his clothes. His leap is postponed indefinitely, and he gets up with customary reluctance. One after another, twelve articles — eleven, if two are joined in union one and inseparable — must be buttoned, tied, laced, and possibly safety-pinned to his person: a routine business, dull, wearisome with repetition. His face and hands must be washed, his hair and teeth brushed: many, indeed, will perform all over what Keats, thinking of the ocean eternally washing the land, has called a ‘priestlike task of pure ablution’; but others, faithful to tradition and Saturday night, will dodge this as wasteful. Downstairs in summer is his hat; in winter, his hat, his overcoat, his muffler, and, if the weather compels, his galoshes and perhaps his ear-muffs or ear-bobs. Last thing of all, the Perfect Gentleman will put on his walking-stick; somewhere in this routine he will have shaved and powdered, buckled his wrist-watch, and adjusted his spats.

When we think of the shortness of life, and how, even so, we might improve our minds by study between getting up and breakfast, dressing, as educators are beginning to say of the long summer vacation, seems a sheer ‘wastage of education’; yet the plain truth is that we would n’t get up. Better, if we

can, to *think* while we dress, pausing to jot down our worth-while thoughts on a handy tablet. Once, I remember, — and perhaps the pleasant custom continues, — a lady might modestly express her kindly feeling for a gentleman (and her shy, half-humorous recognition of the difference between them) by giving him shaving-paper; why not a somewhat similar tablet, to record his dressing-thoughts?

‘Clothes,’ wrote Master Thomas Fuller, — and likely enough the idea occurred to him some morning while getting into his hose and doublet, — ‘ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.’ And so they are; for Adam must have bounded from bed to breakfast with an innocency that nowadays we can only envy.

Yet, in sober earnest, the first useful thing that ever this naked fellow set his hand to was the making of his own apron. The world, as we know and love it, began — your pardon, Mr. Kipling, but I cannot help it — when

Cross-legged our Father Adam sat and fastened
them one to one,
Till, leaf by leaf, with loving care he got his
apron done;
The first new suit the world had seen, and mightily
pleased with it,
Till the Devil chuckled behind the Tree, ‘It’s
pretty, but will it fit?’

From that historic moment everything a man does has been preceded by dressing, and almost immediately the process lost its convenient simplicity. Not since Adam’s apron has any complete garment, or practical suit of clothes, been devised — except for sea-bathing — that a busy man could slip on in the morning and off again at night. All our

indignation to the contrary, we prefer the complicated and difficult: we enjoy our buttons; we are withheld only by our queer sex-pride from wearing garments that button up in the back — indeed, on what we frankly call our ‘best clothes,’ we *have the buttons* though we *dare not button* with them. The one costume that a man could slip on at night and off again in the morning has never, if he could help it, been worn in general society, and is now outmoded by a pretty little coat and pantaloons of soft material and becoming color. We come undressed; but behold! thousands of years before we were born, it was decided that we must be dressed as soon as possible afterward, and clothes were made for us while it was yet in doubt whether we would be a little gentleman or a little lady. And so a man’s first clothes are cunningly fashioned to do for either; worse still, — a crying indignity that, oh, thank Heaven, he cannot remember in maturity, — he is forcibly valeted by a woman, very likely young and attractive, to whom he has never been formally introduced.

But with this nameless, speechless, and almost invertebrate thing that he once was — this little kicking Maeterlinck (if I may so call it) between the known and the unknown worlds — the mature self-dresser will hardly concern himself. Rather, it may be, will he contemplate the amazing revolution which, in hardly more than a quarter-century, has reversed public opinion, and created a free nation which, no longer regarding a best-dresser with fine democratic contempt, now seeks, with fine democratic unanimity, to be a best-dresser itself. Or perhaps, smiling, he will recall Dr. Jaeger, that brave and lonely spirit who sought to persuade us that no other garment is so comfortable, so hygienic, so convenient and so becoming to all figures, as the union suit — and that it should be worn externally, with cer-

tain modifications to avoid arrest. His photograph, thus attired, is stamped on memory: a sensible, bearded gentleman, inclining to stoutness, comfortably dressed in eye-glasses and a modified union suit. And then, almost at the same moment, the Clothing Industry, perhaps inspired by the doctor’s courage and informed by his failure, started the revolution, since crowned by critical opinion, in a Sunday newspaper, that ‘The American man, considering him in all the classes that constitute American society, is to-day the best-dressed, best-kept man in the world.’

Forty or fifty years ago no newspaper could plausibly have made that statement, and, if it had, its office would probably have been wrecked by a mob of insulted citizens; but the Clothing Industry knew us better than Dr. Jaeger, better even than we knew ourselves. Its ideal picture of a handsome, snappy young fellow, madly enjoying himself in exquisitely fitting ready-to-wear clothes, stirred imaginations that had been cold and unresponsive to the doctor’s photograph. We admired the doctor for his courage, but we admired the handsome, snappy young fellow for his looks; nay, more, we jumped in multitudes to the conclusion, which has since been partly borne out, that ready-to-wear clothes would make us all look like him. And so, in all the classes that constitute American society (which I take to include everybody who wears a collar), the art of dressing, formerly restricted to the few, became popular with the many. Other important and necessary industries — the hatters, the shoemakers, the shirtmakers, the cravatters, the hosiers, even the makers of underwear — hurried out of hiding; and soon, whoever had eyes to look could study that handsome, snappy young fellow in every stage of costume, — for the soap-makers also saw their opportunity, — from the bath up.

The tailor survived, thanks probably to the inevitable presence of Doubting Thomas in any new movement; but he, too, has at last seen the light. I read quite recently his announcement that in 1919 men's clothes would be 'sprightly without conspicuousness; dashing without verging on extremes; youthful in temperament and inspirational.' Some of us, it appears, remain self-conscious and a little afraid to snap; and there the tailor catches us with his cunningly conceived 'sprightly without conspicuousness.' Unlike the *vers-libre* poetess who would fain 'go naked in the street and walk unclothed into people's parlors,' — leaving, one imagines, an idle but deeply interested gathering on the sidewalk, — we are timid about extremes. We wish to dash — but within reasonable limits. Nor, without forcing the note, would we willingly miss an opportunity to inspire others, or commit the affectation of concealing a still youthful temperament.

A thought for the tablet: *As a man dresses, so he is.*

Thirty or forty years ago there were born, and lived in a popular magazine, two gentlemen-heroes whose perfect friendship was unmarred by rivalry because, like Rosencranz and Guildenstern, they were of such different but equally engaging types of manly beauty. I forget whether they married sisters, but they live on in memory as ornamental symbols of a vanished past — a day when fiction-writers impressed it, with every means at their command, upon their readers that a hero was well-dressed, well-washed, and well-groomed. Such details have become unnecessary, and grumpy stand-patters no longer contemptuously mutter, 'Soap! Soap!' when a hero comes down to breakfast. Some of our older politicians, to be sure, still wear a standard costume of Prince Albert coat, pants (for so one must call them) that bag at the knee, and an im-

personal kind of black necktie, sleeping, I dare say, in what used jocularly to be called a 'nightie'; but our younger leaders go, to the eye, appropriately clad in exquisitely fitting ready-to-wear clothes. So, too, does the Correspondence-School graduate, rising like an escaped balloon from his once precarious place among the untrained workers to the comfortable security of general manager. Here and there, an echo of the past, persists the pretence that men are superior to any but practical considerations in respect to clothing; but if this were so, I need hardly point out that more would dress like Dr. Jaeger, and few waste precious moments fussing over the selection of prettily colored ribbons to wear round their necks.

Fortunately we need no valets, and a democracy of best-dressers is neither more nor less democratic than one of shirt-sleeves: the important thing in both cases is that the great majority of citizens all look alike. The alarm-clock awakens us, less politely than a James or Joseph, but we need never suspect it of uncomplimentary mental reservations, and neither its appetite nor its morals cause us uneasiness. Fellow-citizens of Greek extraction maintain parlors where we may sit, like so many statues on the Parthenon, while they polish our shoes. In all large cities are quiet retreats where it is quite conventional, and even *dégradé*, for the most perfect gentleman to wait in what still remains to him, while an obliging fellow creature swiftly presses his trousers; or, lacking this convenient retreat, there are shrewd inventions that cease while we sleep. Hangers, simulating our own breadth of shoulders, wear our coats and preserve their shape. Wooden feet, simulating our own honest trotters, wear our shoes and keep them from wrinkling. No valet could do more. And as for laying out our clothes, has not the kind Clothing Industry provided handy

manuals of instruction? With their assistance any man can lay out the garments proper to any function, be it a morning dig in the garden, a noon wed-ding at the White House, or (if you can conceive it) a midnight supper with Mrs. Carrie Nation.

And yet — sometimes, that indignation we feel at having to dress ourselves in the morning, we feel again at having to undress ourselves at night. Then indeed are our clothes a remembrance of our lost innocence. We think only of Adam going to bed. We forget that, properly speaking, poor, innocent Adam had no bed to go to. And we forget also that in all the joys of Eden was none more innocent than ours when we have just put on a new suit.

AS BECOMETH SAINTS

Ever since the war began, a certain incident, which occurred one Sunday morning a few years ago, has repeatedly come to my mind. I had drifted into a stately old Colonial meeting-house, in the centre of a little city that had been my childhood home. It was very still in the church. The last late-comer had rustled into place, when the preacher rose to speak. He was a man with elements of greatness, grown old in the service of this particular congregation, and there was something like despair in his face as he looked over the church. There were very few present, but they represented the old families of the city, and they were all correctly attired in quiet and conventional clothes, and they were almost all women, and for the most part middle-aged or elderly.

He began abruptly; there was a new note in his voice, and we were all startled into quick attention.

'If the church-bells had rung an alarm this Sunday morning,' he said, 'for every citizen of our city to come forth to fight and to die for Christ, the

streets would be thronged — I have faith to believe that. But they rang for people to come to church, to hear his Gospel, to worship and to pray, and the pews are almost empty, and the streets.'

There was a moment's pause; then he took up his manuscript, and very quietly preached one of those intellectual and spiritual sermons which only he could write.

I seem to hear the preacher's voice again in that ringing challenge, whenever I see our boys in khaki, marching and counter-marching on the campus of the little city where I went to church that Sunday. I wonder now, as I wondered then, where the trouble lay, what was wrong. Here was a thoroughly sincere and able man, preaching in a New England city, where, less than a century before, every man, woman, and child came to church, — many of them in this very building, — and the preacher's despairing appeal reached only a handful. Were we too comfortable in that quiet place, too conservative and self-complacent? We were not living dangerously, — I could feel certain of that, as I glanced about me, — but there were faces that suggested a phrase I love well: 'As becometh saints.' For me, used to another form of worship, there was great charm in the place — the rest and peace and Sunday quiet; the intellectual treat in store; the spiritual help I was almost sure to carry home. But the young men of the city were not there, nor the young women. Why was it?

Is it a pathetic or an inspiring experience to live in two eras, as we, who were born in the latter part of the nineteenth century, are doing? So many things that happen to-day seem a challenge to our gentle, conservative, middle-aged thinking. We had an ideal of womanhood, — very beautiful and quite unalterable, we believed, — and behold!

the modern girl, to shatter all our old conceptions. We readjust our minds to accept the new woman. But there are surely spiritual values that are fixed and certain, and they include Sunday observances and sanctities, and then our splendid young people confuse and confound us by relentlessly staying at home from church. We conceive of sainthood in terms of the non-resistant, martyr type, and as pacifists hurl the whole calendar at our belligerent friends; and suddenly we remember Joan of Arc, clad in shining armor, leading armies.

Did it take the war to show us that we may have been limiting God terribly — we pious, church-going people? Certainly war demands all sorts of readjustments — mental, moral, spiritual. All great catastrophes do that. But war differs from most natural catastrophes, in that it is not over suddenly, but goes on and on, and gives us time to think our way into the heart of the thing. And to some of us a new idea of war and peace, of sanctities and Sunday observances, and of sundry other things, including saints, is slowly beginning to dawn. It is not a very clear idea as yet, but it has to do with the look in the eyes of our boys on their way to France (the very boys who stayed at home from church), serious, purposeful, a little sad. They were going forth to kill, and they did not like it; to be killed, perhaps, and they liked that even less; but they were eager to go. And we have to ask ourselves the question, — we pacifists, — what was wrong with our peace, that going forth to kill had somehow come to seem to the majority right and necessary while staying at home seemed inglorious and wrong?

And now that the war is over, can we ever be just pacifists again, or shall we have learned for the first time, through war, what Pacifism really means? Are all our foundations shaken? Have we nothing fixed or stable left?

There is something left, and at times we almost see what it is — as if a curtain were lifted, and then let down again suddenly. In that fleeting impression have we caught for a moment God's sense of duration and values? Does He hold human life cheap, and yet care supremely — strange paradox! — for personal life? Is the type of saint of little importance to Him, but the essence of sainthood precious beyond our thinking? Of one thing we may be very sure: 'God makes saints as He chooses,' and He will take care of what He really values. But for us here and now, we seem to be forever striving to comprehend the Infinite sense of humor of a mind which delights in paradox, and which shatters ruthlessly all our dear little limited ideals, to make room perhaps for his larger vision.

And now, after the war, do we hold this fleeting vision? Some of us, perhaps. And we shall go to church as of old; but we shall not worry over the empty pews. We may find a way of making church-going so dangerous that it will appeal even to our young people, and the gospel as thrilling as news from the front, and peace a great adventure. But if we do not, it will be because something holier will take the place of church, and something more significant will have come out of war, than peace as we have known it hitherto.

And we shall certainly enlarge our Calendar of Saints to include a new type — the British Tommy, who goes forth laughing and joking, but without one trace of hate in his heart, to kill or to be killed as God (he calls Him Chance, perhaps) wills it.

'As becometh saints.' The sweet-faced ladies in the old church and our British Tommies may not seem to have much in common, but the test of Sainthood is knowing how to die, as well as knowing how to live. From now on, my Calendar of Saints shall include both.

THE WISTFUL ARMY

When the first call to arms came in England, one body of Englishmen and gentlemen hurried out at the earliest note to offer themselves for service. Time after time they put themselves forward, and even to this day they hang about recruiting stations, urgent and importunate, but always they are ignored. Officers do not look aside for them; clerks do not raise their heads. The clumsiest and most reluctant of recruits can take place before them.

Yet they are the eternal population of England; they are more English than any one generation of English; they belong to every hour and every period; but they are laid aside in books. Clamor they ever so loudly for their patriotic chance, no one will hear them. And yet, they people England in such wise as does no living generation. We could dispense with any one hour of England, but we could never separate ourselves from them, and their eternal moment.

Most of them were created before any notion of pacifism, or even of international law, complicated patriotism or modified reasons for fighting on the side of one's country. All of English writing gives them birth, and they set forth all of English living. To look on them is to look on a nation. Chaucer's Knight has appeared daily, sober and ready, and the young Squire, freshly uniformed and debonair, but looking for a chance to be serviceable. The Bastard is blustering about; and Colonel Newcome, denying that years affect fighting force; and Tom Jones, untrained, but a natural fighter and longing to do for a few Germans,—for whom he has a worse name,—and a whole troop of Scott. The Black Knight has offered to raise a whole regiment out of the *Waverley* books, guaranteeing their fighting quality, from *Lochinvar* to *Rob Roy*. The

idle gentlemen of the Restoration drama have suddenly turned into vigorous men and forgotten all their philandering. Charles Surface has dashed in, demanding a hard post,—Joseph is a pacifist and stays at home,—and the Vicar wants to go along as chaplain, but to be allowed to wear a sword. Childe Harold is there, on second thoughts; and Romeo, since born in England, wants to enlist under the English flag. The Wife of Bath was discovered in man's dress,—though she really wore it with a good masculine air,—and was sent home in defiant disgrace. They have offered her Red Cross work, but she will none of it.

There are many more of them — no one can count the eager wistful hosts. One can hardly tell either, which Briton has created most of them. Scott elbows Shakespeare for high place, and that is but natural. But though they were not soldiers and Ben Jonson was, he has hardly an Englishman ready to go. How he would regret it now, could he know! Richardson sends a few, — not many, — full of moral reasons for enlisting; and Fielding has more, fine fellows when they really have something to do; and Smollett has a noisy swaggering lot, who would go, not especially to fight for England, but simply to fight — and Heaven help the company they get into and the officers who are over them!

The Soldiers Three are looking on at the recruiting, with a scornful eye on the new Tommies, and a wish that they might have the training of them. Stevenson has a bully lot, into whose former history recruiting officers had better not look too closely; Mallory's Knights have much in common with them. There is many another knight also. In their day there was no Prussia, they say; but when they hear the story of Belgium they see another crusade, and would ride forth.

Thackeray has almost an army himself — you would hardly believe how many: not only the Colonel and Clive, and the Major and his now serious nephew, but dozens of other colonels, and majors, and captains, and their club friends; and talking young artists and journalists, and all the Warringtons and Esmonds, first and last. I am not sure that Scott would have more, after all. Beside them, how meagre a lot Dickens sends! There is David, of course, and Nicholas; and the Cheeryble Brothers and Mr. Jarndyce are supporting families of men who are at the front; so, also, is Mr. Boffin. But Dickens has hardly a trained soldier ready, and, when you think of it, hardly an able-bodied man who can pass the examination. You may be sure that the Skimpoles and Heeps and Pecksniffs are finding some way out of it. Tom Pinch will be there, of course, in some capacity, and young Martin, to his soul's good, and Mark Tapley and John Harmon. But the Dickens forces come out stronger in the Red Cross section. Agnes would shine there, and brave Lizzie Hexam, and Esther Summerson; and Caddie Jellyby would find her place; and Betsy Trotwood would like to open her house to convalescents, since she can't get to the front herself; and Jennie Wren has thought of a way to do her bit if she will only be allowed. But it must be confessed that a good many Dickens ladies are quietly weeping at home.

Trollope, on the other hand, has the most fascinating, compensating, curing nurses that could possibly cross the Channel. Nobody more useful ever stepped into a hospital ward than Lily Dale, or Mary Thorne, or Lucy Robarts. But Barsetshire is rather to seek when it comes to soldiers — chaplains, yes, but warriors, no. It is said, however, that the Archdeacon wanted to go in the ranks.

One must wonder, though it is hardly safe to surmise, how many men recently born into fiction are in the pressing host. There must be some — you seem to see them; but when you look closely at the spot where you thought they were, apparently nothing is there. They have probably come up to enlist, but instead have gone away to think about themselves a while. Are there good fighters in modern novels, men who would dash into a cause without calculation or reconsideration? Would the self-considering egoists of recent invention be either fit to command as officers, or reliable under orders as men? The restless young women are, of course, glad to take their own motor-cars, and rush off to France with them. But what sort of soldiers will their lovers and tentative husbands make?

There is no way to test them, for the recruiting officers go on securing the mortal material men they see, and the longing eternal host importunes in vain.

